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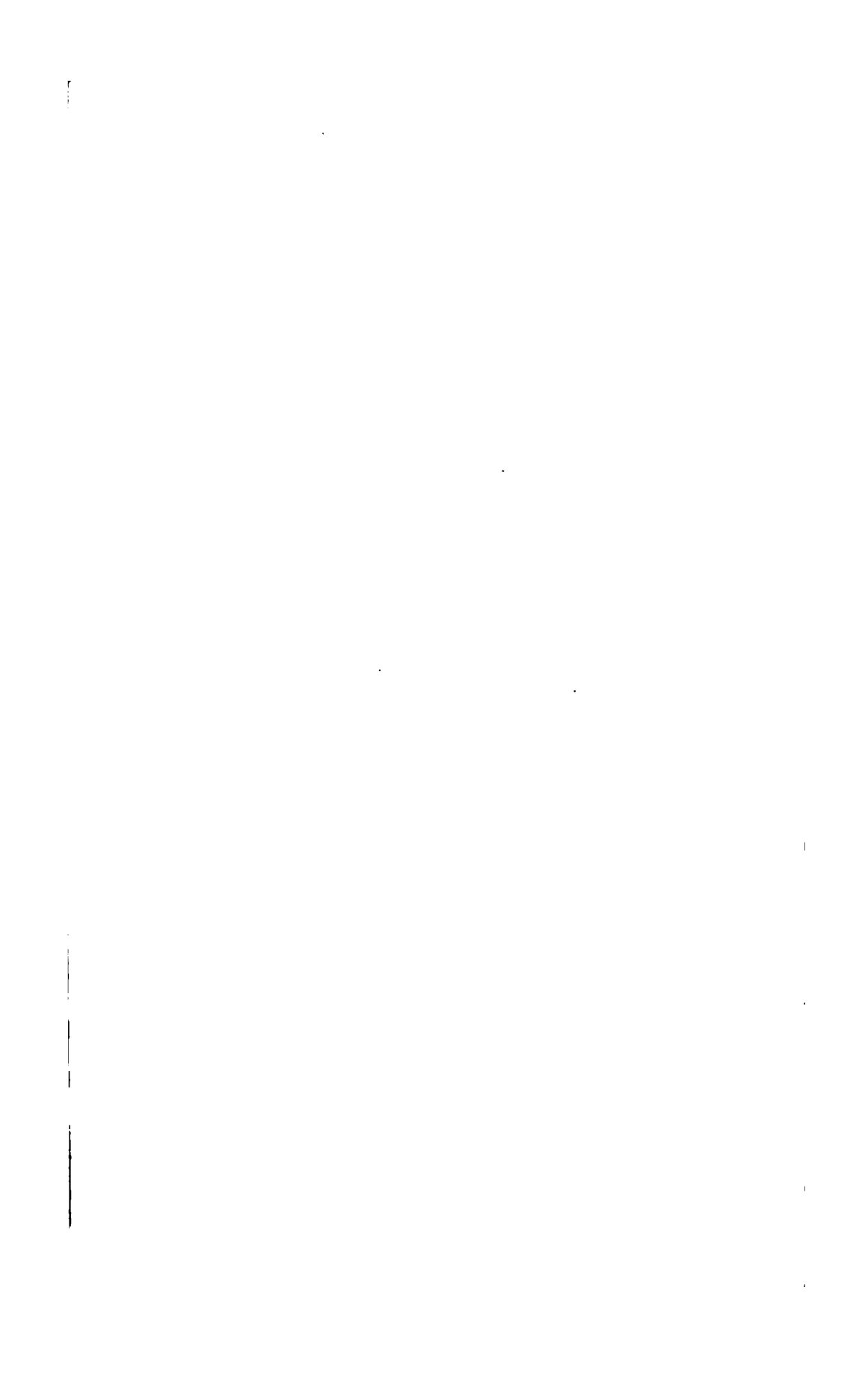
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“TRUTH is stranger than fiction.” A trite remark. We all say it, again and again: but how few of us believe it! How few of us, when we read the history of heroic times and heroic men, take the story simply as it stands. On the contrary, we try to explain it away; to prove it all not to have been so very wonderful; to impute accident, circumstance, mean and commonplace motives; to lower every story down to the level of our own littleness, or what we (unjustly to ourselves, and to the God who is near us all) choose to consider our level; to rationalize away all the wonders, till we make them at last impossible, and give up caring to believe them; and prove to our own melancholy satisfaction that Alexander conquered the world with a pin, in his sleep, by accident.

And yet in this mood, as in most, there is a sort of left-handed truth involved. These heroes are not so far removed from us, after all. They were men of like passions with ourselves, with the same flesh about them, the same spirit within them, the same world outside, the same devil beneath, the same God above. They and their deeds were not so very wonderful. Every child who is born into the world is just as wonderful; and, for aught



we know, might, *mutatis mutandis*, do just as wonderful deeds. If accident and circumstance helped them, the same may help us: have helped us, if we will look back down our years, far more than we have made use of.

They were men, certainly, very much of our own level: but may we not put that level somewhat too low? They were certainly not what we are; for if they had been, they would have done no more than we: but is not a man's real level not what he is, but what he can be, and therefore ought to be? No doubt they were compact of good and evil, just as we: but so was David, no man more; though a more heroical personage (save One) appears not in all human records; but may not the secret of their success have been, that, on the whole, (though they found it a sore battle,) they refused the evil and chose the good? It is true, again, that their great deeds may be more or less explained, attributed to laws, rationalized: but is explaining always explaining away? Is it to degrade a thing to attribute it to a law? And do you do anything more by "rationalizing" men's deeds than prove that they were rational men; men who saw certain fixed laws, and obeyed them, and succeeded thereby, according to the Baconian apophthegm, that nature is conquered by obeying her?

But what laws?

To that question, perhaps, the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews will give the best answer, where it says, that by faith were done all the truly great deeds, and by faith lived all the truly great men, who have ever appeared on earth.

There are, of course, higher and lower degrees of this faith; its object is one more or less worthy: but it is in all cases the belief in certain unseen eternal facts, by keeping true to which a man must in the long run succeed. Must; because he is more or less in harmony with heaven, and earth, and the Maker thereof, and has therefore fighting on his side a great portion of the universe; perhaps the whole; for as he who breaks one commandment of the law is guilty of the whole, because he denies the fount of all law, so he who with his whole soul keeps one commandment of it is likely to be in harmony with the whole, because he testifies of the fount of all law.

We will devote a few pages to the story of an old hero, of a man of like passions with ourselves; of one who had the most intense and awful sense of the unseen laws, and succeeded mightily thereby; of one who had hard struggles with a flesh and blood which made him at times forget those laws, and failed mightily thereby: of one whom God so loved that He caused each slightest sin, as with David, to bring its own punishment with it, that while the flesh was delivered over to Satan, the

man himself might be saved in the Day of the Lord; of one, finally, of whom nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand may say, "I have done worse deeds than he: but I have never done as good ones."

In a poor farm-house among the pleasant valleys of South Devon, among the white apple-orchards and the rich water-meadows, and the red fallows and red kine, in the year of grace 1552, a boy was born, as beautiful as day, and christened Walter Raleigh. His father was a gentleman of ancient blood: none older in the land: but, impoverished, he had settled down upon the wreck of his estate, in that poor farm-house. No record of him now remains; but he must have been a man worth knowing and worth loving, or he would not have won the wife he did. She was a Champernour, proudest of Norman squires, and could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzant. She had been the wife of the famous knight Sir Otho Gilbert, and lady of Compton Castle, and had borne him three brave sons, John, Humphrey, and Adrian; all three destined to win knighthood also in due time, and the two latter already giving promises, which they well fulfilled, of becoming most remarkable men of their time. And yet the fair Champernour, at her husband's death, had chosen to wed Mr. Raleigh, and share life with him in the little farm-house at Hayes. She must have been a grand woman, if the law holds true that great men always have great mothers; an especially grand woman, indeed; for few can boast of having borne to two different husbands such sons as she bore. No record, as far as we know, remains of her; nor of her boy's early years. One can imagine them, nevertheless.

Just as he awakes to consciousness, the Smithfield fires are extinguished. He can recollect, perhaps, hearing of the burning of the Exeter martyrs; and he does not forget it; no one forgot or dared forget it in those days. He is brought up in the simple and manly, yet high-bred ways of English gentlemen in the times of "an old courtier of the Queen's." His two elder half-brothers also, living some thirty miles away, in the quaint and gloomy towers of Compton Castle, amid the apple-orchards of Torbay, are men as noble as ever formed a young lad's taste. Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, who afterwards, both of them, rise to knighthood, are—what are they not? soldiers, scholars, Christians, discoverers and "planters" of foreign lands, geographers, alchemists, miners, Platonical philosophers; many-sided, high-minded men, not without fantastic enthusiasm; living heroic lives, and destined, one of them, to die a heroic death. From them Raleigh's fancy has been fired, and his appetite for learning quickened, while he is yet a daring

boy, fishing in the grey trout-brooks, or going up with his father to the Dartmoor hills, to hunt the deer with hound and horn, amid the wooded gorges of Holne, or over the dreary downs of Hartland Warren, and the cloud-capt thickets of Cator's Beam, and looking down from thence upon the far blue southern sea, wondering when he shall sail thereon, to fight the Spaniard, and discover, like Columbus, some fairy-land of gold and gems.

For before this boy's mind, as before all intense English minds of that day, rise, from the first, three fixed ideas, which yet are but one—the Pope, the Spaniard, and America.

The two first are the sworn and internecine enemies (whether they pretend a formal peace or not) of Law and Freedom, Bible and Queen, and all that makes an Englishman's life dear to him. Are they not the incarnations of Antichrist? Their Moloch sacrifices flame through all lands. The earth groans because of them, and refuses to cover the blood of her slain. And America is the new world of boundless wonder and beauty, wealth and fertility, to which these two evil powers arrogate an exclusive and divine right; and God has delivered it into their hands; and they have done evil therein with all their might, till the story of their greed and cruelty rings through all earth and heaven. Is this the will of God? Will he not avenge for these things, as surely as he is the Lord who executeth justice and judgment in the earth?

These are the young boy's thoughts. These were his thoughts for sixty-six eventful years. In whatsoever else he wavered, he never wavered in that creed. He learnt it in his boyhood, while he read Fox's Martyrs beside his mother's knee. He learnt it as a lad, when he saw Hawkins and Drake changed by Spanish tyranny and treachery from peaceful merchantmen into fierce scourges of God. He learnt it scholastically, from fathers and divines, as an Oxford scholar, in days when Oxford was a Protestant indeed, in whom there was no guile. He learnt it when he went over, at seventeen years old, with his gallant kinsman Henry Champernoun, and his band of 100 gentlemen volunteers, to flesh his maiden sword in behalf of the persecuted French Protestants. He learnt it as he listened to the shrieks of the San Bartholomew; he learnt it as he watched the dragonnades, the tortures, the massacres of the Netherlands, and fought manfully under Norris in behalf of those victims of "the Pope and Spain." He preached it in far stronger and wiser words than we can express it for him, in that noble tract of 1591, on Sir Richard Grenville's death at the Azores—a Tyrtæan trumpet-blast such as has seldom rung in human ears; he discussed it like a cool statesman in his pamphlet of 1596, on "A War with Spain." He sacrificed for it the

last hopes of his old age, the wreck of his fortunes, his just recovered liberty; and he died with the old God's battle-cry upon his lips, when it awoke no response from the hearts of a coward, profligate, and unbelieving generation. This is the back-ground, the key-note of the man's whole life, of which, if we lose the recollection, and content ourselves by slurring it over in the last pages of his biography with some half-sneer about his putting, like the rest of Elizabeth's old admirals, "the Spaniard, the Pope, and the Devil" in the same category, we shall understand very little about Raleigh; though, of course, we shall save ourselves the trouble of pronouncing as to whether the Spaniard and the Pope were really in the same category as the devil; or, indeed, which might be equally puzzling to a good many historians of the last century and a half, whether there be any devil at all.

The books which we have chosen to head this review, are all of them more or less good, with one exception, and that is Bishop Goodman's *Memoirs*, on which much stress has been lately laid, as throwing light on various passages of Raleigh, Essex, Cecil, and James's lives. Having read it carefully, we must say plainly, that we think the book an altogether foolish, pedantic, and untrustworthy book, without any power of insight or gleam of reason, without even the care to be self-consistent; having but one object, the whitewashing James, and every noble lord whom the bishop has ever known; but in whitewashing each, the poor old flunkey so bespatters all the rest of his pets, that when the work is done, the whole party look, if possible, rather dirtier than before. And so we leave Bishop Goodman.

Mr. Fraser Tytler's book is well known; and it is on the whole a good one; because he really loves and admires the man of whom he writes: but he is wonderfully careless as to authorities, and too often makes the wish father to the thought—indeed to the fact. Moreover, he has all the usual sentimental cant about Mary Queen of Scots, and all the usual petty and prurient scandal about Elizabeth, which is to us anathema, which prevents his really seeing the time in which Raleigh lived, and the element in which he moved. This sort of talk is happily dying out just now; but no one can approach the history of the Elizabethan age (perhaps of any age) without finding that truth is all but buried under mountains of dirt and chaff—an *Augæan stable* which, perhaps, will never be swept clean. Yet we have seen, with great delight, several attempts toward removal of the said *superstratum* of dirt and chaff from the Elizabethan histories, in several articles, all evidently from the

same pen, (and that one, more perfectly master of English prose to our mind than any man living,) in the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*.\*

Sir Robert Schomburgk's edition of the Guiana Voyage contains an excellent Life of Raleigh, perhaps the best yet written ; of which we only complain, when it gives in to the stock-charges against Raleigh, as it were at second hand, and just because they are stock-charges, and because, too, the illustrious editor (unable to conceal his admiration of a discoverer in many points so like himself) takes all through an apologetic tone of "Please don't laugh at me. I daresay it is very foolish ; but I can't help loving the man."

Mr. Napier's little book is a reprint of two Edinburgh Review articles on Bacon and Raleigh. The first, a learned statement of facts in answer to some unwisdom of a Quarterly reviewer, (as we suspect an Oxford Aristotelian ; for "we think we do know that sweet Roman hand.") It is clear, accurate, convincing, complete. There is no more to be said about the matter, save that facts are stubborn things, and

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Suello!"

The article on Raleigh is very valuable ; first, because Mr. Napier has had access to many documents unknown to former biographers ; and next, because he clears Raleigh completely from the old imputation of deceit about the Guiana mine, as well as of other minor charges. With his general opinion of Raleigh's last and fatal Guiana voyage, we have the misfortune to differ from him *toto calo*, on the strength of the very documents which he quotes. But Mr. Napier is always careful, always temperate, and always just, except where he, as we think, does not enter into the feelings of the man whom he is analyzing. Let readers buy the book (it will tell them a hundred things they do not know) and be judge between Mr. Napier and us.

In the meanwhile, one cannot help watching with a smile how good old time's scrubbing brush, which clears away paint and whitewash from church pillars, does the same by such characters as Raleigh's. After each fresh examination, some fresh count in the hundred-headed indictment breaks down. The truth is, that as people begin to believe more in nobleness, and to gird up their loins to the doing of noble deeds, they discover more nobleness in others. Raleigh's character was in its lowest

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\* We especially entreat readers' attention to two articles in vindication of the morals of Queen Elizabeth, in *Fraser's Magazine* of 1854 ; to one in the *Westminster* of 1854, on Mary Stuart ; and one in the same of 1852, on England's Forgotten Worthies.

Nadir in the days of Voltaire and Hume. What shame to him? For so were more sacred characters than his. Shall the disciple be above his master? Especially when that disciple was but too inconsistent, and gave occasion to the uncircumcised to blaspheme? But Cayley, after a few years, refutes triumphantly Hume's silly slanders. He is a stupid writer: but he has sense enough, being patient, honest, and loving, to do that.

Mr. Fraser Tytler shovels away a little more of the dirt-heap; Mr. Napier clears him, (for which we owe him many thanks,) by simple statement of facts, from the charge of having deserted and neglected his Virginia colonists; Humboldt and Schomburgk from the charge of having lied about Guiana; and so on; each successive writer giving in generally on merest hearsay to the general complaint against him, either from fear of running counter to big names, or from mere laziness, and yet absolving him from that particular charge of which their own knowledge enables them to judge. In the trust that we may be able to clear him from a few more charges, we write these pages, premising that we do not profess to have access to any new and recondite documents. We merely take the broad facts of the story from documents open to all, and comment on them as we should wish our own life to be commented on.

But we do so on a method which we cannot give up; and that is the Bible method. We say boldly, that historians have hitherto failed in understanding not only Raleigh, Elizabeth, but nine-tenths of the persons and facts in his day, because they will not judge them by the canons which the Bible lays down—(by which we mean not only the New Testament, but the Old, which, as English Churchmen say, and Scotch Presbyterians have ere now testified with sacred blood, is “not contrary to the New.”)

Mr. Napier has a passage about Raleigh for which we are sorry, coming as it does from a countryman of John Knox: “Society, it would seem, was yet in a state in which such a man could seriously plead, that the madness he feigned was justified” (his last word is unfair, for Raleigh only hopes that it is no sin) “by the example of David, King of Israel!” What a shocking state of society when men actually believed their Bibles, not too little, but too much! For our parts, we think that if poor dear Raleigh had considered the example of David a little more closely, he need never have feigned madness at all; and that his error lay quite in an opposite direction from looking on the Bible heroes, David especially, as too sure models. At all events, we are willing to try Raleigh by the very scriptural standard which he himself lays down, not merely in this case unwisely, but in his “History of the World” more wisely than

any historian whom we have ever read; and to say, "Judged as the Bible taught our Puritan forefathers to judge every man, the character is intelligible enough; tragic, but noble and triumphant: judged as men have been judged in history for the last hundred years, by hardly any canon save those of the private judgment, which philosophic cant, maudlin sentimentality, or fear of public opinion, may happen to have begotten, the man is a phenomenon, only less confused, abnormal, suspicious than his biographers' notions about him." Again we say, we have not solved the problem; but it will be enough if we make some think it both soluble, and worth solving.

Let us look round, then, and see into what sort of a country, into what sort of a world, the young adventurer is going forth, at seventeen years of age, to seek his fortune.

Born in 1552, his young life has sprung up and grown with the young life of England. The earliest fact, perhaps, which he can recollect, is the flash of joy on every face which proclaims that Mary Tudor is dead, and Elizabeth reigns at last. As he grows, the young man sees all the hope and adoration of the English people centre in that wondrous maid, and his own centre in her likewise. He had been base had he been otherwise. She comes to the throne with such a prestige as never sovereign came, since the days when Isaiah sang his psalm over young Hezekiah's accession. Young, learned, witty, beautiful, (as with such a father and mother she could not help being,) with an expression of countenance remarkable (we speak of those early days) rather for its tenderness and intellectual depth than its strength, she comes forward as the Champion of the Reformed Faith, the interpretest of the will and conscience of the people of England—herself persecuted all but to the death, and purified by affliction, like gold tried in the fire. She gathers round her, one by one, young men of promise, and trains them herself to their work. And they fulfil it, and serve her, and grow gray-headed in her service, working as faithfully, as righteously, as patriotically, as men ever worked on earth. They are her "favourites;" because they are men who deserve favour; men who count not their own lives dear to themselves for the sake of the queen and of that commonweal which their hearts and reasons tell them is one with her. They are still men, though; and some of them have their grudgings and envyings against each other: she keeps the balance even between them as skilfully, gently, justly, as woman ever did, or mortal man either. Some have their conceited hopes of marrying her, becoming her masters. She rebukes and pardons. "Out of the dust I took you, sir! go and do your duty, humbly and rationally, henceforth, or into the dust I trample you again!" And they recon-



sider themselves, and obey. But many, or most of them, are new men, country gentlemen, and younger sons. She will follow her father's plan, of keeping down the overgrown feudal princes, who, though brought low by the wars of the Roses, are still strong enough to throw everything into confusion by resisting at once Crown and Commons. Proud nobles reply by rebellion, come down southwards with ignorant Popish henchmen at their backs; will restore Popery, marry the Queen of Scots, make the middle class and the majority submit to the feudal lords and the minority. The Alruna-maiden, with her "aristocracy of genius," is too strong for them; the people's heart is with her, and not with dukes. Each mine only blows up its diggers, and there are many dry eyes at their ruin. Her people ask her to marry. She answers gently, proudly, eloquently: "She is married—the people of England is her husband. She has vowed it." And well she keeps her vow. And yet there is a tone of sadness in that great speech. Her woman's heart yearns after love, after children; after a strong bosom on which to repose that weary head. But she knows that it must not be. She has her reward. "Whosoever gives up husband or child for my sake and the gospel's, shall receive them back a hundredfold in this present life," as Elizabeth does. Her reward is an adoration from high and low, which is to us now inexplicable, impossible, overstrained, which was not so then. For the whole nation is in a mood of exaltation; England is fairyland; the times are the last days—strange, terrible, and glorious.

At home are Jesuits plotting; dark, crooked-pathed, going up and down in all manner of disguises, doing the devil's work if men ever did it; trying to sow discord between man and man, class and class; putting out books full of filthy calumnies, declaring the queen illegitimate, excommunicate, a usurper. English law null, and all state appointments void, by virtue of a certain "bull," and calling on the subjects to rebellion and assassination, even on the bed-chamber women to do to her "as Judith did to Holofernes." She answers by calm contempt. Now and then Burleigh and Walsingham catch some of the rogues, and they meet their deserts; but she for the most part lets them have their way. God is on her side, and she will not fear what man can do to her.

Abroad, the sky is dark and wild, and yet full of fantastic splendour. Spain stands strong and awful, a rising world—tyranny, with its dark-souled Cortezes and Pizarros, Alvas, Don Johns, and Parmas, men whose path is like the lava stream, who go forth slaying and to slay, in the name of their gods, like those old Assyrian conquerors on the walls of Nineveh, with

tutelary genii flying above their heads, mingled with the eagles who trail the entrails of the slain. By conquest, intermarriage, or intrigue, she has made all the southern nations her vassals or her tools; close to our own shores, the Netherlands are struggling vainly for their liberties; abroad, the Western Islands, and the whole trade of Africa and India, will in a few years be hers. And already the Pope, whose "most Catholic" and faithful servant she is, has repaid her services in the cause of darkness by the gift of the whole new world—a gift which she has claimed by cruelties and massacres unexampled since the days of Timour and Zinghis Khan. There she spreads and spreads, as Drake found her picture in the Government House at St. Domingo, the horse leaping through the globe, and underneath, "Non sufficit orbis." Who shall withstand her, armed as she is with the three-edged sword of Antichrist—superstition, strength, and gold?

English merchantmen, longing for some share in the riches of the New World, go out to trade in Guinea, in the Azores, in New Spain; and are answered by shot and steel. "Both policy and religion," as Fray Simon says, fifty years afterwards, "forbid Christians to trade with heretics!" "Lutheran devils, and enemies of God," are the answer they get in words; in deeds, whenever they have a superior force they may be allowed to land, and to water their ships, even to trade, under exorbitant restrictions; but generally this is merely a trap for them. Forces are hurried up; and the English are attacked treacherously, in spite of solemn compacts; for "No faith need be kept with heretics." And wo to them if any be taken prisoners, even wrecked. The galleys, and the rack, and the stake, are their certain doom; for the Inquisition claims the bodies and souls of heretics all over the world, and thinks it sin to lose its own. A few years of such wrong raise questions in the sturdy English heart. What right have these Spaniards to the New World? The Pope's gift? Why, he gave it by the same authority by which he claims the whole world. The formula used when an Indian village is sacked is, that God gave the whole world to St. Peter, and that he has given it to his successors, and they the Indies to the King of Spain. To acknowledge that lie would be to acknowledge the very power by which the Pope claims a right to depose Queen Elizabeth, and give her dominions to whomsoever he will. A *fico* for Bulls!

By possession, then? That may hold for Mexico, Peru, New Grenada, Paraguay, which have been colonized; though they were gained by means which make every one concerned in conquering them worthy of the gallows; and the right is only that of the thief to the purse whose owner he has murdered. But as

for the rest—Why the Spaniard has not colonized, even explored, one-twentieth of the New World, not even one-fourth of the coast. Is the existence of a few petty factories, often hundreds of miles apart, at a few river mouths, to give them a claim to the whole intermediate coast, much less to the vast unknown tracts inside? We will try that. If they appeal to the sword, so be it. The men are treacherous robbers; we will indemnify ourselves for our losses, and God defend the right.

So argued the English; and so sprung up that strange war of reprisals, in which, for eighteen years, it was held that there was no peace between England and Spain beyond the line, *i.e.*, beyond the parallel of longitude where the Pope's gift of the western world was said to begin; and, as the quarrel thickened and neared, extended to the Azores, Canaries, and coasts of Africa, where English and Spaniards flew at each other as soon as seen, mutually and by common consent, as natural enemies, each invoking God in the battle with Antichrist.

Into such a world as this goes forth young Raleigh, his heart full of chivalrous worship for England's tutelary genius, his brain aflame with the true miracles of the new-found Hesperides, full of vague hopes, vast imaginations, and consciousness of enormous power. And yet he is no wayward dreamer, unfit for this workday world. With a vein of song "most lofty, insolent, and passionate," indeed unable to see aught without a poetic glow over the whole, he is eminently practical, contented to begin at the beginning, that he may end at the end; one who could work terribly, "who always laboured at the matter in hand as if he were born only for that." Accordingly, he sets to work faithfully and stoutly, to learn his trade of soldiering; and learns it in silence and obscurity. He shares (it seems) in the retreat at Moncontour, and is by at the death of Condé, and toils on for five years, marching and skirmishing, smoking the enemy out of mountain-caves in Languedoc, and all the wild work of war. During the San Bartholomew massacre we hear nothing of him; perhaps he took refuge with Sidney and others in Walsingham's house. No records of these years remain, save a few scattered reminiscences in his works, which mark the shrewd, observant eye of the future statesman.

When he returned we know not. We trace him, in 1576, by some verses prefixed to Gascoigne's satire, *The Steele Glass*, solid, stately, epigrammatic, by Walter Rawely of the Middle Temple. The style is his; spelling of names matters nought in days in which a man would spell his own name three different ways in one document. Gascoigne, like Raleigh, knew Lord Grey of Wilton, and most men about town, too, and had been a soldier abroad, like Raleigh, probably with him. It seems to

have been the fashion for young idlers to lodge among the Templars ; indeed, toward the end of the century, they had to be cleared out, as crowding the wigs and gowns too much, and perhaps proving noisy neighbours, as Raleigh may have done. To this period may be referred, probably, his justice done on Mr. Charles Chester, (Ben Jonson's Carlo Buffone,) "a perpetual talker, and made a noise like a drum in a room ; so one time, at a tavern, Raleigh beats him and seals up his mouth, his upper and nether beard, with hard wax." For there is a great laugh in Raleigh's heart, a genial contempt of asses ; and one that will make him enemies hereafter ; perhaps shorten his days.

One hears of him next, (but only by report,) in the Netherlands, under Norris, where the nucleus of the English army (especially of its musquetry) was training. For Don John of Austria intends not only to crush the liberties and creed of the Flemings, but afterwards to marry the Queen of Scots, and conquer England ; and Elizabeth, unwillingly and slowly, for she cannot stomach rebels, has sent men and money to The States, to stop Don John in time ; which the valiant English and Scotch do on Lammas-day 1578, and that in a fashion till then unseen in war. For coming up late and panting, and "being more sensible of a little heat of the sun, than of any cold fear of death," they throw off their armour and clothes, and, in their shirts, (not over-clean, one fears,) give Don John's rashness such a rebuff, that two months more see that wild meteor, with lost hopes and tarnished fame, die down and vanish below the stormy horizon. In these days, probably, it is that he knew Colonel Bingham, a soldier of fortune, of a "fancy high and wild, too desultory and over-voluble," who had, among his hundred-and-one schemes, one for the plantation of America ; as poor Sir Thomas Stukely (whom Raleigh must have known well,) uncle of the traitor Lewis, had for the peopling of Florida.

Raleigh returns : Ten years has he been learning his soldier's trade in silence. He will take a lesson in seamanship next. The Court may come in time ; for, by now, the poor squire's younger son must have discovered—perhaps even too fully—that he is not as other men are ; that he can speak, and watch, and dare, and endure, as none around him can do. However, here are "good adventures toward," as the Morte d'Arthur would say ; and he will off with his half-brother Humphrey Gilbert, to carry out his patent for planting Meta Incognita,— "The Unknown Goal," as Queen Elizabeth has named it,— which will prove to be too truly and fatally unknown. In a latitude south of England, and with an Italian summer, who can guess that the winter will out-freeze Russia itself ? The mer-

chant-seaman, like the statesman, had yet many a thing to learn. Instead of smiling at our forefather's ignorance, let us honour the men who bought knowledge for us their children at the price of lives nobler than our own.

So Raleigh goes on his voyage with Humphrey Gilbert, to carry out the patent for discovering and planting in "*Meta Incognita*:" but the voyage prospers not. A "smart brush with the Spaniards" sends them home again, with the loss of Morgan, their best captain, and "a tall ship," and *Meta Incognita* is forgotten for a while: but not the Spaniards. Who are these who forbid all English, by virtue of the Pope's bull, to cross the Atlantic? That must be settled hereafter; and Raleigh, ever busy, is off to Ireland, to command a company in that "common-weal, or rather common-woe," as he calls it in a letter to Leicester. Two years and more pass here; and all the records of him which remain are of a man, valiant, daring, and yet prudent beyond his fellows. He hates his work: and is not on too good terms with stern and sour, but brave and faithful Lord Grey: but Lord Grey is Leicester's friend, and Raleigh works patiently under him, like a sensible man, because he is Leicester's friend. Some modern gentleman of note (we forget who, and do not care to recollect) says, that Raleigh's "prudence never bore any proportion to his genius." The next biographer we open accuses him of being too calculating, cunning, time-serving; and so forth. Perhaps both are true. The man's was a character very likely to fall alternately into either sin,—doubtless, did so a hundred times. Perhaps both are false. The man's character was, on occasion, certain to rise above both faults. We have evidence that he did so his whole life long.

He is bored with Ireland at last: nothing goes right there, (when has it?) nothing is to be done there. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. He comes to London, and to Court. But how? By spreading his cloak over a muddy place for Queen Elizabeth to step on? It is a pretty story; very likely to be a true one: but biographers have slurred a few facts in their hurry to carry out their theory of "favourites," and to prove that Elizabeth took up Raleigh on the same grounds that the silliest boarding-school miss might have done. Not that we deny the cloak story, if true, to be a very pretty story; perhaps it justifies, taken alone, Elizabeth's fondness for him. There may have been self-interest in it; we are bound, as "men of the world," to impute the dirtiest motive that we can find: but how many self-interested men do we know, who would have had quickness and daring to do such a thing? Men who are thinking about themselves are not generally either so quick-

witted, or so inclined to throw away a good cloak, when by much scraping and saving they have got one. We never met a cunning, selfish, ambitious man who would have done such a thing. The reader may: but even if he has, we must ask him, for Queen Elizabeth's sake, to consider that this young Quixote is the close relation of two of the finest public men then living, Champernoun and Carew. That he is a friend of Sidney; a pet of Leicester; that he has left behind him at Oxford, and brought with him from Ireland, the reputation of being a *rara avis*, a new star in the firmament; that he has been a soldier in her Majesty's service (and in one in which she has a peculiar private interest) for twelve years; that he has held her commission as one of the triumvirate for governing Munster, and been the commander of the garrison at Cork; and that it is possible that she may have heard something of him before he threw his cloak under her feet, especially as there has been some controversy (which we have in vain tried to fathom) between him and Lord Grey about that terrible Smerwick slaughter; of the result of which we know little, but that Raleigh, being called in question about it in London, made such good play with his tongue, that his reputation as an orator and a man of talent was fixed once and for ever.

Within the twelve months he is sent on some secret diplomatic mission about the Anjou marriage; he is in fact now installed in his place as "a favourite." And why not? If a man is found to be wise and witty, ready and useful, able to do whatsoever he is put to, why is a sovereign, who has eyes to see the man's worth, and courage to use it, to be accused of I know not what, because the said man happens to be good-looking? Of all generations, this, one would think, ought to be the last to cry out against "favouritism" in government: but we will draw no odious comparisons, because readers can draw them but too easily for themselves.

Now comes the turning-point of Raleigh's life. What does he intend to be? Soldier, statesman, scholar, or sea-adventurer? He takes the most natural, yet not the wisest course. He will try and be all four at once. He has intellect for it; by worldly wisdom he may have money for it also. Even now he has contrived (no one can tell whence) to build a good bark of two hundred tons, and send her out with Humphrey Gilbert on his second and fatal voyage. Luckily for Raleigh she deserts and comes home, while not yet out of the Channel, or she had surely gone the way of the rest of Gilbert's squadron. Raleigh, of course, loses money by the failure, as well as the hopes which he had grounded on his brother's Transatlantic viceroyalty. And a bitter pang it must have been to him, to find himself

bereft of that pure and heroic counsellor, just at his entering into life. But with the same elasticity which sent him to the grave, he is busy within six months in a fresh expedition. If *Meta Incognita* be not worth planting, there must be, so Raleigh thinks, a vast extent of coast between it and Florida, which is more genial in climate, perhaps more rich in produce; and he sends Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow to look for the same, and not in vain.

On these Virginian discoveries we shall say but little. Those who wish to enjoy them should read them in all their naïve freshness in the originals; they will subscribe to S. T. Coleridge's dictum, that no one now-a-days can write travels as well as the old worthies could, who figure in Hakluyt and Purchas.

But we return to the question, What does this man intend to be? A discoverer and colonist; a vindicator of some part at least of America from Spanish claims? We fear not altogether, else he would have gone himself to Virginia, at least the second voyage, instead of sending others. But here, it seems to us, is the fatal, and yet pardonable mistake, which haunts the man throughout. He tries to be too many men at once. Fatal: because, though he leaves his trace on more things than (perhaps) did ever one man before or since, he, strictly speaking, conquers nothing, brings nothing to a consummation. Virginia, Guiana, the History of the World, his own career as a statesman—as king, (for he might have been king had he chosen,) all are left unfinished. And yet most pardonable; for if a man feels that he can do many different things, how hard to teach himself that he must not do them all! How hard to say to himself, "I must cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye." I must be less than myself, in order really to be anything. I must concentrate my powers on one subject, and that perhaps by no means the most seemingly noble or useful, still less the most pleasant, and forego so many branches of activity in which I might be so distinguished, so useful." This is a hard lesson. Raleigh took just sixty-six years learning it, and had to carry the result of his experience to the other side of the dark river, for there was no time left to use it on this side. Some readers may have learnt the lesson already. If so, happy and blessed are they. But let them not, therefore, exalt themselves above Walter Raleigh; for that lesson is (of course) soonest learnt by the man who can excel in few things, later by him who can excel in many, and latest of all by him who, like Raleigh, can excel in all.

Space prevents us from going into details about the earlier court-days of Raleigh. He rises rapidly, as we have seen. He has an estate given him in Ireland, near his friend Spenser,



where he tries to do well and wisely, colonizing, tilling, and planting it; but, like his Virginia expeditions, principally at second hand. For he has swallowed (there is no denying it) the painted bait. He will discover, he will colonize, he will do all manner of beautiful things, at second hand: but he himself will be a courtier. It is very tempting. Who would not, at the age of thirty, have wished to have been one of that chosen band of geniuses and heroes whom Elizabeth had gathered round her? Who would not, at the age of thirty, have given his pound of flesh to be captain of her guard, and to go with her whithersoever she went? It is not merely the intense gratification to carnal vanity (which, if any man denies or scoffs at, we always mark him down as especially guilty) which is to be considered; but the real, actual honour, in the mind of one who looked on Elizabeth as the most precious and glorious being which the earth had seen for centuries. To be appreciated by her; to be loved by her; to serve her; to guard her; what could man desire more on earth?

Beside, he becomes a member of Parliament now, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries; business which of course keeps him in England: business which he performs (as he does all things) wisely and well. Such a generation as this ought really to respect Raleigh a little more, if it be only for his excellence in their own especial sphere—that of business. Raleigh is a thorough man of business. He can “toil terribly,” and what is more, toil to the purpose. In all the everyday affairs of life, he remains without a blot; a diligent, methodical, prudent man, who, though he plays for great stakes, ventures and loses his whole fortune again and again, yet never seems to omit the “doing the duty which lies nearest him;” never gets into mean money scrapes; never neglects tenants or duty; never gives way for one instant to “the eccentricities of genius.”

If he had done so, be sure that we should have heard of it. For no man can become what he has become without making many an enemy; and he has his enemies already. On which statement naturally occurs the question—why? An important question too; because several of his later biographers seem to have running in their minds some such train of thought as this—Raleigh must have been a bad fellow, or he would not have had so many enemies; and because he was a bad fellow, there is an *à priori* reason that charges against him are true. Whether this be arguing in a circle or not, it is worth searching out the beginning of this enmity, and the reputed causes of it. In after years it will be, because he is “damnable proud;” because he hated Essex, and so forth: of which in their places. But what is the earliest count against him? Naunton (who hated Raleigh,

and was moreover a rogue and a bad fellow) has no reason to give, but that the queen took him for a kind of oracle, which much nettled them all; yea, those he relied on began to take this his sudden favour for an alarm; to be sensible of their own supplantation, and to project his; which shortly made him to sing, "Fortune my foe."

Now, be this true or not, and we do not put much faith in it, it gives no reason for the early dislike of Raleigh, save the somewhat unsatisfactory one which Cain would have given for his dislike of Abel. Moreover, Mr. Tytler gives a letter of Essex's, written as thoroughly in the Cain spirit as any we ever read, and we wonder that after, as he says, first giving that letter to the world, he could have found courage to repeat the old sentimentalism about the "noble and unfortunate" Earl. His hatred of Raleigh (which, as we shall see hereafter, Raleigh not only bears patiently, but requites with good deeds as long as he can) springs, by his own confession, simply from envy and disappointed vanity. The spoilt boy insults Queen Elizabeth about her liking for the "knave Raleigh." She, "taking hold of one word disdain," tells Essex that "there was no such cause why I should thus disdain him." On which, says Essex, "as near as I could I did describe unto her what he had been, and what he was; and then I did let her see, whether I had come to disdain his competition of love, or whether I could have comfort to give myself over to the service of a mistress that was in awe of such a man. I spake for grief and choler as much against him as I could: and I think he standing at the door might very well hear the worst that I spoke of him. In the end, I saw she was resolved to defend him, and to cross me." Whereon follows a "scene," the naughty boy raging and stamping, till he insults the Queen, and calls Raleigh "a wretch;" whereon poor Elizabeth, who loved the coxcomb for his father's sake, "turned her away to my Lady Warwick," and Essex goes grumbling forth.

On which letter, written before a single charge has been brought, (as far as yet known, against Raleigh,) Mr. Tytler can only observe, that it "throws much light on the jealousy" between Raleigh and Essex, "and establishes the fact, that Elizabeth delighted to see them competing for her love."

This latter sentence is one of those (too common) which rouse our indignation. We have quoted only the passage which Mr. Tytler puts in italics, as proving his case: but let any reader examine that letter word by word, from end to end, and say whether even Essex, in the midst of his passion, selfishness, and hatred, lets one word drop which hints at Elizabeth "*delighting*" in seeing the competition, any more than one

which brings a tangible charge against Raleigh. It is as gratuitous and wanton a piece of evil-speaking as we ever read in any book; yet, we are ashamed to say, it is but an average specimen of the fairness with which any fact is treated now-a-days, which relates to the greatest sovereign whom England ever saw, the "Good Queen Bess," of whom Cromwell the regicide never spoke without deepest respect and admiration.

Raleigh's next few years are brilliant and busy ones; and gladly, did space permit us, would we give details of those brilliant adventures which make this part of his life that of a true knight-errant. But they are mere episodes in the history, and we must pass them quickly by, only saying that they corroborate in all things our original notion of the man—just, humane, wise, greatly daring and enduring greatly; and filled with the one fixed idea, which has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, the destruction of the Spanish power, and colonization of America by English. His brother Humphrey makes a second attempt to colonize Newfoundland, and perishes as heroically as he had lived. Raleigh, undaunted by his own loss in the adventure and his brother's failure, sends out a fleet of his own to discover to the southward, and finds Virginia. We might spend pages on this beautiful episode on the simple descriptions of the fair new land which the sea-kings bring home; on the profound (for those times at least) knowledge which prompted Raleigh to make the attempt in that particular direction, which had as yet escaped the notice of the Spaniards; on the quiet patience with which, undaunted by the ill-success of the first colonists, he sends out fleet after fleet, to keep the hold which he had once gained, till, unable any longer to support the huge expense, he makes over his patent for discovery to a company of merchants, who fare for many years as ill as Raleigh himself did: but one thing we have a right to say, that to this one man, under the providence of Almighty God, do the whole United States of America owe their existence. The work was double. The colony, however small, had to be kept in possession at all hazards; and he did it. But that was not enough. Spain must be prevented from extending her operations northward from Florida; she must be crippled along the whole east coast of America. And Raleigh did that too. We find him for years to come a part-adventurer in almost every attack on the Spaniards; we find him preaching war against them on these very grounds, and setting others to preach it also. Good old Hariot (Raleigh's mathematical tutor, whom he sent to Virginia) re-echoes his pupil's trumpet-blast. Hooker, in his epistle dedicatory of his *Irish History*, strikes the same note, and a right noble one it is. "These Spaniards are trying

to build up a world-tyranny by rapine and cruelty. You, sir, call on us to deliver the earth from them, by doing justly and loving mercy; and we will obey you!" is the answer which Raleigh receives (as far as we can find) from every nobler-natured Englishman.

It was an immense conception: a glorious one: it stood out so clear: there was no mistake about its being the absolutely right, wise, patriotic thing: and so feasible, too, if Raleigh could but find "six cents hommes qui savaient mourir." But that was just what he could not find. He could draw round him, and did, by the spiritual magnetism of his genius, many a noble soul: but he could not organize them, as he seems to have tried to do, into a coherent body. The English spirit of independent action, never stronger than in that age, and most wisely encouraged (for other reasons) by good Queen Bess, was too strong for him. His pupils will "fight on their own hook" like so many Yankee rangers; quarrel with each other; grumble at him. For the truth is, he demands of them too high a standard of thought and purpose. He is often a whole heaven above them in the hugeness of his imagination, the nobleness of his motive; and Don Quixote can often find no better squire than Sancho Panza. Even glorious Sir Richard Grenvil makes a mess of it; burns an Indian village because they steal a silver cup; throws back the colonization of Virginia ten years with his over-strict notions of discipline and retributive justice; and Raleigh requites him for his offence by embalming him, his valour and his death, not in immortal verse, but in immortal prose. The True Relation of the Fight at the Azores gives the key-note of Raleigh's heart. If readers will not take that as the text on which his whole life is a commentary, they may know a great deal about him, but him they will never know.

The game becomes fiercer and fiercer. Blow and counter-blow between the Spanish king (for the whole West-Indian commerce was a government job) and the merchant-nobles of England. At last, the Great Armada comes, and the Great Armada goes again. "Venit, vidit, fugit," as the medals said of it. And to Walter Raleigh's counsel, by the testimony of all contemporaries, the mighty victory is to be principally attributed. Where all men did heroically, it were invidious to bestow on him alone a crown, "*ob patriam servatam*." But henceforth, Elizabeth knows well that she has not been mistaken in her choice; and Raleigh is better loved than ever, heaped with fresh wealth and honours. And who deserves them better?

The immense value of his services in the defence of England excuses him in our eyes, from the complaint which one has been often inclined to bring against him,—why, instead of send-

ing others westward ho, did he not go himself? Surely he could have reconciled the jarring instruments with which he was working. He could have organised such a body of men as perhaps never went out before or since on the same errand. He could have done all that Cortez did, and more; and done it more justly and mercifully.

True. And here seems (as far as little folk dare judge great folk) to have been his mistake. He is too wide for real success. He has too many plans; he is fond of too many pursuits. The man who succeeds is generally the narrow man; the man of one idea, who works at nothing but that; sees everything only through the light of that; sacrifices everything to that; the fanatic, in short. By fanatics, whether military, commercial, or religious, and not by "liberal-minded men" at all, has the world's work been done in all ages. Amid the modern cant, one of the most mistaken is the cant about the "mission of genius," the "mission of the poet." Poets, we hear in some quarters, are the anointed kings of mankind,—at least, so the little poets sing, each to his little fiddle. There is no greater mistake. It is the practical, prosaical fanatic who does the work; and the poet, if he tries to do it, is certain to put down his spade every five minutes, to look at the prospect, and pick flowers, and moralize on dead asses, till he ends a "*Néron malgré lui-même*," fiddling melodiously while Rome is burning. And perhaps this is the secret of Raleigh's failure. He is a fanatic no doubt, a true knight-errant: but he is too much of a poet withal. The sense of beauty inthralls him at every step. Gloriana's fairy court, with its chivalries and its euphuisms, its masques and its tourneys, and he the most charming personage in it, are too charming for him—as they would have been for us, reader; and he cannot give them up, and go about the one work. He justifies his double-mindedness to himself, no doubt, as he does to the world, by working wisely, indefatigably, bravely; but still he has put his trust in princes, and in the children of men. His sin, as far as we can see, is not against man, but against God: one which we do not now-a-days call a sin, but a weakness. Be it so. God punished him for it, swiftly and sharply; which we hold to be a sure sign that God also forgave him for it.

So he stays at home, spends, sooner or later, £40,000 on Virginia, writes charming court-poetry with Oxford, Buckhurst, and Paget, brings over Spenser from Ireland, and introduces Colin Clout to Gloriana, who loves—as who would not have loved?—that most beautiful of faces and of souls; helps poor puritan Udall out of his scrape as far as he can; begs for Captain Spring, begs for many more, whose names are only known

by being connected with some good deed of his. "When, Sir Walter," asks Queen Bess, "will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your Majesty ceases to be a benefactor." Perhaps it is in these days that he sets up his "office of adress,"—some sort of agency for discovering and relieving the wants of worthy men. So all seems to go well. If he has lost in Virginia, he has gained by Spanish prizes; his wine-patent is bringing him in a large revenue, and the heavens smile on him. "Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art poor and miserable and blind and naked." Thou shalt learn it, then, and pay dearly for thy lesson.

For, in the meanwhile, Raleigh falls into a very great sin, for which, as usual with his elect, God inflicts swift and instant punishment; on which, as usual, biographers talk much unwisdom. He seduces Miss Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour. Elizabeth is very wroth; and had she not good reason to be wroth? Is it either fair or reasonable to talk of her "demanding a monopoly of love," and "being incensed at the temerity of her favourite, in presuming to fall in love and marry without her consent?" Away with such prurient cant. The plain facts are: that a man nearly forty years old abuses his wonderful gifts of body and mind, to ruin a girl nearly twenty years younger than himself. What wonder if a virtuous woman (and Queen Elizabeth was virtuous) thought it a base deed, and punished it accordingly? There is no more to be discovered in the matter, save by the vulturine nose, which smells a carrion in every rose-bed. Raleigh has a great attempt on the Plate-fleets in hand; he hurries off, from Chatham, and writes to young Cecil, on the 10th of March, "I mean not to come away, as some say I will, for fear of a marriage, and I know not what. . . . For I protest before God, there is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened unto."

This famous passage is one of those over which the virtuosity of modern times, rejoicing in evil, has hung so fondly, as giving melancholy proof of the "duplicity of Raleigh's character;" as if a man who once in his life had told an untruth was proved by that fact to be a rogue from birth to death: while others have kindly given him the benefit of a doubt whether the letter were not written after a private marriage, and therefore Raleigh, being "joined unto" some one already, had a right to say, that he did not wish to be joined to any one. But we do not concur in this doubt. Four months after, Sir Edward Stafford writes to Anthony Bacon, "If you have anything to do with Sir W. R., or any love to make to Mistress Throgmorton, at the Tower to-morrow you may speak with them." This implies that no

marriage had yet taken place. And surely, if there had been a private marriage, two people who were about to be sent to the Tower for their folly would have made the marriage public at once, as the only possible self-justification. But it is a pity, in our opinion, that biographers, before pronouncing upon that supposed lie of Raleigh's, had taken the trouble to find out what the words mean. In their virtuous haste to prove him a liar, they have overlooked the fact that the words, as they stand, are unintelligible, and the argument self-contradictory. He wants to prove, we suppose, that he does not go to sea for fear of being forced to marry Miss Throgmorton. It is, at least, an unexpected method of so doing in a shrewd man like Raleigh, to say that he wishes to marry no one at all. "Don't think that I run away for fear of a marriage, for I do not wish to marry any one on the face of the earth," is a speech which may prove Raleigh to have been a goose, but we must understand it before we can say that it proves him a rogue. If we had received such a letter from a friend, we should have said at once, "Why the man, in his hurry and confusion, has omitted *the* word; he must have meant to write, not 'There is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened to,' but 'There is none on the face of the earth that I would *rather* be fastened to,' which would at once make sense, and suit fact. For Raleigh not only married Miss Throgmorton forthwith, but made her the best of husbands. Our conjectural emendation may go for what it is worth; but that the passage, as it stands in Murdin's State Papers (the MSS. we have not seen) is either misquoted, or miswritten by Raleigh himself, we cannot doubt. He was not one to think nonsense, even if he scribbled it.

The Spanish raid turns out well. Raleigh overlooks Elizabeth's letters of recall till he finds out that the king of Spain has stopped the Plate-fleet for fear of his coming, and then returns, sending on Sir John Burrough to the Azores, where he takes the "Great Carack," the largest prize (1600 tons) which had ever been brought into England. We would that space allowed of a sketch of that gallant fight as it stands in the pages of Hakluyt. Suffice it that it raised Raleigh once more to wealth, though not to favour. Shortly after he returns from the sea, he finds himself, where he deserves to be, in the Tower, where he does more than one thing which brought him no credit. How far we are justified in calling his quarrel with Sir George Carew, his keeper, for not letting him "disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind but with a sight of the queen, or his heart would break," hypocrisy, is a very different matter. Honest Arthur Gorges, (a staunch friend of Raleigh's,) tells the story laughingly and lovingly, as if he thought Raleigh sincere, but

somewhat mad; and yet honest Gorges has a good right to say a bitter thing; for after having been "ready to break with laughing at seeing them two brawl and scramble like madmen, and Sir George's new periwig torn off his crown," he sees "the iron walking" and daggers out, and playing the part of him who taketh a dog by the ears, "purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that I wished both their pates broken, and so with much ado they staid their brawl to see my bloody fingers," and then set to work to abuse the hapless peacemaker. After which things Raleigh writes a letter to Cecil, which is still more offensive in the eyes of virtuous biographers,—how "his heart was never broken till this day, when he hears the queen goes so far off, whom he followed with love and desire on so many journeys, and am now left behind in a dark prison all alone."

"I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks," and so forth, in a style in which the vulturine nose must needs scent carrion, just *because* the roses are more fragrant than the vulturine taste should be in a world where all ought to be either vultures, or carrion for their dinners. As for his despair, had he not good reason to be in despair? By his own sin, he has hurled himself down the hill which he has so painfully climbed. He is in the Tower—surely no pleasant or hopeful place for any man. Elizabeth is exceeding wroth with him; and what is worse, he deserves what he has got. His whole fortune is ventured in an expedition over which he has no control, which has been unsuccessful in its first object, and may be altogether unsuccessful in that which it has undertaken as a *pis-aller*, and so leave him penniless. There want not, too, those who will trample on the fallen. The deputy has been cruelly distraining on his Irish tenants for a "supposed debt of his to the Queen of £400 for rent," which was indeed but fifty merks, and which was paid, and has carried off 500 milch kine from the poor settlers whom he has planted there, and forcibly thrust him out of possession of a castle.

Moreover, the whole Irish estates are likely to come to ruin, for nothing prevails but rascality among the English soldiers, impotence among the governors, and rebellion among the natives. 3000 Burkes are up in arms; his "prophecy of this rebellion" ten days ago was laughed at, and now has come true; and altogether, Walter Raleigh and all belonging to him is in as evil case as was ever man on earth. No wonder, poor fellow, if he behowls himself lustily, and not always wisely, to Cecil, and every one else who will listen to him.

As for his fine speeches about Elizabeth, why forget the standing-point from which such speeches were made? Over



and above his present ruin, it was, (and ought to have been,) an utterly horrible and unbearable thing to Raleigh, or any man, to have fallen into disgrace with Elizabeth by his own fault. He feels (and perhaps rightly) that he is as it were excommunicate from England, and the mission and the glory of England. Instead of being as he was till now, one of a body of brave men working together in one great common cause, he has cut himself off from the congregation by his own selfish lust, and there he is left alone with his shame and his selfishness. We must try to realize to ourselves the way in which such men as Raleigh looked not only at Elizabeth, but at all the world. There was, in plain palpable fact, something about her, her history, her policy, the times, the glorious part which England, and she as the incarnation of the then English spirit, was playing upon earth, which raised imaginative and heroic souls into a permanent exaltation—a “fairy-land,” as they called it themselves, which seems to us fantastic, and would be fantastic in us, because we are not at their work, or in their days. There can be no doubt that a number of as noble men as ever stood together on the earth, did worship this woman, fight for her, toil for her, risk all for her, with a pure chivalrous affection which to us furnished one of the beautiful pages in all the book of history. Blots there must needs have been, and inconsistencies, selfishnesses, follies; for they too were men of like passions with ourselves; but let us look at the fair vision as a whole, and thank God that such a thing has for once existed even imperfectly on this sinful earth, instead of playing the part of Ham, and falling under his curse; the penalty of slavishness, cowardice, loss of noble daring, which surely falls on any generation which is “banausos,” to use Aristotle’s word—which rejoices in its forefathers’ shame, and unable to believe in the nobleness of others, is unable to become noble itself.

As for the “Alexander and Diana” affectations, they were the language of the time; and certainly this generation has no reason to find fault with them, or with a good deal more of the “affectations” and “flattery” of Elizabethan times, while it listens complacently night after night to “honourable members” complimenting not Queen Elizabeth, but Sir Jabesh Windbag, Fiddle, Faddle, Red-tape, and party, with protestations of deepest respect and fullest confidence in the very speeches in which they bring accusations of every offence, short of high-treason—to be understood, of course, in a “parliamentary sense,” as Mr. Pickwick’s were in a “Pickwickian” one. If a generation of Knoxes and Mortons, Burleighs and Raleighs, shall ever arise again, one wonders by what name they will call the parliamentary morality, and parliamentary courtesy of a

generation which has meted out such measure to their antitypes' failings?

"But Queen Elizabeth was an old woman then." We thank the objector even for that "then;" for it is much now-a-days to find any one who believes that Queen Elizabeth was ever young, or who does not talk of her as if she was born about seventy years of age, covered with rouge and wrinkles. We will undertake to say, that as to the beauty of this woman there is a greater mass of testimony, and from the very best judges too, than there is of the beauty of any personage in history; and yet it has become the fashion now to deny even that. The plain facts seem, that she was very graceful, active, accomplished in all outward matters, of a perfect figure, and of that style of intellectual beauty, depending on expression, which attracted (and we trust always will attract) Britons, far more than that merely sensuous loveliness in which no doubt Mary Stuart far surpassed her. And there seems little doubt, that like many Englishwomen, she retained her beauty to a very late period in life, not to mention that she was, in 1592, just at that age of rejuvenescence which makes many a woman more lovely at sixty than she has been since she was thirty-five. No doubt, too, she used every artificial means to preserve her famous complexion; and quite right she was. This beauty of hers had been a talent (as all beauty is) committed to her by God; it had been an important element in her great success; men had accepted it as what beauty of form and expression generally is, an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace; and while the inward was unchanged, what wonder if she tried to preserve the outward? If she was the same, why should she not try to look the same? And what blame to those who worshipped her, if, knowing that she was the same, they too should fancy that she looked the same—the Elizabeth of their youth, and talk as if the fair flesh, as well as the fair spirit, was immortal? Does not every loving husband do so, when he forgets the grey hair and the sunken cheek, and all the wastes of time, and sees the partner of many joys and sorrows not as she has become, but as she was, ay, and is to him, and will be to him, he trusts, through all eternity? There is no feeling in these Elizabethan worshippers which we have not seen, potential and crude, again and again in the best and noblest of young men whom we have met, till it was crushed in them by the luxury of effeminacy and unbelief in chivalry, which is the sure accompaniment of a long peace; which war may burn up with beneficent fire; which, to judge by the unexpected heroisms and chivalries of the last six months, it is burning up already.

But we must hasten on now; for Raleigh is out of prison in

September, and by the next spring in parliament, speaking wisely and well, especially on his fixed idea, war with Spain, which he is rewarded for forthwith in Father Passon's "*Andreas Philopatris Responsio*," by a charge of founding a school of Atheism for the corruption of young gentlemen; a charge which Lord Chief-Justice Popham, Protestant as he is, will find it useful one day to recollect.

Elizabeth, however, now that he has married the fair Throgmorton, and does wisely in other matters, restores him to favour. If he has sinned, he has suffered; but he is as useful as ever, now that his senses have returned to him, and he is making good speeches in parliament, instead of bad ones to weak maidens; and we find him once more in favour, and possessor of Sherborne Manor, where he builds and beautifies, with "groves and gardens of much variety and great delight." And God, too, seems to have forgiven him; perhaps has forgiven; for there the fair Throgmorton brings him a noble boy. "*Ut sis vitalis metuo, puer!*"

Raleigh will quote David's example one day, not wisely or well. Does David's example ever cross him now, and these sad words,—"*The Lord hath put away thy sin, . . . nevertheless the child that is born unto thee shall die?*"

Let that be as it may, all is sunshine once more. Sherborne Manor, a rich share in the great carack, a beautiful wife, a child; what more does this man want to make him happy? Why should he not settle down upon his lees, like ninety-nine out of the hundred, or at least try a peaceful and easy path toward more "praise and pudding?" The world answers, or his biographers answer for him, that he needs to reinstate himself in his mistress's affection; which is true or not, according as we take it. If they mean thereby, as most seem to mean, that it was a mere selfish and ambitious scheme by which to wriggle into court favour once more—why, let them mean it: we shall only observe, that the method which Raleigh took was a rather more dangerous and self-sacrificing one than courtiers are wont to take. But if it be meant that Walter Raleigh spoke somewhat thus with himself,—"*I have done a base and dirty deed, and have been punished for it. I have hurt the good name of a sweet woman who loves me, and whom I find to be a treasure; and God, instead of punishing me by taking her from me, has rendered me good for evil by giving her to me. I have justly offended a mistress whom I worship, and who, after having shewn her just indignation, has returned me evil for good by giving me these fair lands of Sherborne, and only forbid me her presence till the scandal has passed away. She sees, and rewards my good in spite of my evil; and I, too, know that I am*"

better than I have seemed; that I am fit for nobler deeds than seducing maids of honour. How can I prove that? How can I redeem my lost name for patriotism and public daring? How can I win glory for my wife, seek that men shall forget her past shame in the thought, 'She is Walter Raleigh's wife?' How can I shew my mistress that I loved her all along, that I acknowledge her bounty, her mingled justice and mercy? How can I render to God for all the benefits which He has done unto me? How can I do a deed the like of which was never done in England?"

If all this had passed through Walter Raleigh's mind, what could we say of it, but that it was the natural and rational feeling of an honourable and right-hearted man, burning to rise to the level which he knew ought to be his, because he knew that he had fallen below it? And what right better way of testifying these feelings than to do what, as we shall see, Raleigh did? What right have we to impute to him lower motives than these, while we confess that these righteous and noble motives would have been natural and rational;—indeed, just what we flatter ourselves that we should have felt in his place? Of course, in his grand scheme, the thought came in, "And I shall win to myself honour, and glory, and wealth,"—of course. And pray, sir, does it not come in in your grand schemes; and yours; and yours? If you made a fortune to-morrow by some wisely and benevolently managed factory, would you forbid all speech of the said wisdom and benevolence, because you had intended that wisdom and benevolence should pay you a good per-centage? Are Price's Patent Candle Company the less honourable and worthy men, because their righteousness has proved to be a good investment? Away with cant, and let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.

So Raleigh hits upon a noble project; a desperate one, true: but he will do it or die. He will leave pleasant Sherborne, and the bosom of the beautiful bride, and the first-born son; and all which to most makes life worth having, and which Raleigh enjoys more intensely, (for he is a poet, and a man of strong nervous passions—withal), than most men. But,—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more."

And he will go forth to endure heat, hunger, fever, danger of death in battle, danger of the Inquisition, rack and stake, in search of El Dorado. What so strange in that? We have known half-a-dozen men who, in his case, and conscious of his powers, would have done the same from the same noble motive.

He begins prudently; and sends a Devonshire man, Captain

Whiddon, (probably one of the Whiddons of beautiful Chagford), to spy out the Orinoco. He finds that the Spaniards are there already; that Berreo, who has attempted El Dorado from the westward, starting from New Granada and going down the rivers, is trying to settle on the Orinoco mouth; that he is hanging the poor natives, encouraging the Caribs to hunt them and sell them for slaves, imprisoning the Caciques to extort their gold, torturing, ravishing, kidnapping, and conducting himself as was usual among Spaniards of those days.

Raleigh's spirit is stirred within him. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" excites our just wrath, how must the history of such things have excited Raleigh's, as he remembered that these Spaniards are as yet triumphant in iniquity, and as he remembered, too, that these same men are the sworn foes of England, her liberty, her Bible, and her queen? What a deed, to be beforehand with them for once! To dispossess them of one corner of that western world, where they have left no trace but blood and flame! He will go himself; he will find El Dorado and its golden Emperor; and, instead of conquering, plundering, and murdering him, as Cortez did Montezuma, and Pizarro Atahualpa, he will shew him English strength, espouse his quarrel against the Spaniards; make him glad to become Queen Elizabeth's vassal tributary, leave him perhaps a body guard of English veterans, perhaps colonize his country, and so at once avenge and protect the oppressed Indians, and fill the Queen's treasury with the riches of a land equal, if not superior, to Peru and Mexico.

Such is his dream; vague, perhaps: but far less vague than those with which Cortez and Pizarro started, and succeeded. After a careful survey of the whole matter, we give it as our deliberate opinion, that Raleigh was more reasonable in his attempt, and had more fair evidence of its feasibility, than either Cortez or Pizarro had for theirs. It is a bold assertion. If any reader doubts its truth, he cannot do better than to read the whole of the documents connected with the two successful, and the one unsuccessful, attempts at finding a golden kingdom. Let them read first Prescott's *Conquests at Mexico and Peru*, and then Schomburgk's edition of Raleigh's *Guiana*. They will at least confess when they have finished, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Of Raleigh's credulity in believing in El Dorado, much has been said. We are sorry to find even so wise a man as Sir Richard Schomburgk, after bearing good testimony to Raleigh's wonderful accuracy about all matters which he had an opportunity of observing, using this term of credulity. We will do battle on that point even with Sir Richard, and ask by what

right the word is used ? First, Raleigh says nothing about El Dorado, (as every one is forced to confess,) but what Spaniard on Spaniard had been saying for fifty years. So the blame of credulity ought to rest with the Spaniards, from Philip von Hutten, Orellana, and George of Spires, upward to Berreo. But it rests really with no one. For nothing, if we will examine the documents, is told of the riches of El Dorado which had not been found to be true, and seen by the eyes of men still living, in Peru and Mexico. Not one-tenth of America had been explored, and already two El Dorados had been found and conquered. What more rational than to suppose that there was a third, a fourth, a fifth, in the remaining eight tenths ? The reports of El Dorado among the savages were just of the same kind as those by which Cortez and Pizarro hunted out Mexico and Peru, saving that they were far more widely spread, and confirmed by a succession of adventurers. We entreat readers to examine this matter, in Raleigh, Schomburgk, Humboldt, and Condamine, and judge for themselves. As for Hume's accusations, one passes them by as equally silly and shameless, only saying for the benefit of readers, that they have been refuted completely, by every one who has written since Hume's days : and to those who are induced to laugh at Raleigh for believing in Amazons, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," we can only answer thus.

About the Amazons, Raleigh told what he was told ; what the Spaniards who went before him, and Condamine who came after him, were told ; Humboldt thinks the story possibly founded on fact ; and we are ready to say, that after reviewing all that has been said thereon, it does seem to us the simplest solution of the matter just to believe it true ; to believe that there was, about his time, or a little before, somewhere about the upper Orinoco, a warlike community of women, (Humboldt shews how likely such would be to spring up, where women flee from their male tyrants into the forests.) As for the fable which connected them with the lake Manoa, and the city of El Dorado, we can only answer, "If not true there and then, it is true elsewhere now ;" for the Amazonian guards of the King of Dahomey at this moment, as all know, surpass in strangeness and in ferocity all that has been reported of the Orinocan viragos, and thus prove once more, that truth is stranger than fiction.

Beside ; and here we stand stubborn, regardless of gibes and sneers : it is not yet proven that there was not in the sixteenth century, some rich and civilized kingdom like Peru or Mexico, in the interior of South America. Sir Richard Schomburgk has disproved the existence of Lake Parima : but it will take a long time, and more explorers than one, to prove that there are no

ruins of ancient cities, such as Stephens stumbled on in Yucatan, still buried in the depths of the forests. Fifty years of ruin would suffice to wrap them in a leafy veil which would hide them from every one who did not literally run against them. Tribes would die out, or change place, (as the Atures, and many other great nations have done in those parts,) and every traditional record of them perish gradually, (for it is only gradually and lately that it has perished;) while if it be asked, What has become of the people themselves? the answer is, that when any race, (like most of the American races in the sixteenth century,) is in a dying state, it hardly needs war to thin it down, and reduce the remnant to savagery. Greater nations than El Dorado was even supposed to be have vanished ere now, and left not a trace behind; and so may they. But enough of this. We leave the quarrel to that honest and patient warder of tourneys, Old Time, who will surely do right at last, and go on to the dog-headed worthies, without necks, and long hair hanging down behind, who, as a cacique told Raleigh, that "they had of late years slain many hundreds of his father's people," and in whom even Humboldt was not always allowed (he says) to disbelieve, (so much for Hume's scoff at Raleigh as a liar,) one old cacique boasting to him that he had seen them with his own eyes. Humboldt's explanation is, that the Caribs, being the cleverest and strongest Indians, are also the most imaginative, and therefore, being fallen children of Adam, the greatest liars, and that they invented both El Dorado and the dog-heads out of pure wickedness. Be it so. But all lies crystallize round some nucleus of truth; and it really seems to us nothing very wonderful, if the story should be on the whole true, and that these worthies were in the habit of dressing themselves up, like foolish savages as they were, in the skins of the Aguara dog, with what not of stuffing, and tails, and so forth, in order to astonish the weak minds of the Caribs, just as the Red Indians dress up in their feasts as bears, wolves, and deer, with fox tails, false bustles of bison skin, and so forth. There are plenty of traces of such foolish attempts at playing "bogy" in the history of savages even of our own Teutonic forefathers; and this we suspect to be the simple explanation of the whole mare's nest. As for Raleigh being a fool for believing it; the reasons he gives for believing it are very rational; the reasons Hume gives for calling him a fool rest merely on the story's being strange; on which grounds one might disbelieve most matters in heaven and earth, from one's own existence to what one sees in every drop of water under the microscope, yea, to the growth of every seed. The only sound proof that dog-headed men are impossible, is to be found in comparative anatomy, a science of which Hume knew no more

than Raleigh, and which for one marvel it has destroyed, has revealed a hundred. We do not doubt, that if Raleigh had seen and described a kangaroo, especially its all but miraculous process of gestation, Hume would have called that a lie also: but we will waste no more time in proving that no man is so credulous as the unbeliever—the man who has such mighty and world-embracing faith in himself, that he makes his own little brain the measure of the universe. Let the dead bury their dead.

He sails for Guiana. The details of his voyage should be read at length. Everywhere they shew the eye of a poet as well as of a man of science. He sees enough to excite his hopes more wildly than ever; he goes hundreds of miles up the Orinoco in an open boat, suffering every misery: but keeping up the hearts of his men, who cry out, "Let us go on, we care not how far." He makes friendship with the caciques, and enters into alliance with them on behalf of Queen Elizabeth against the Spaniards. Unable to pass the falls of the Caroli, and the rainy season drawing on, he returns, beloved and honoured by all the Indians, boasting that, during the whole time he was there, no woman was the worse for any man of his crew. Altogether, we know few episodes of history, so noble, righteous, and merciful, as this Guiana voyage. But he has not forgotten the Spaniards. At Trinidad he attacks and destroys (at the entreaty of the oppressed, Indians) the new town of San José, takes Berreo prisoner, and delivers from captivity five caciques, whom Berreo kept bound in one chain, "basting their bodies with burning bacon," (an old trick of the Conquistadores,) to make them discover their gold. He tells them that he was "the servant of a queen who was the greatest cacique of the north, and a virgin; who had more caciqui under her than there were trees on that island; that she was an enemy of the Castellani (Spaniards) in behalf of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her as were by them oppressed, and having freed all the coast of the northern world from their servitude, had sent me to free them also, and withal to defend the country of Guiana from their invasion and conquest." After which perfectly true and rational speech, he subjoins, (as we think equally honestly and rationally,) "I shewed them her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honoured, as it had been easy to have brought them idolators thereof."

This is one of the stock-charges against Raleigh, at which all biographers (except quiet, sensible Oldys, who, dull as he is, is far more fair and rational than most of his successors) break into virtuous shrieks of "flattery," "meanness," "adulation," "courtiership," and so forth. Mr. Napier must say a witty thing for



once, and is of opinion that the Indians would have admired far more the picture of a "red monkey." Sir Richard Schomburgk (unfortunately for the red monkey theory,) though he quite agrees that Raleigh's flattery was very shocking, says, that from what he knows (and no man knows more) of Indian taste, they would have far preferred to the portrait which Raleigh shewed them (not Mr. Napier's red monkey, but) such a picture as that at Hampton Court, in which Elizabeth is represented in a fantastic dress. Raleigh, it seems, must be made out a rogue at all risks, though by the most opposite charges. Mr. Napier is answered, however, by Sir Richard, and Sir Richard is answered, we think, by the plain fact, that, *of course*, Raleigh's portrait was exactly such a one as Sir Richard says they would have admired: a picture probably in a tawdry frame, representing Queen Bess, just as queens were always painted then, bedizened with "browches, pearls, and owches," satin and ruff, and probably with crown on head and sceptre in hand, made up as likely as not expressly for the purpose for which it was used. In the name of all simplicity and honesty, we ask, why is Raleigh to be accused of saying that the Indians admired Queen Elizabeth's *beauty*, when he never even hints at it? And why do all commentators deliberately forget the preceding paragraph, Raleigh's proclamation to the Indians, and the circumstances under which it was spoken? The Indians are being murdered, ravished, sold for slaves, basted with burning fat, and grand white men come like avenging angels, and in one day sweep their tyrants out of the land, restore them to liberty and life, and say to them, "A great Queen far across the seas has sent us to do this. Thousands of miles away she has heard of your misery, and taken pity on you; and if you will be faithful to her she will love you, and deal justly with you, and protect you against these Spaniards who are devouring you as they have devoured all the Indians round you, and for a token of it—a sign that we tell you truth, and that there really is such a great Queen, who is the Indian's friend—here is the picture of her." What wonder if the poor idolatrous creatures had fallen down and worshipped the picture (just as millions do that of the Virgin Mary, without a thousandth part as sound and practical reason) as that of a divine, all-knowing, all-merciful deliverer? As for its being the picture of a beautiful woman or not, they would never think of that. The fair complexion and golden hair would be a sign to them that she belonged to the mighty white people, even if there were no bedizenment of jewels and crowns over and above; and that would be enough for them. When will biographers learn to do common justice to their fellow-men, by exerting now and then

some small amount of dramatic imagination, just sufficient to put themselves for a moment in the place of those to whom they write ?

So ends his voyage : in which, he says, "from myself I have deserved no thanks, for I am returned a beggar and withered. But I might have bettered my poor estate if I had not only respected her Majesty's future honour and riches. It became not the former fortune in which I once lived to go journeys of piccory," (pillage;) "and it had sorted ill with the offices of honour which, by her Majesty's grace, I hold this day in England, to run from cape to cape, and place to place, for the pil-lage of ordinary prizes."

So speaks one whom it has been the fashion to consider as little better than a pirate, and that, too, in days when the noblest blood in England thought no shame (as indeed it was no shame) to enrich themselves with Spanish gold. But so it is throughout this man's life. If there be a nobler word than usual to be spoken, or a more wise word either, if there be a more chivalrous deed to be done, or a more prudent deed either, that word and that deed are pretty sure to be Walter Raleigh's.

But the blatant beast has been busy at home; and in spite of Chapman's heroical verses, he meets with little but cold looks. Never mind. If the world will not help to do the deed, he will do it by himself; and no time must be lost, for the Spaniards on their part will lose none. So, after six months, the faithful Keymis sails again, again helped by the Lord High Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil. It is a hard race for one private man against the whole power and wealth of Spain; and the Spaniard has been beforehand with them, and re-occupied the country. They have fortified themselves at the mouth of the Caroli, so it is impossible to get to the gold mines; they are enslaving the wretched Indians, carrying off their women, intending to transplant some tribes, and to expel others, and arming cannibal tribes against the inhabitants. All is misery and rapine; the scattered remnant comes asking piteously, why Raleigh does not come over to deliver them? Have the Spaniards slain him, too? Keymis comforts them as he best can; hears of more gold mines, and gets back safe, a little to his own astonishment, for eight-and-twenty ships of war have been sent to Trinidad, to guard the entrance to El Dorado, not surely, as Keymis well says, "to keep us only from tobacco." A colony of 500 persons is expected from Spain. The Spaniard is well aware of the richness of the prize, says Keymis, who all through shews himself a worthy pupil of his master. A careful, observant man he seems to have been, trained by that great example to overlook no fact, even the smallest. He brings home lists of rivers, towns,

caciques, poison-herbs, words, what not; he has fresh news of gold, spleen-stones, kidney-stones, and some fresh specimens: but be that as it may, he, "without going as far as his eyes can warrant, can promise Brazil-wood, honey, cotton, balsamum, and drugs, to defray charges." He would fain copy Raleigh's style, too, and, "whence his lamp had oil, borrow light also," "seasoning his unsavoury speech" with some of the "leaven of Raleigh's discourse." Which, indeed, he does even to little pedantries and attempts at classicality, and after professing that "himself and the remnant of his few years, he hath bequeathed wholly to Raleana, and his thoughts live only in that action," he rises into something like grandeur when he begins to speak of that ever-fertile subject, the Spanish cruelties to the Indians: "Doth not the cry of the poor succourless ascend unto the heavens? Hath God forgotten to be gracious to the work of his own hands? Or shall not his judgments in a day of visitation by the ministry of his chosen servant come upon these blood-thirsty butchers, like rain into a fleece of wool?" Poor Keymis! To us he is by no means the least beautiful figure in this romance; a faithful, diligent, loving man, unable, as the event proved, to do great deeds by himself, but inspired with a great idea by contact with a mightier spirit, to whom he clings through evil report and poverty and prison and the scaffold, careless of self to the last, and ends tragically, "faithful unto death" in the most awful sense.

But here remark two things: first, that Cecil believes in Raleigh's Guiana scheme; next, that the occupation of Orinoco by the Spaniards, which Raleigh is accused of having concealed from James in 1617, has been, ever since 1595, matter of the most public notoriety.

Raleigh has not been idle in the meanwhile. It has been found necessary after all to take the counsel which he gave in vain in 1588, to burn the Spanish fleet in harbour; and the heroes are gone down to Cadiz fight, and in one day of thunder storm the Sevastopol of Spain. Here, as usual, we find Raleigh, though in an inferior command, leading the whole by virtue of superior wisdom. When the good Lord Admiral will needs be cautious, and land the soldiers first, it is Raleigh who persuades him to force his way into the harbour, to the joy of all captains. When hot-head Essex, casting his hat into the sea for joy, shouts "Intramos," and will in at once, Raleigh's time for caution comes, and he persuades them to wait till the next morning, and arrange the order of attack. That, too, Raleigh has to do, and moreover to lead it; and lead it he does. Under the forts are seventeen galleys; the channel is "scoured" with cannon: but on holds Raleigh's Warspite, far ahead of the

rest, through the thickest of the fire, answering forts and galleys "with a blow of the trumpet to each piece, disdaining to shoot at those esteemed dreadful monsters." For there is a nobler enemy ahead. Right in front lie the galleons; and among them the Philip and the Andrew, two who boarded the Revenge. This day there shall be a reckoning for the blood of his old friend; he is "resolved to be revenged for the Revenge, Sir Richard Grenville's fatal ship, or second her with his own life;" and well he keeps his vow. Three hours pass of desperate valour, during which, so narrow is the passage, only seven English ships, thrusting past each other, all but quarrelling in their noble rivalry, engage the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-seven sail, and destroy it utterly. The Philip and Thomas burn themselves despairing. The English boats save the Andrew and Matthew. One passes over the hideous record. "If any man," says Raleigh, "had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured." Keymis's prayer is answered in part, even while he writes it; and the cry of the Indians has not ascended in vain before the throne of God!

The soldiers are landed; the city stormed and sacked, not without mercies and courtesies, though, to women and unarmed folk, which win the hearts of the vanquished, and live till this day in well-known ballads. The Flemings begin a "merciless slaughter." Raleigh and the Lord Admiral beat them off. Raleigh is carried on shore for an hour with a splinter wound in the leg, which lames him for life: but returns on board in an hour in agony; for there is no admiral left to order the fleet, and all are run headlong to the sack. In vain he attempts to get together sailors the following morning, and attack the Indian fleet in Porto Real Roads; within twenty-four hours it is burnt by the Spaniards themselves; and all Raleigh wins is no booty, a lame leg, and the honour of having been the real author of a victory even more glorious than that of 1588.

So he returns, having written to Cecil the highest praises of Essex, whom he treats with all courtesy and fairness; which those who will may call cunning: we have as good a right to say that he was returning good for evil. There were noble qualities in Essex. All the world gave him credit for them, and far more than he deserved; why should not Raleigh have been just to him, even have conceived, like the rest of the world, high hopes of him, till he himself destroyed these hopes? For now storms are rising fast. On their return Cecil is in power. He has been made Secretary of State instead of Bodley, Essex's pet, and the spoilt child begins to sulk. On which matter, we are sorry to say, Mr. Tytler and others talk much unwisdom, about Essex's being too "open and generous, &c., for a courtier,"

and "presuming on his mistress' passion for him;" and represent Elizabeth as desiring to be thought beautiful, and "affecting at sixty the sighs, loves, tears, and tastes of a girl of sixteen,"—and so forth. It is really time to get rid of some of this fulsome talk, culled from such triflers as Osborne, if not from the darker and fouler sources of Parsons and the Jesuit slanderers, which we meet with a flat denial. There is simply no proof. She in love with Essex or Cecil? Yes, as a mother with a son. Were they not the children of her dearest and most faithful servants, men who had lived heroic lives for her sake? What wonder if she fancied that she saw the fathers in the sons? They had been trained under her eye. What wonder if she fancied that they could work as their fathers worked before them? And what shame if her childless heart yearned over them with unspeakable affection, and longed in her old age to lay her hands upon the shoulders of those two young men, and say to England, "Behold the children which God, and not the flesh, has given me?" Most strange it is, too, that women, who ought at least to know a woman's heart, have been especially forward in publishing these stupid scandals, and sullying their pages by retailing prurient slander against such a one as Queen Elizabeth.

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and incapable. Even in coming home there is confusion, and Essex is all but lost on the Bishop and Clerks, by Scilly, in spite of the warnings of Raleigh's sailing master "Old Broadbent," who is so exasperated at the general stupidity that he wants Raleigh to leave Essex and his squadron to get out of their own scrape as they can.

Essex goes off to salt at Wanstead; but Vere excuses him, and in a few days he comes back, and will needs fight good Lord Howard for being made Earl of Nottingham for his services against the Armada, and at Cadiz. Baulked of this, he begins laying the blame of the failure at the Azores on Raleigh. Let the spoilt naughty boy take care; even that "admirable temper" for which Raleigh is famed, may be worn out at last.

These years are Raleigh's noon—stormy enough at best, yet brilliant. There is a pomp about him, outward and inward, which is terrible to others, dangerous to himself. One has gorgeous glimpses of that grand Durham House of his, with its carvings and its antique marbles, armorial escutcheons, "beds with green silk hangings and legs like dolphins, overlaid with gold;" and the man himself, tall, beautiful and graceful, perfect alike in body and in mind, walking to and fro, his beautiful wife upon his arm, his noble boy beside his knee, in his "white satin doublet embroidered with pearls, and a great chain of pearls about his neck," lording it among the lords with "an awfulness and ascendancy above other mortals," for which men say that "his næve is, that he is damnable proud;" and no wonder. The reduced squire's younger son has gone forth to conquer the world; and he fancies, poor fool, that he has conquered it, just as it really has conquered him; and he will stand now on his blood and his pedigree, (no bad one either,) and all the more stiffly because puppies like Lord Oxford, who instead of making their fortunes have squandered them, call him "jack and upstart," and make impertinent faces while the Queen is playing the virginals, about "how when jacks go up, heads go down." Proud? No wonder if the man be proud. "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?" And yet all the while he has the most affecting consciousness that all this is not God's will, but the will of the flesh; that the house of fame is not the house of God; that its floor is not the rock of ages, but the sea of glass mingled with fire, which may crack beneath him any moment, and let the nether flame burst up. He knows that he is living in a splendid lie; that he is not what God meant him to be. He longs to flee away and be at peace. It is to this period, not to his death-hour, that "The Lie" belongs;\* saddest of poems, with its

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\* It is to be found in a MS. of 1596.

melodious contempt and life-weariness. All is a lie—court, church, statesmen, courtiers, wit and science, town and country, all are shams; the days are evil; the canker is at the root of all things; the old heroes are dying one by one; the Elizabethan age is rotting down, as all human things do, and nothing is left but to bewail with Spenser “The Ruins of Time;” the glory and virtue which have been—the greater glory and virtue which might be even now, if men would but arise and repent, and work righteousness, as their fathers did before them. But no. Even to such a world as this he will cling, and flaunt it about as captain of the guard in the Queen’s progresses and masques and pageants, with sword-belt studded with diamonds and rubies, or at tournaments, in armour of solid silver, and a gallant train with orange-tawny feathers, provoking puppy Essex to bring in a far larger train in the same colours, and swallow up Raleigh’s pomp in his own, so achieving that famous “feather-triumph” by which he gains little but bad blood and a good jest. For Essex is no better tilter than he is general; and having “run very ill” in his orange-tawny, comes next day in green, and runs still worse, and yet is seen to be the same cavalier; whereon a spectator shrewdly observes, that he changed his colours “that it may be reported that there was one in green who ran worse than he in orange-tawny.” But enough of these toys, while God’s hand-writing is upon the wall above all heads.

Raleigh knows that the hand-writing is there. The spirit which drove him forth to Virginia and Guiana is fallen asleep: but he longs for Sherborne and quiet country life, and escapes thither during Essex’s imprisonment, taking Cecil’s son with him, and writes as only he can write, about the shepherd’s peaceful joys, contrasted with “courts” and “masques” and “proud towers.”—

“Here are no false entrapping baits  
Too hasty for too hasty fates,  
Unless it be  
The fond credulity  
Of silly fish, that worldling who still look  
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;  
Nor envy, unless among  
The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

“Go! let the diving negro seek  
For pearls hid in some forlorn creek,  
We all pearls scorn,  
Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon some little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass  
And gold ne’er here appears  
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.”

Tragic enough are the after scenes of Raleigh's life; but most tragic of all are these scenes of vain-glory, in which he sees the better part, and yet chooses the worse, and pours out his self-discontent in song which proves the fount of delicacy and beauty which lies pure and bright beneath the gaudy artificial crust. What might not this man have been! And he knows that too. The stately rooms of Durham House pall on him, and he delights to hide up in his little study among his books and his chemical experiments, and smoke his silver pipe, and look out on the clear Thames and the green Surrey hills, and dream about Guiana and the Tropics; or to sit in the society of antiquaries with Selden and Cotton, Camden and Stow; or in his own Mermaid club, with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, and at last with Shakspeare's self, to hear and utter

" Words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whom they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."\*

Anything to forget the hand-writing on the wall, which will not be forgotten.

But he will do all the good which he can meanwhile, nevertheless. He will serve God and mammon. So complete a man will surely be able to do both. Unfortunately the thing is impossible, as he discovers too late; but he certainly goes as near success in the attempt as ever man did. Everywhere we find him doing justly, and loving mercy. Wherever this man steps he leaves his foot print ineffaceably in deeds of benevolence. For one year only, it seems, he is governor of Jersey: yet to this day, it is said, the islanders honour his name, only second to that of Duke Rollo, as their great benefactor, the founder of their Newfoundland trade. In the west country he is "as a king," "with ears and mouth always open to hear and deliver their grievances, feet and hands ready to go and work their redress." The tin merchants have become usurers "of fifty in the hundred." Raleigh works till he has put down their "abominable and cut-throat dealing." There is a burdensome west-country tax on curing fish; Raleigh works till it is revoked. In parliament he is busy with liberal measures, always before his generation. He puts down a foolish act for compulsory sowing of hemp, in a speech on the freedom of labour, worthy of the nineteenth century. He argues against raising the subsidy from the three pound men—"Call you this, Mr Francis Bacon, 'par jugum' when a poor man pays as much as a rich?" He is equally rational and spirited against the ex-

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\* Beaumont on the Mermaid Club; Letter to B. Jonson.

portation of ordnance to the enemy; and when the question of abolishing monopolies is mooted he has his wise word. He too is a monopolist of tin, as Lord Warden of the Stannaries. But he has so wrought as to bring good out of evil; for before the granting of his patent, let the price of tin be never so high, the poor workman never had but two shillings a week; yet now, so has he extended and organized the tin-works, that any man who will can find work, be tin at what price soever, have four shillings a week truly paid. . . . Yet if all others may be repealed, I will give my consent as freely to the cancelling of this, as any member of this house." Most of the monopolies were repealed: but we do not find that Raleigh's was among them. Why should it be if its issue was more tin, and full work, and double wages? In all things this man approves himself faithful in his generation. His sins are not against man, but against God; such as the world thinks no sins; and hates them, not from morality, but from envy.

In the meanwhile, the evil which, so Spencer had prophesied, only waited Raleigh's death, breaks out in his absence, and Ireland is all aflame with Tyrone's rebellion. Raleigh is sent for. He will not accept the post of Lord Deputy, and go to put it down. Perhaps he does not expect fair play as long as Essex is at home. Perhaps he knows too much of the common weal, or rather common woe, and thinks that what is crooked cannot be made straight. Perhaps he is afraid to lose by absence his ground at court. Would that he had gone, for Ireland's sake and his own. However, it must not be. Ormond is recalled, and Knolles shall be sent; but Essex will have none but Sir George Carew; whom, Naunton says, he hates, and wishes to oust from court. He and Elizabeth argue it out. He turns his back on her, and she gives him (or does not give him, for one has found so many of these racy anecdotes vanish on inspection into simple wind, that one believes none of them) a box on the ear; which if she did, she did the most wise, just, and practical thing which she could do with such a puppy. He clasps his hand (or does not) to his sword—"He would not have taken it from Henry the VIII.," and is turned out forthwith. In vain Egerton, the lord keeper, tries to bring him to reason. He storms insanely. Every one on earth is wrong but he; every one is conspiring against him; he talks of "Solomon's fool" too. Had he read the Proverbs a little more closely, he might have left the said fool alone, as being a too painfully exact likeness of himself. It ends by his being worsted, and Raleigh rising higher than ever. We never could see why Raleigh should be represented as henceforth becoming Essex's "avowed enemy," save on the ground that all good men are and ought to be the enemies of bad men, when they see them about to do harm, and

to ruin the country. Essex is one of the many persons upon whom this age has lavished a quantity of maudlin sentimentality, which suits oddly enough with its professions of impartiality. But there is an impartiality which ends in utter injustice, which by saying carelessly to every quarrel, "Both are right, and both are wrong," leaves only the impression that all men are wrong, and ends by being unjust to every one. So has Elizabeth and Essex's quarrel been treated. There was some evil in Essex; therefore Elizabeth was a fool for liking him. There was some good in Essex; therefore Elizabeth was cruel in punishing him. This is the sort of slipshod dilemma by which Elizabeth is proved to be wrong, even while Essex is confessed to be wrong too; while the patent facts of the case are, that Elizabeth bore with him as long as she could, and a great deal longer than any one else could. Why Raleigh should be accused of helping to send Essex into Ireland, we do not know. Camden confesses (at the same time that he gives a hint of the kind) that Essex would let no one go but himself. And if this was his humour, one can hardly wonder at Cecil and Raleigh, as well as Elizabeth, bidding the man begone and try his hand at government, and be filled with the fruit of his own devices. He goes; does nothing; or rather worse than nothing; for in addition to the notorious ill-management of the whole matter, we may fairly say that he killed Elizabeth. She never held up her head again after Tyrone's rebellion. Elizabeth still clings to him, changing her mind about him every hour, and at last writes him such a letter as he deserves. He has had power, money, men, such as no one ever had before, why has he done nothing but bring England to shame? He comes home frantically (the story of his bursting into the dressing room rests on no good authority) with a party of friends at his heels, leaving Ireland to take care of itself. Whatever entertainment he met with from the fond old woman, he met with the coldness which he deserved from Raleigh and Cecil. Who can wonder? What had he done to deserve aught else? But he all but conquers; and Raleigh takes to his bed in consequence, sick of the whole matter; as one would have been inclined to do oneself. He is examined and arraigned; writes a maudlin letter to Elizabeth, of which Mr. Tytler says, that it "says little for the heart which could resist it;" another instance of the strange self-contradictions into which his brains will run. In one page, forsooth, Elizabeth is a fool for listening to these pathological "love letters;" in the next page she is hard-hearted for not listening to them. Poor thing! Do what she would she found it hard enough to please all parties while alive; must she be condemned over and above *in æternum* to be wrong whatsoever she does? Why is she not to have the benefit of the

plain, straitforward interpretation which would be allowed to any other human being, namely, that she approved of such fine talk, as long as it was proved to be sincere by fine deeds ; but that when these were wanting, the fine talk became hollow, fulsome, a fresh cause of anger and disgust ? Yet still she weeps over him when he falls sick, as any mother would ; and would visit him if she could with honour. But a "malignant influence counter-acts every disposition to relent." No doubt, a man's own folly, passion, and insolence, has generally a very malignant influence on his fortunes, and he may consider himself a very happy man if all that befalls to him thereby is what befell Essex, deprivation of his offices, and imprisonment in his own house. He is forgiven after all ; but the spoilt child refuses his bread and butter without sugar. What is the pardon to him without a renewal of his license of sweet wines ? Because he is not to have that, the Queen's "conditions are as crooked as her carcase." Flesh and blood can stand no more, and ought to stand no more. After all that Elizabeth has been to him, that speech is the speech of a brutal and ungrateful nature. And such he shows himself to be in the hour of trial. What if the patent for sweet wines is refused him ? Such gifts were meant as the reward of merit ; and what merit has he to show ? He never thinks of that. Blind with fury he begins to intrigue with James, and slanders to him, under colour of helping his succession, all whom he fancies opposed to him. What is worse, he intrigues with Tyrone about bringing over an army of Irish Papists to help him against the Queen, and this at the very time that his sole claim to popularity rests on his being the leader of the Puritans. A man must have been very far gone, either in baseness, or blind fury, who represents Raleigh to James as dangerous to the commonweal, on account of his great power in the west of England and Jersey, "places fit for the Spaniard to land in." Cobham, as warden of the Cinque ports, is included in his slander ; and both he and Raleigh will hear of it again.

Some make much of a letter, supposed to be written about this time by Raleigh to Cecil, bidding Cecil keep down Essex, even crush him, now that he is once down. We do not happen to think the letter to be Raleigh's. His initials are subscribed to it ; but not his name ; and the style is not like his. But as for seeing "unforgiveness and revenge in it," whose soever it may be, we hold and say there is not a word which can bear such a construction. It is a dark letter : but about a dark matter, and a dark man. It is a worldly and expediential letter, appealing to low motives in Cecil, though for a right end ; such a letter, in short, as statesmen are wont to write now-a-days. If Raleigh wrote it, God punished him for doing so speedily enough. He



does not punish statesmen now-a-days for such letters; perhaps because He does not love them as well as Raleigh. But as for the letter itself. Essex is called a "tyrant," because he had shewn himself one. The Queen is to "hold Bothwell," because "while she hath him, he will even be the canker of her estate and safety," and the writer has "seen the last of her good days, and of ours, after his liberty." On which accounts, Cecil is not to be deterred from doing what is right and necessary "by any fear of after-revenges," and "conjectures from causes remote," as many a stronger instance (given) will prove, but "look to the present," and so "do wisely." There is no real cause for Cecil's fear. If the man who has now lost a power which he ought never to have had, be now kept down, neither he nor his son will ever be able to harm the man who has kept him at his just level. What "revenge, selfishness, and craft," there can be in all this, it is difficult to see, as difficult as to see why Essex is to be talked of as "unfortunate," and the blame of his frightful end thrown on every one but himself: or why Mr. Tytler finds it unnecessary to pursue his "well known story further," after having proved Raleigh to be all on a sudden turned into a fiend: unless, indeed, it was inconvenient to bring before the reader's mind the curious and now forgotten fact, that Essex's end was brought on by his having chosen one Sunday morning for breaking out into open rebellion, for the purpose of seizing the city of London and the Queen's person, and compelling her to make him lord and master of the British isles; in which attempt he and his fought with the civil and military authorities, till artillery had to be brought up, and many lives were lost. Such little escapades may be pardonable enough in "noble and unfortunate" earls: but our readers will perhaps agree that if they chose to try a similar experiment, they could not complain if they found themselves shortly after in company with Mr. Mitchell at Spike Island, or Mr. Oxford in Bedlam. But those were days in which such Sabbath amusements on the part of one of the most important and powerful personages of the realm could not be passed over so lightly, especially when accompanied by severe loss of life; and as there existed in England certain statutes concerning rebellion and high treason, which must needs have been framed for some purpose or other, the authorities of England may be excused for fancying that they bore some reference to such acts as that which the noble and unfortunate earl had just committed, as wantonly, selfishly, and needlessly, it seems to us, as ever did man on earth.

We may seem to jest too much upon so solemn a matter as the life of a human being: but if we are not to touch the popular talk about Essex in this tone, we can only touch it in a far

sterner one; and if ridicule is forbidden, express disgust instead.

We have entered into this matter of Essex somewhat at length, because on it is founded one of the mean slanders from which Raleigh never completely recovered. The very mob who, after Raleigh's death, made him a Protestant martyr, (as, indeed, he was,) soon looked upon Essex in the same light, hated Raleigh as the cause of his death, and accused him of glutting his eyes with Essex's misery, puffing tobacco out of a window, and what not, —all mere inventions, as Raleigh declared upon the scaffold. He was there in his office, as captain of the guard, and could do no less than be there. Essex, it is said, asked for Raleigh just before he died: but Raleigh had withdrawn, the mob murmuring. What had Essex to say to him? Was it, asks Oldys, shrewdly enough, to ask him pardon for the wicked slanders which he had been pouring into James's credulous and cowardly ears? We will hope so, and leave poor Essex to God and the mercy of God, asserting once more, that no man ever brought ruin and death more thoroughly on himself by his own act, needing no imaginary help downwards from Raleigh, Cecil, or other human being.

And now begins the fourth act of this strange tragedy. Queen Elizabeth dies; and dies of grief. It has been the fashion to attribute to her, we know not what, remorse for Essex's death; and the foolish and false tale about Lady Nottingham and the ring has been accepted as history. The fact seems to be that she never really held up her head after Burleigh's death. She could not speak of him without tears; forbade his name to be mentioned in the Council. No wonder; never had mistress a better servant. For nearly half a century have these two noble souls loved each other, trusted each other, worked with each other; and God's blessing has been on their deeds; and now the faithful God-fearing man is gone to his reward; and she is growing old, and knows that the ancient fire is dying out in her; and who will be to her what he was? Buckhurst is a good man, and one of her old pupils; and she makes him Lord Treasurer in Raleigh's place: but beyond that, all is dark. "I am a miserable forlorn woman, there is none about me that I can trust!" She sees through false Cecil; through false Henry Howard. Essex has proved himself worthless, and pays the penalty of his sins. Men are growing worse than their fathers. Spanish gold is bringing in luxury and sin. The ten last years of her reign are years of decadence, profligacy, falsehood; and she cannot but see it. Tyrone's rebellion is the last drop which fills the cup. After fifty years of war, after a drain of money all but fabulous, expended on keeping Ireland quiet, the volcano bursts

forth again just as it seemed extinguished, more fiercely than ever, and the whole work has to be done over again, when there is neither time, nor a man, to do it. And ahead, what hope is there for England? Who will be her successor? She knows in her heart that it will be James: but she cannot bring herself to name him. To bequeath the fruit of all her labours to a tyrant, a liar, and a coward! (for she knows the man but too well.) It is too hideous to be faced. This is the end, then? "Oh that I were a milke maide, with a paile upon mine arm!" But it cannot be. It never could have been; and she must endure to the end.

"Therefore I hated life; yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it to the man that shall be after me. And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have shewed myself wise, in wisdom, and knowledge, and equity. . . . Vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit!" And so, with a whole book of Ecclesiastes written on that mighty heart, the old lioness coils herself up in her lair, refuses food, and dies. We know few passages in the world's history so tragic as that death.

Why did she not trust Raleigh? First, because Raleigh (as we have seen) was not the sort of man whom she needed. He was not the steadfast single-eyed man of business; but the many-sided genius. Beside, he was the ringleader of the war-party. And she, like Burleigh before his death, was tired of the war; saw that it was demoralizing England; was anxious for peace. Raleigh would not see that. It was to him a divine mission which must be fulfilled at all risks. As long as the Spaniards were opposing the Indians, conquering America, there must be no peace. Both were right from their own point of view. God ordered the matter from a third point of view; for His wrath was gone out against this people.

Beside, we know that Essex, and after him Cecil and Henry Howard, have been slandering Raleigh basely to James. Can we doubt that the same poison had been poured into Elizabeth's ears? She might distrust Cecil too much to act upon what he said of Raleigh; and yet distrust Raleigh too much to put the kingdom into his hands. However, she is gone now, and a new king has arisen, who knoweth not Joseph.

James comes down to take possession. Insolence, luxury, and lawlessness mark his first steps on his going amid the adulations of a fallen people; he hangs a poor wretch without trial; wastes his time in hunting by the way;—a bad and base man, whose only redeeming point (and it is a great one) is his fond-

ness for little children. But that will not make a king. The wise elders take counsel together. Raleigh and good Judge Fortescue are for requiring conditions from the new comer, and constitutional liberty makes its last stand among the men of Devon, the old county of warriors, discoverers, and statesmen, of which Queen Bess had said, that the men of Devon were her right hand. But in vain; James has his way; Cecil and Henry Howard are willing enough to give it him. Let their memory be accursed; for never did two bad men more deliberately betray the freedom of their country. So down comes Rehoboam, taking counsel with the young men, and makes answer to England, "My father chastised you with whips; but I will chastise you with scorpions." He takes a base pleasure, shocking to the French ambassador, in sneering at the memory of Queen Elizabeth; a perverse delight in honouring every rascal whom she had punished. Tyrone must come to England to be received into favour, maddening the soul of honest Sir John Harrington. Essex is christened "my martyr," apparently for having plotted treason against Elizabeth with Tyrone. Raleigh is received with a pun—"By my soul, I have heard rawly of thee, mon;" and when the great nobles and gentlemen come to Court with their retinues, James tries to hide his dread of them in an insult, pooh poohs their splendour, and says, "he doubts not that he should have been able to win England for himself, had they kept him out." Raleigh answers boldly, "Would God that had been put to the trial." "Why?" "Because then you would have known your friends from your foes." "A reason" (says old Aubrey) "never forgotten or forgiven." Aubrey is no great authority; but the speech smacks so of Raleigh's offhand daring, that one cannot but believe it, as one does also the other story of his having advised the lords to keep out James and erect a republic. Not that he could have been silly enough to propose such a thing seriously at that moment; but that he most likely, in his offhand way, may have said, "Well, if we are to have this man in without conditions, better a republic at once." Which, if he did say, he said what the next forty years proved to be strictly true. However, he will go on his own way as best he can. If James will give him a loan, he and the rest of the old heroes will join, fit out a fleet against Spain, and crush her, now that she is tottering and impoverished, once and for ever. Alas! James has no stomach for fighting, cannot abide the sight of a drawn sword—would not provoke Spain for the world—why, they might send Jesuits and assassinate him; and as for the money, he wants that for very different purposes. So the answer which he makes to Raleigh's proposal of war against Spain, is to send him to the Tower, and sentence

least, not as ill as it might be: but there are those who cannot leave the caged lion in peace.

Sanderson, who had married his niece, instead of paying up the arrears which he owes on the wine and other offices, brings in a claim of £2000. But the rogue meets his match, and finds himself, at the end of a lawsuit, in prison for debt. Greater rogues, however, will have better fortune, and break through the law-cobwebs which have stopped a poor little fly like Sanderson. For Carr, afterward Lord Somerset, casts his eyes on the Sherborne land. It has been included in the conveyance, and should be safe; but there are others who, by instigation surely of the devil himself, have had eyes to see a flaw in the deed. Sir John Popham is appealed to. Who could doubt the result? He answers, that there is no doubt that the words were omitted by the inattention of the engrosser—(Carew Raleigh says that but one single word was wanting, which word was found notwithstanding in the paper-book, *i.e.*, the draft;) but that the word not being there, the deed is worthless, and the devil may have his way. To Carr, who has nothing of his own, it seems reasonable enough to help himself to what belongs to others; and James gives him the land. Raleigh writes to him, gently, gracefully, loftily. Here is an extract: "And for yourself, sir, seeing your fair day is now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the evening, your own virtues and the king's grace assuring you of many favours and much honour, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent; and that their sorrows, with mine, may not attend your first plantation." He speaks strongly of the fairness, sympathy, and pity, by which the Scots in general had laid him under obligation; argues from it his own evident innocence; and ends with a quiet warning to the young favourite, not to "undergo the curse of them that enter into the fields of the fatherless." In vain. Lady Raleigh, with her children, entreats James, on her knees: in vain, again. "I mun ha' the land," is the answer; "I mun ha' it for Carr." And he has it; patching up the matter after awhile by a gift of £8000 to her and her elder son, in requital for an estate of £5000 a-year.

So there sits Raleigh, growing poorer day by day, and clinging more and more to that fair young wife, and her noble boy, and the babe whose laughter makes music within that dreary cage. And all day long, as we have seen, he sits over his still, compounding and discovering, and sometimes shewing himself on the wall to the people, who gather to gaze at him, till Wade forbids it, fearing popular feeling. In fact, the world outside has a sort of mysterious awe of him, as if he were a chained magician, who, if he were let loose, might do with them all what

he would. Salisbury and Somerset are of the same mind. Wo to them if that silver tongue should once again be unlocked !

The Queen, with a woman's faith in greatness, sends to him for "cordials." Here is one of them, famous in Charles the Second's days as "Sir Walter's Cordial :"—

"R Zedoary (	) and saffron, each,	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Distilled water,	.	3 pints.
Macerate, &c., and reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint.		
Compound powder of crabs' claws,	.	16 oz.
Cinnamon and Nutmegs,	.	2 "
Cloves,	.	1 "
Cardamom seeds,	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Double refined sugar,	.	2 lb.
Make a confection."		

Which, so the world believes, will cure all ills which flesh is heir to. It does not seem that Raleigh so boasted himself; but the people, after the fashion of the time, seem to have called all his medicines "cordials," and probably took for granted that it was by this particular one that the enchanter cured Queen Anne of a desperate sickness, "whereof the physicians were at the farthest end of their studies" (no great way to go in those days) "to find the cause, and at a nonplus for the cure."

Raleigh (this is Sir Anthony Welden's account) asks for his reward only justice. Will the Queen ask that certain lords may be sent to examine Cobham, "whether he had at any time accused Sir Walter of any treason under his hand?" Six are sent; Salisbury among them. Cobham answers, "Never; nor could I: that villain Wade often solicited me, and not so prevailing, got me by a trick to write my name on a piece of white paper. So that if a charge came under my hand, it was forged by that villain Wade, by writing something above my hand, without my consent or knowledge." They return. Salisbury acts as spokesman; and has his equivocation ready. "Sir, my Lord Cobham has made good all that ever he wrote or said;" having, by his own account, written nothing but his name. This is Sir Anthony Welden's story. One hopes, for the six lords' sake, it may not be true; but we can see no reason, in the morality of James's court, why it should not have been.

So Raleigh must remain where he is, and work on. And he does work. As his captivity becomes more and more hopeless, so comes out more and more the stateliness, self-help, and energy of the man. Till now he has played with his pen: now he will use it in earnest; and use it as perhaps no prisoner ever did. Many a good book has been written in a dungeon. Don Quixote, the Pilgrim's Progress: beautiful each in its way,

and destined to immortality : but none like the History of the World, the most God-fearing and God-seeing history which we know of among human writings. Of Raleigh's prison works we have no space to speak, save to say, that there is one fault in them. They are written thirty years too late ; they express the creed of a buried generation, of the men who defied Spain in the name of a God of righteousness,—not of men who cringe before her in the name of a god of power and cunning. The captive eagle has written with a quill from his own wing—a quill which has been wont ere now to soar to heaven. Every line smacks of the memories of Nombre and of Zutphen, of Tilbury Fort and of Calais Roads ; and many a grey-headed veteran, as he read them, must have turned away his face to hide the noble tears, as Ulysses from Demodocus when he sang the song of Troy. So there sits Raleigh, like the prophet of old, in his lonely tower above the Thames, watching the darkness gather upon the land year by year, “like the morning spread over the mountains,” the darkness which comes before the dawn of the Day of The Lord ; which he shall never see on earth, though it be very near at hand ; and asks of each new-comer, Watchman, what of the night ?

But there is one bright point at least in the darkness ; one on whom Raleigh's eyes, and those of all England, are fixed in boundless hope ; one who, by the sympathy which attracts all noble natures to each other, clings to the hero utterly ; Henry, the Crown Prince. “No king but my father would keep such a bird in a cage.” The noble lad tries to open the door for the captive eagle ; but in vain. At least he will make what use he can of his wisdom. He asks him for advice about the new ship he is building, and has a simple, practical letter in return, and over and above probably the two pamphlets, “Of the Invention of Ships,” and “Observations on the Navy and Sea Service ;” which the Prince will never see. In 1611 he asks Raleigh's advice about the foolish double marriage with the Prince and Princess of Savoy, and receives for answer two plain-spoken discourses as full of historical learning as of practical sound sense.

These are benefits which must be repaid. The father will repay them hereafter in his own way. In the meanwhile the son does so in his way, by soliciting the Sherborne estate as for himself, intending to restore it to Raleigh. He succeeds. Carr is bought off for £25,000, where Lady Raleigh had been bought off with £8000 ; but neither Raleigh nor his widow will ever be the better for that bargain, and Carr will get Sherborne back again, and probably, in the king's silly dotage, keep the £25,000 also.

For, as we said, the Day of The Lord is at hand ; and he

whose virtues might have postponed it must be taken away, that vengeance may fall where vengeance is due, and men may know that verily there is a God who judgeth the earth:

In November 1612 Prince Henry falls sick.

When he is at the last gasp, the poor Queen sends to Raleigh for some of the same cordial which had cured her. Medicine is sent, with a tender letter, as it well might be; for Raleigh knew how much hung, not only for himself, but for England, on the cracking threads of that fair young life. It is questioned at first whether it shall be administered. "The cordial," Raleigh says, "will cure him or any other of a fever, except in case of poison."

The cordial is administered: but it comes too late. The Prince dies, and with him the hopes of all good men.

At last after twelve years of prison, Raleigh is free. He is sixty-six years old now, grey-headed and worn down by confinement, study, and want of exercise: but he will not remember that

"Still in his ashes live their wonted fires."

Now for Guiana, at last! which he has never forgotten; to which he has been sending, with his slender means, ship after ship to keep the Indians in hope.

He is freed in March. At once he is busy at his project. In August he has obtained the King's commission, by the help of Sir Ralph Winwood, Secretary of State, who seems to have believed in Raleigh. At least Raleigh believed in him. In March next year he has sailed, and with him thirteen ships, and more than a hundred knights and gentlemen, and among them, strange to say, Sir Warham St. Leger. Can this be the quondam Marshal of Munster, under whom Raleigh served at Smerwick, six-and-thirty years ago? The question can hardly be answered but by reference to Lord Doneraile's pedigree; but we know of no other Sir Warham among the St. Legers. And if it be so, it is a strong argument in Raleigh's favour that a man once his superior in command, and now probably long past seventy, should keep his faith in Raleigh after all his reverses. Nevertheless, the mere fact of an unpardoned criminal, said to be "*non ens*" in law, being able in a few months to gather round him such a party, is proof patent of what slender grounds there are for calling Raleigh "suspected" and "unpopular."

But he does not sail without a struggle or two. James is too proud to allow his heir to match with any but a mighty king, is infatuated about the Spanish marriage; and Gondomar is with him, playing with his hopes and with his fears also.



The people are furious; and have to be silenced again and again; there is even fear of rioting. The charming and smooth-tongued Gondomar can hate; and can revenge, too. Five 'prentices, who have insulted him for striking a little child, are imprisoned and fined several hundred pounds each. And as for hating Raleigh, Gondomar had been no Spaniard (to let alone the private reasons which some have supposed) had he not hated Spain's ancient scourge and unswerving enemy. He comes to James, complaining that Raleigh is about to break the peace with Spain. Nothing is to be refused him which can further the one darling fancy of James; and Raleigh has to give in writing the number of his ships, men, and ordnance, and, moreover, the name of the country and the very river whither he is going. This paper was given, Carew Raleigh asserts positively, under James's solemn promise not to reveal it; and Raleigh himself seems to have believed that it was to be kept private; for he writes afterwards to Secretary Winwood in a tone of astonishment and indignation, that the information contained in his paper had been sent on to the king of Spain, before he sailed from the Thames. Winwood could have told him as much already; for Buckingham had written to Winwood, on March 28, to ask him why he had not been to the Spanish Ambassador "to acquaint him with the order taken by his Majesty about Sir W. R.'s voyage." But however unwilling the Secretary (as one of the furtherers of the voyage) may have been to meddle in the matter, Gondomar had had news enough from another source; perhaps from James's own mouth. For the first letter to the West Indies, about Raleigh, was dated from Madrid, March 19; and most remarkable it is, that in James's "Declaration," or rather apology, for his own conduct, no mention whatsoever is made of his having given information to Gondomar.

Gondomar offered, says James, to let Raleigh go with one or two ships only. He might work a mine, and that the King of Spain should give him a safe convoy home with all his gold. How kind! And how likely would Raleigh and his fellow-adventurers have been to accept such an offer; how likely, too, to find men who would sail with them on such an errand, to be "flayed alive," as many who travelled to the Indies of late years had been, or to have their throats cut, tied back to back, after trading unarmed and peaceably for a month, as thirty-six of Raleigh's men had been but two or three years before in that very Orinoco. So James is forced to let the large fleet go; and to let it go well armed also; for the plain reason, that otherwise it dare not go at all; and in the meanwhile, letters are sent from Spain, in which the Spaniards call the fleet "English

enemies," and ships and troops are moved up as fast as possible from the Spanish main.

But, say some, James was as much justified in telling Gondomar, and the Spaniards in defending themselves. On the latter point there is no doubt.

"They may get who have the will,  
And they may keep who can."

But it does seem hard on Raleigh, after having laboured in this Guiana business for years; after having spent his money in vain attempts to deliver these Guianians from their oppressors. It is hard, and he feels it so. He sees that he is not trusted; that, as James himself confesses, his pardon is refused simply to keep a hold on him; that, if he fails, he is ruined.

As he well asks afterward, "If the king did not think that Guiana was his, why let me go thither at all? He knows that it was his by the law of nations, for he made Mr. Harcourt a grant of part of it. If it be, as Gondomar says, the King of Spain's, then I had no more right to work a mine in it than to burn a town. Argument which seems to us unanswerable. But, says James, and others with him, he was forbid to meddle with any country occupate or possessed by Spaniards. Southey, too, blames him severely for not having told James that the country was already settled by Spaniards. We can excuse Southey, but not James, for overlooking the broad fact, that all England knew it; that if they did not, Gondomar would have taken care to tell them; and that he could not go to Guiana without meddling with Spaniards. His former voyages and publications made no secret of it. On the contrary, one chief argument for the plan had been all through the delivery of the Indians from these very Spaniards, who, though they could not conquer them, ill used them in every way; and in his agreement with the Lords about the Guiana voyage in 1611, he makes especial mention of the very place, which will soon fill such a part in our story, "San Thomé where the Spaniards inhabit," and tells the Lords whom to ask, as to the number of men who will be wanted "to secure Keymish's passage to the mine" against these very Spaniards.

The plain fact is, that Raleigh went, with his eyes open, to take possession of a country to which he believed that he and King James had a right, and that James and his favourites, when they, as he pleads, might have stopped him by a word let him go, knowing as well as the Spaniards what he intended; for what purpose, but to have an excuse for the tragedy which ended all, it is difficult to conceive. "It is evident," says Sir Richard Schomburgk, "that they winked at consequences which they must have foreseen."

And here Mr. Napier, on the authority of Count Desmarets, brings a grave charge against Raleigh. Raleigh, in his apology, protests that he only saw Desmarets once on board of his vessel. Desmarets says in his despatches, that he was on board of her several times, (whether he saw Raleigh or not more than once does not appear,) and that Raleigh complained to him of having been unjustly imprisoned, stripped of his estate, and so forth, (which, indeed, was true enough,) and that he was on that account resolved to abandon his country, and, if the expedition succeeded, offer himself and the fruit of his labour to the King of France.

If this be true, Raleigh was very wrong. But Sir Richard Schomburgk points out that this passage, which Mr. Napier says occurs in the last despatch, was written a month after Raleigh had sailed; and that the previous despatch, written only four days after Raleigh sailed, says nothing about the matter. So that it could not have been a very important or fixed resolution on Raleigh's part, if it was only to be recollected a month after. We do not say (as Sir Richard Schomburgk is very much inclined to do) that it was altogether a bubble of French fancy. It is probable and natural enough that Raleigh, in his just rage at finding that James was betraying him, and sending him out with a halter round his neck, to all but certain ruin, did say wild words—that it was better for him to serve the Frenchman than such a master—that perhaps he might go over to the Frenchman after all—or some folly of the kind, in that same rash tone which, as we have seen, has got him into trouble so often already: and so we leave the matter, saying, Beware of making any man an offender for a word, much less one who is being hunted to death in his old age, and knows it.

However this may be, the fleet sails; but with no bright auguries. The mass of the sailors are "a scum of men;" they are mutinous and troublesome; and what is worse, have got among them (as, perhaps, they were intended to have) the notion that Raleigh's being still *non ens* in law absolves them from obeying him when they do not choose, and permits them to say of him behind his back what they list. They have long delays at Plymouth. Sir Warham's ship cannot get out of the Thames. Pennington, at the Isle of Wight, "cannot redeem his bread from the bakers," and has to ride back to London to get money from Lady Raleigh. The poor Lady has it not, and gives a note of hand to Mr. Wood of Portsmouth. Alas for her! She has sunk her £8000, and, beside that, sold her Wickham estate for £2500; and all is on board the fleet. "A hundred pieces" are all the ready money the hapless pair had left on earth, and they have parted them together. Raleigh has fifty-

five, and she forty-five, till God send it back—if, indeed, he ever send it. The star is sinking low in the west. Trouble on trouble. Sir John Fane has neither men nor money; Captain Witney has not provisions enough, and Raleigh has to sell his plate in Plymouth to help him. Courage! one last struggle to redeem his good name!

Then storms off Scilly—a pinnace is sunk; faithful Captain King driven back into Bristol; the rest have to lie by awhile in some Irish port for a fair wind. Then Bailey deserts with the Southampton at the Canaries; then “unnatural weather,” so that a fourteen days’ voyage takes forty days. Then “the distemper” breaks out under the line. The simple diary of that sad voyage still remains, full of curious and valuable nautical hints; but recording the loss of friend on friend, four or five officers, and, to our great grief, our principal refiner, Mr. Fowler. “Crab my old servant.” Next, a lamentable twenty-four hours, in which they lose Pigott the lieutenant-general, “mine honest frinde Mr. John Talbot, one that had lived with me a leven yeeres in the Tower, an excellent general skoller, and a faithful and true man as ever lived,” with two “very fair conditioned gentlemen,” and “mine own cook Francis.” Then more officers and men, and my “cusen Payton.” Then the water is near spent, and they are forced to come to half allowance, till they save and drink greedily whole canfuls of the bitter rain water. At last Raleigh’s own turn comes; running on deck in a squall, he gets wet through, and has twenty days of burning fever; “never man suffered a more furious heat,” during which he eats nothing but now and then a stewed prune.

At last they make the land, at the mouth of the Urapoho, far south of their intended goal. They ask for Leonard the Indian, “who lived with me in England three or four years, the same man that took Mr. Harcourt’s brother, and fifty men, when they were in extreme distress, and had no means to live there but by the help of this Indian, whom they made believe that they were my men;” but the faithful Indian is gone up the country, and they stood away for Cayenne, “where the cacique (Harry) was also my servant, and had lived with me in the Tower two years.”

Courage once more, brave old heart! Here, at least, thou art among friends, who know thee for what thou art, and look out longingly for thee as their deliverer.

Courage! for thou art in fairyland once more; the land of boundless hope and possibility. Though England and England’s heart be changed, yet God’s earth endures, and the harvest is still here, waiting to be reaped by those who dare. Twenty stormy years may have changed thee, but they have

not changed the fairyland of thy prison dreams. Still the mighty Ceiba trees with their silk pods tower on the palm-fringed islets; still the dark mangrove thickets guard the mouths of unknown streams, whose granite sands are rich with gold. Friendly Indians come, and Harry (an old friend) with them, bringing maize, peccari pork, and armadillos, plantains and pine apples, and all eat and gather strength; and Raleigh writes home to his wife, "to say that I may yet be king of the Indians here, were a vanity. But my name hath lived among them"—as well it might. For many a year those simple hearts shall look for him in vain, and more than two centuries and a half afterwards, dim traditions of the great white chief who bade them stand out to the last against the Spaniards, and he would come and dwell among them, shall linger among the Carib tribes; even, say some, the tattered relics of an English flag, which he left among them that they might distinguish his countrymen.

Happy for him had he staid there indeed, and been their king. How easy for him to have grown old in peace at Cayenne. But no; he must on for honour's sake, and bring home if it were but a basket full of that ore, to show the king, that he may save his credit. And he has promised Arundel that he will return. And return he will. So onward he goes to the "Triangle Islands." There he sends off five small vessels for Orinoco, with 400 men. The faithful Keymis has to command and guide the expedition. Sir Warham is lying ill of the fever, all but dead; so George Raleigh is sent in his place as sergeant-major, and with him five land companies, one of which is commanded by young Walter, Raleigh's son; another by a Captain Parker, of whom we shall have a word to say presently.

Keymis's orders are explicit. He is to go up; find the mine, and open it; and if the Spaniards attack him, repel force by force: but he is to avoid, if possible, an encounter with them: not for fear of breaking the peace, but because he has "a scum of men, a few gentlemen excepted, and I would not for all the world receive a blow from the Spaniards to the dishonour of our nation." There we have no concealment of hostile instructions, any more than in Raleigh's admirable instructions to his fleet, which after laying down excellent laws for morality, religion, and discipline, goes on with clause after clause as to what is to be done if they meet "the enemy." What enemy? Why, all Spanish ships which sail the seas; and who, if they happen to be sufficiently numerous, will assuredly attack, sink, burn, and destroy Raleigh's whole squadron, for daring to sail for that continent which Spain claims as its own.

Raleigh runs up the coast to Trinidad, and in through the serpent's mouth, round Punto Gallo to the famous lake of Pitch,

where all recruit themselves with fish and armadillos, pheasants (*Penelope Cristata*), palmitos and guavas, and await the return of the expedition from the last day of December to the middle of February. They see something of the Spaniards meanwhile, and what they see is characteristic. Sir John Ferns is sent up to the Spanish town, to try if they will trade for tobacco. The Spaniards parley, in the midst of the parley pour a volley of musketry into them at forty paces, yet hurt never a man, and send them off calling them thieves and traitors. Fray Simon's Spanish account of the matter is, that Raleigh intended to disembark his men, that they might march inland on San Joseph. How he found out the fact remains to be proved. In the meanwhile, we shall prefer believing that Raleigh is not likely to have told a lie for his own private amusement in his own private diary. We cannot blame the Spaniards much; the advices from Spain are sufficient to explain their hostility.

On the 29th the Spaniards attack three men and a boy who are ashore boiling the fossil pitch; kill one man, and carry off the boy. Raleigh, instead of going up to the Spanish port and demanding satisfaction, as he would have been justified in doing after this second outrage, remains quietly where he is, expecting daily to be attacked by Spanish armadas, and resolved to "burn by their sides." Happily, or unhappily, he escapes them. Probably he thinks they waited for him at Margarita, expecting him to range the Spanish Main.

At last the weary days of sickness and anxiety succeed to days of terror. On the 1st of February a strange report comes by an Indian. An inland savage has brought confused and contradictory news down the river, that San Thomé is sacked, the governor and two Spanish captains slain, (names given) and two English captains, nameless. After this entry follow a few confused ones, set down as happening in January, as to attempts to extract the truth from the Indians and negligence of the mariners, who are diligent in nothing but pillaging and stealing.—And so ends abruptly this sad document.

The truth comes at last; but when, does not appear, in a letter from Keymish, dated January 8. San Thomé has been stormed, sacked, and burnt. Four refiners houses were found in it; the best in the town; so that the Spaniards have been mining there: but no coin or bullion except a little plate. One English captain is killed, and that captain is Walter Raleigh, his first-born. He died leading them on, when some, "more careful of valour and safety, began to recoil shamefully." His last words were, "Lord have mercy on me, and prosper our enterprise." A Spanish captain, Erinetta, struck him down with the butt of a musket after he had received a bullet. John Plessington, his

sergeant, avenged him by running Erinetta through with his halbert.

Keymis has not yet been to the mine; he could not, "by reason of the murmurings, discords, and vexations;" but he will go at once, make trial of the mine, and come down to Trinidad by the Macareo mouth. He sends a parcel of scattered papers (probably among them the three letters from the king of Spain) a roll of tobacco, a tortoise, some oranges and lemons. "Praying God to give you health and strength of body, and a mind armed against all extremities, I rest ever to be commanded, your lordship's, Keymish."

"Oh Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!" But weeping is in vain. The noble lad sleeps there under the palm trees, beside the mighty tropic stream, while the fair Basset, "his bride in the sight of God," reckes not of him as she wanders in the woods of Umberleigh, wife to the son of Raleigh's deadliest foe. Raleigh, Raleigh, surely God's blessing is not on this voyage of thine. Surely He hath set thy misdeeds before him, and thy secret sins in the light of His countenance.

Another blank of misery: but his honour is still safe. Keymis will return with that gold ore, that pledge of his good faith for which he has ventured all. Surely God will let that come after all, now that he has paid as its price his first-born's blood?

At last Keymis returns with thinned numbers. All are weary, spirit-broken, discontented, mutinous. Where is the gold ore?

There is none. Keymis has never been to the mine after all. His companions curse him as a traitor who has helped Raleigh to deceive them into ruin; the mine is imaginary, a lie. The crews are ready to break into open mutiny; after awhile they will do so.

Yes, God is setting this man's secret sins in the light of His countenance. If he has been ambitious, his ambition has punished itself now. If he has cared more for his own honour than for his wife and children, that sin too has punished itself. If he has (which we affirm not) tampered with truth for the sake of what seemed to him noble and just ends, that too has punished itself; for his men do not trust him. If he has (which we affirm not) done any wrong in that matter of Cobham, that too has punished itself; for his men, counting him as "*non ens*" in law, will not respect or obey him. If he has spoken after his old fashion, rash and exaggerated words, and goes on speaking them, even though it be through the pressure of despair, that too shall punish itself; and for every idle word that he shall say, God will bring him into judgment. And why, but because

he is noble? Why, but because he is nearer to God by a whole heaven than Buckingham, Henry Howards, Salisburys, and others whom God lets fatten on their own sins, having no understanding, because they are in honour, and have children at their hearts desire, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes? Not so does God deal with His elect, when they will try to worship at once self and Him; He requires truth in the inward parts, and will purge them till they are true, and single-eyed, and full of light.

Keymis returns with the wreck of his party. The scene between him and Raleigh may be guessed. Keymis has excuse on excuse. He could not get obeyed after young Raleigh's death: he expected to find that Sir Walter was either dead of his sickness, or of grief for his son, and had no wish "to enrich a company of rascals who made no account of him." He dare not go up to the mine because, (and here Raleigh thinks his excuse fair,) the fugitive Spaniards lay in the craggy woods through which he would have to pass, and that he had not men enough even to hold the town securely. If he reached the mine, and left a company there, he had no provisions for them; and he dared not send backward and forward to the town, while the Spaniards were in the woods. The warnings sent by Gondomar had undone all, and James's treachery had done its work. So Keymis "thinking it a greater error, (so he said,) to discover the mine to the Spaniards, than to excuse himself to the Company, said that he could not find it." From all which, one thing at least is evident, that Keymis believed in the existence of the mine.

Raleigh "rejects these fancies;" tells him before divers gentlemen, that "a blind man might find it, by the marks which Keymis himself had set down under his hand;" that "his case of losing so many men in the woods," was a mere pretence: after Walter was slain, he knew that Keymis had no care of any man's surviving. "You have undone me, wounded my credit with the King, past recovery." "As you have followed your own advice, and not mine, you must satisfy his Majesty. I shall be glad if you can do it: but I cannot." There is no use dwelling on such vain regrets and reproaches. Raleigh perhaps is bitter, unjust, though we cannot see that he was; as he himself writes twice, to his wife and to Sir Ralph Winwood, his "brains are broken." He writes to them both, and re-opens the letters to add long postscripts, at his wits' end. Keymis goes off; spends a few miserable days; and then enters Raleigh's cabin. He has written his apology to Lord Arundel, and begs Raleigh to allow of it. "No. You have undone me by your obstinacy, I will not favour or colour your former folly." "Is that your



resolution, sir?" "It is." "I know not then, sir, what course to take." And so he goes out, and into his own cabin overhead. A minute after, a pistol shot is heard. Raleigh sends up a boy to know the reason. Keymis answers from within, that he has fired it off because it had been long charged, and all is quiet.

Half-an-hour after, the boy goes into the cabin. Keymis is lying on his bed, the pistol by him. The boy moves him. The pistol shot has broken a rib, and gone no further: but as the corpse is turned over, a long knife is buried in that desperate heart. Another of the old heroes is gone to his wild account.

Gradually drops of explanation ooze out. The "Serjeant-Major, Raleigh's nephew, and others, confess that Keymis told them that he could have brought them in two hours to the mine: but as the young heir was slain, and his father was unpardoned, and not like to live, he had no reason to open the mine, either for the Spaniard or the King." Those latter words are significant. What cared the old Elizabethan seaman for the weal of such a king? And, indeed, what good to such a king would all the mines in Guiana be? They answered that the King, nevertheless, had "granted Raleigh his heart's desire under the great seal." He replied that "the grant to Raleigh was to a man *non ens* in law, and therefore of no force." Here, too, James's policy has worked well. How could men dare or persevere under such a cloud?

How, indeed, could they have found heart to sail at all? The only answer is, that they knew Raleigh well enough to have utter faith in him, and that Keymis himself knew of the mine.

Puppies at home in England gave out that he had killed himself from remorse at having deceived so many gentlemen with an imaginary phantom. Every one of course, according to his measure of charity, has power and liberty to assume any motive which he will. Ours is simply the one which shews upon the face of the documents; that the old follower, devoted alike to the dead son and to the doomed father, feeling that he had, he scarce knew how, failed in the hour of need, frittered away the last chance of a mighty enterprise, which had been his fixed idea for years, and ruined the man whom he adored, avenged upon himself the fault of having disobeyed orders, given peremptorily, and to be peremptorily executed.

Here, perhaps, our tale should end; for all beyond is but the waking of the corpse. The last death-struggle of the Elizabethan heroism is over, and all its remains vanish slowly, in an undignified sickening way. All epics end so. After the war of Troy, Achilles must die by coward Paris' arrow, in some mysterious confused pitiful fashion; and stately Hecuba must rail her-

self into a very dog, and bark for ever shamefully around lonely Cynossema. Young David ends as a dotard—Solomon as worse. Glorious Alexander must die half of fever, half of drunkenness, as the fool dieth. Charles the Vth, having thrown away all but his follies, ends in a convent, a superstitious imbecile; Napoleon squabbles to the last with Sir Hudson Lowe about champagne. It must be so; and the glory must be God's alone. For in great men, and great times, there is nothing good or vital, but what is of God, and not of man's self. And when He taketh away that divine breath they die, and return again to their dust. But the earth does not lose; for when He sendeth forth His spirit they live, and renew the face of the earth. A new generation arises, with clearer sight, with fuller experience, sometimes with nobler aims; and,—

“The old order changeth, giving place to the new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways.”

The Elizabeth epic did not end a day too soon. There was no more life left in it; and God had something better in store for England. Raleigh's ideal was a noble one: but God's was nobler far. Raleigh would have made her a gold kingdom, like Spain, and destroyed her very vitals by that gold, as Spain was destroyed. And all the while the great and good God was looking steadfastly upon that little struggling Virginian village, Raleigh's first-born, forgotten in his new mighty dreams, and saying, “Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein.” There, and not in Guiana; upon the simple tillers of the soil, not among wild reckless gold-hunters, would His blessing rest. The very coming darkness would bring brighter light. The evil age itself would be the parent of new good, and drive across the seas steadfast Pilgrim Fathers, and generous Royalist Cavaliers, to be the parents of a mightier nation than has ever yet possessed the earth. Verily, God's ways are wonderful, and his counsels in the great deep.

So ends the Elizabethan epic. Must we follow the corpse to the grave? It is necessary.

And now, “you gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,” what would you have done in like case?—Your last die thrown; your last stake lost; your honour, as you fancy, stained for ever; your eldest son dead in battle—What would you have done? What Walter Raleigh did was this. He kept his promise. He had promised Lord Arundel to return to England; and return he did.

But it is said, his real intention, as he himself confessed, was to turn pirate, and take the Mexico fleet.

That wild thoughts of such a deed may have crossed his mind,

may have been a terrible temptation to him, may even have broken out in hasty words, one does not deny. He himself says that he spoke of such a thing, "to keep his men together." All depends on how the words were spoken. The form of the sentence, the tone of voice, is everything. Who could blame him, if, seeing some of the captains whom he had most trusted deserting him, his men heaping him with every slander, and as he solemnly swore on the scaffold, calling witnesses thereto by name, forcing him to take an oath that he would not return to England before they would have him, and locking him into his own cabin—who could blame him, we ask, for saying, in that daring off-hand way of his, which has so often before got him into trouble, "Come, my lads, do not despair. If the worst comes to the worst, there is the Plate-fleet to fall back upon?" When we remember, too, that the taking of the said Plate-fleet was, in Raleigh's eyes, an altogether just thing; and that he knew perfectly, that if he succeeded therein, he would be backed by the public opinion of all England, and probably buy his pardon of James, who, if he loved Spain well, loved money better; our surprise rather is, that he did not go and do it. As for any meeting of captains in his cabin, and serious proposal of such a plan, we believe it to be simply one of the innumerable lies which James inserted in his declaration, gathered from the tales of men, who fearing, (and reasonably,) lest their heads should follow Raleigh's, tried to curry favour by slandering him. This "Declaration" has been so often exposed, that we may safely pass it by; and pass by almost as safely, the argument which some have drawn from a chance expression of his in his pathetic letter to Lady Raleigh, in which he "hopes that God would send him somewhat before his return." To prove an intention of piracy in the despairing words of a ruined man writing to comfort a ruined wife for the loss of her first-born, is surely to deal out hard measure. Heaven have mercy upon us, if all the hasty words which we have wrung from our hearts are to be so judged either by man or God!

Sir Julius Cæsar, again, one of the commission appointed to examine him, informs us, that on being confronted with Captains St. Leger and Pennington, he confessed that he proposed the taking of the Mexico fleet, if the mine failed. To which we can only answer, that all depends on how the thing was said, and that this is the last fact which we should find in Sir Julius's notes, which are, it is confessed, so confused, obscure, and full of gaps, as to be often hardly intelligible. The same remark applies to Wilson's story, which we agree with Mr. Tytler in thinking worthless. Wilson, it must be understood, is employed, after Raleigh's return, as a spy upon him, which office he exe-

cutes, all confess, (and Wilson himself as much as any,) as falsely, treacherously, and hypocritically as did ever sinful man; and, *inter alia*, he has this, "This day he told me what discourse he and the Lord Chancellor had about taking the Plate-fleet, which he confessed he would have taken had he lighted on it. To which my Lord Chancellor said, "Why, you would have been a pirate." "Oh," quoth he, "did you ever know of any that were pirates for millions? They only that wish for small things are pirates." Now, setting aside the improbability that Raleigh should go out of his way to impeach himself to the man whom he must have known was set there to find matter for his death, all, we say, depends on how it was said. If the Lord Chancellor ever said to Raleigh, "To take the Mexico fleet would be piracy," it would have been just like Raleigh to give such an answer. The speech is a perfectly true one: Raleigh knew the world, no man better; and saw through its hollowness, and the cant and hypocrisy of his generation; and he sardonically states an undeniable fact. He is not expressing his own morality, but that of the world, just as he is doing in that passage of his apology, about which we must complain of Mr. Napier. "It was a maxim of his," says Mr. Napier, "that good success admits of no examination." This is not fair. The sentence in the original goes on, "so the contrary allows of no excuse, however reasonable and just whatsoever." His argument all through the beginning of the apology, supported by instance on instance from history, is,—I cannot get a just hearing, because I have failed in opening this mine. So it is always. Glory covers the multitude of sins. But a man who has failed is a fair mark for every slanderer, puppy, ignoramus, discontented mutineer; as I am now. What else, in the name of common sense, could have been his argument? Does Mr. Napier really think that Raleigh, even if in the face of all the noble and pious words which he had written, he held so immoral a doctrine, would have been shameless and senseless enough to assert his own rascality in an apology addressed to the most "religious" of kings in the most canting of generations?

But still more astonished are we at the use which Mr. Napier has made of Captain Parker's letter. The letter is written by a man in a state of frantic rage and disappointment. There never was any mine, he believes now. Keymis's "delays we found mere illusions; for he was false to all men and hateful to himself, loathing to live since he could do no more villany. I will speak no more of this hateful fellow to God and man." And it is on the testimony of a man in this temper that we are asked to believe that "the admiral and vice-admiral," Raleigh and St. Leger, are going to the Western Islands "to look for home-

ward-bound men," if, indeed, the looking for homeward-bound men means really looking for the Spanish fleet, and not merely for recruits for their crews. We never recollect (and we have read pretty fully the sea-records of those days) such a synonym used either for the Mexican or Indian fleet. But let this be as it may, the letter proves too much. For, first, it proves, that whosoever is not going to turn pirate, our calm and charitable friend Captain Parker is; for "for my part, by the permission of God, I will either *make a voyage*, or bury myself in the sea." Now, what making a voyage is, all men know; and the sum total of the letter is, that a man intending to turn pirate himself, accuses, under the influence of violent passion, his comrades of doing the like. We may believe him about himself: about others, we shall wait for testimony a little less interested.

But the letter proves too much again. For Parker says that "Witney and Woolaston are gone off a-head to look for homeward-bound men," thus agreeing with Raleigh's message to his wife, that "Witney, for whom I sold all my plate at Plymouth, and to whom I gave more credit and countenance than to all the captains of my fleet, ran from me at the Grenadas, and Woolaston with him."

And now, reader, how does this of Witney, and Woolaston, and Parker's intentions to pirate separately, (if it be true,) agree with King James's story of Raleigh's calling a council of war and proposing an attack on the Plate-fleet? One or the other must needs be a lie; probably both. Witney's ship was of only 160 tons; Woolaston's probably smaller. Five such ships would be required, as any reader of Hakluyt must know, to take a single Carack; and it would be no use running the risk of hanging for any less prize. The Spanish main was warned and armed, and the Western Isles also. Is it possible that these two men would have been insane enough in such circumstances, to go without Raleigh, if they could have gone with him? And is it possible that he, if he had any set purpose of attacking the Plate-fleet, would not have kept them, in order to attempt that with him, which neither they nor he could do without each other? Moreover, no piratical act ever took place, (and if any had, we would have heard enough about it;) and why is Parker to be believed against Raleigh alone, when there is little doubt that he slandered all the rest of the captains? Lastly, it was to this very Parker, with Mr. Tresham, and another gentleman, that Raleigh appealed by name on the scaffold, as witnesses that it was his crew who tried to keep him from going home, and not he them.

Our own belief is, and it is surely simple and rational enough, that Raleigh's "brains," as he said, "were broken;" that he had no distinct plan: but that loth to leave the new world without

a second attempt on Guiana, he went up to Newfoundland to re-victual, "and with good hope," (as he wrote to Winwood himself,) "of keeping the sea till August with some four reasonable good ships," (probably, as Oldys remarks, to try a trading voyage,) but found his gentlemen too dispirited and incredulous, his men too mutinous to do anything; and seeing his ships go home one by one, at last followed them himself, because he had promised Arundel and Pembroke so to do, having, after all, as he declared on the scaffold, extreme difficulty in persuading his men to land at all in England. The other lies about him, as of his having intended to desert his soldiers in Guiana, his having taken no tools to work the mine, and so forth, one only notices to say, that the declaration takes care to make the most of them, without deigning (after its fashion) to adduce any proof but anonymous hearsays. If it be true that Bacon drew up that famous document, it reflects no credit either on his honesty or his "inductive science."

So Raleigh returns, anchors in Plymouth. He finds that Captain North has brought home the news of his mishaps, and that there is a proclamation against him, (which by the bye lies, for it talks of limitations and cautions given to Raleigh which do not appear in his commission,) and, moreover, a warrant out for his apprehension. He sends his men on shore, and starts for London to surrender himself, in company with faithful Captain King, who alone clings to him to the last, and from whom we have details the next few days. Near Ashburton, he is met by Sir Lewis Stukely, his near kinsman, vice-admiral of Devon, who has orders to arrest him. Raleigh tells him that he has saved him the trouble; and the two return to Plymouth, where Stukely, strangely enough, leaves him at liberty, and rides about the country. We are slow in imputing baseness: but we cannot help suspecting from Stukely's subsequent conduct, that he had from the first private orders to give Raleigh a chance of trying to escape, in order to have a handle against him, such as his own deeds had not yet given.

The ruse, if it existed then (as it did afterwards) succeeds. Raleigh hears bad news. Gondomar has (or has not) told his story to the king by crying, "Piratas! piratas! piratas!" and then rushing out without explanation. James is in terror lest what has happened should break off the darling Spanish match. Raleigh foresees ruin, perhaps death. Life is sweet, and Guiana is yet where it was. He may win a basketful of the ore still and prove himself no liar. He will escape to France. Faithful King finds him a Rochelle ship; he takes boat to her, goes half-way, and returns. Honour is sweeter than life, and James may yet be just. The next day he bribes the master to wait for

him one more day, starts for the ship once more, and again returns to Plymouth, (King will make oath) of his own free will. The temptation must have been terrible, and the sin none. What kept him from yielding, but innocence and honour? He will clear himself; and if not, abide the worst. Stukely and James found out these facts, and made good use of them afterwards. For now comes "a severe letter from my Lords" to bring Raleigh up as speedily as his health will permit; and with it comes one Mannourie, a French quack, of whom honest King takes little note at the time, but who will make himself remembered.

And now begins a series of scenes most pitiable. Raleigh's brains are indeed broken. He is old, worn-out with the effects of his fever, lame, ruined, broken-hearted, and for the first time in his life, weak and silly. He takes into his head the paltriest notion that he can gain time to pacify the king by feigning himself sick. He puts implicit faith in the rogue Mannourie, whom he has never seen before. He sends forward Lady Raleigh to London—perhaps ashamed, (as who would not have been?) to play the fool in that sweet presence; and with her good Captain King, who is to engage one Cotterell, an old servant of Raleigh's, to find a ship wherein to escape, if the worst comes to the worst. Cotterell sends King to an old boatswain of his, who owns a ketch. She is to lie off Tilbury; and so King waits Raleigh's arrival. What passed in the next four or five days will never be truly known, for our only account comes from two self-convicted villains, Stukely and Mannourie. On these disgusting details we shall not enter. First, because we cannot trust a word of them; secondly, because no one will wish to hear them who feels, as we do, how pitiable and painful is the sight of a great heart and mind utterly broken. Neither shall we spend time on Stukely's villainous treatment of Raleigh, (for which he had a commission from James in writing,) his pretending to help him to escape, going down the Thames in a boat with him, trying in vain to make honest King as great a rogue as himself. Like most rascalities, Stukely's conduct, even as he himself states it, is very obscure. All that we can see is, that Cotterell told Stukely everything; that Stukely bade Cotterell carry on the deceit; that Stukely had orders from headquarters to incite Raleigh to say or do something which might form a fresh ground of accusation; that being a clumsy rogue, he failed, and fell back on abetting Raleigh's escape, as a last resource. Be it as it may, he throws off the mask as soon as Raleigh has done enough to prove an intent to escape; arrests him, and conducts him to the Tower.

There two shameful months are spent in trying to find out

some excuse for Raleigh's murder. Wilson is set over him as a spy; his letters to his wife are intercepted. Every art is used to extort a confession of a great plot with France, and every art fails utterly—simply, it seems to us, because there was no plot. Raleigh writes an apology, letters of entreaty, self-justification, what not; all, in our opinion, just and true enough; but like his speech on the scaffold, weak, confused—the product of a “broken brain.” However, his head must come off; and as a last resource, it must be taken off upon the sentence of fifteen years ago, and he who was condemned for plotting with Spain, must die for plotting against her. It is a pitiable business: but, as Osborne says, in a passage, (p. 108 of his *Memoirs of James*,) for which we freely forgive him all his sins and lies, (and they are many,)—

“As the foolish idolaters were wont to sacrifice the choicest of their children to the devil, so our king gave up his incomparable jewel to the will of this monster of ambition, (the Spaniard,) under the pretence of a superannuated transgression, contrary to the opinion of the more honest sort of gownsmen, who maintained that his Majesty's pardon lay inclusively in the commission he gave him on his setting out to sea; it being incongruous that he, who remained under the notion of one dead in the law, should as a general dispose of the lives of others, not being himself master of his own.”

But no matter. He must die. The Queen intercedes for him, as do all honest men: but in vain. He has twenty-four hours' notice to prepare for death; eats a good breakfast, takes a cup of sack and a pipe; makes a rambling speech, in which one notes only the intense belief that he is an honest man, and the intense desire to make others believe so, in the very smallest matters; and then dies smilingly, as one weary of life. One makes no comment. Raleigh's life really ended on the day that poor Keymis returned from San Thomé.

And then?

As we said, Truth is stranger than fiction. No dramatist dare invent a “poetic justice” more perfect than fell upon the traitor. It is not always so, no doubt. God reserves many a great sinner for that most awful of all punishments, impunity. But there are crises in a nation's life in which God makes terrible examples, to put before the most stupid and sensual the choice of Hercules, the upward road of life, the downward one which leads to the pit. Since the time of Pharaoh and the Red Sea host, history is full of such palpable, unmistakable revelations of the Divine Nemesis; and in England, too, at that moment, the crisis was there; and the judgment of God was revealed accordingly. Sir Lewis Stukely remained it seems at Court; high in favour with James: but he found, nevertheless, that people





pile of moorstone, through which all the winds of heaven howl day and night.

In a chamber of that ruin died Sir Lewis Stukely, Lord of Affton, cursing God and man.

His family perished out of Devon. His noble name is now absorbed in that of an ancient Virginian merchant of Bideford; and Affton, burned to the ground a few years after, mouldered to an ivied ruin, on whose dark arch the benighted peasant even now looks askance as on an evil place, and remembers the tale of "the wicked Sir Lewis," and the curse which fell on him and on his house.

These things are true. Said we not well that reality is stranger than romance?

But no Nemesis followed James.

The answer will depend much upon what readers consider to be a Nemesis. If to have found England one of the greatest countries in Europe, and to have left it one of the most inconsiderable and despicable; if to be fooled by flatterers to the top of his vent, until he fancied himself all but a god, while he was not even a man, and could neither speak the truth, keep himself sober, or look on a drawn sword without shrinking; if, lastly, to have left behind him a son who, in spite of many chivalrous instincts, unknown to his father, had been so indoctrinated in that father's vices, as to find it impossible to speak the truth even when it served his purpose; if all these things be no Nemesis, then none fell on James Stuart.

But of that son, at least, the innocent blood was required. He, too, had his share in the sin. In Carew Raleigh's simple and manful petition to the Commons of England for the restoration of his inheritance, we find a significant fact, stated without one word of comment, bitter or otherwise. At Prince Henry's death, the Sherborne lands had been given again to Carr, Lord Somerset. To him, too, "the whirligig of time brought round its revenges," and he lost them when arraigned and condemned for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. Then Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, begged Sherborne of the king, and had it. Pembroke (Shakspeare's Pembroke) brought young Carew to Court, hoping to move the tyrant's heart. James saw him and shuddered; perhaps conscience-stricken, perhaps of mere cowardice. "He looked like the ghost of his father," as he well might, to that guilty soul. Good Pembroke advised his young kinsman to travel, which he did till James's death in the next year. Then coming over, (this is his own story,) he asked of Parliament to be restored in blood, that he might inherit aught that might fall to him in England. His petition was read twice in the Lords. Whereon "King Charles sent Sir James Fullarton (then of

the bed-chamber) to Mr. Raleigh, to command him to come to him; and being brought in, the king, after using him with great civility, notwithstanding told him plainly, that when he was prince, he had promised the Earl of Bristol to secure his title to Sherborne against the heirs of Sir Walter Raleigh; whereon the earl had given him, then prince, ten thousand pounds; that now he was bound to make good his promise, being king; that, therefore, unless he would quit his right and title to Sherborne, he neither could or would pass his bill of restoration."

Young Raleigh, like a good Englishman, "urged," he says, "the justness of his cause; that he desired only the liberty of the subject, and to be left to the law, which was never denied any freeman." The king remained obstinate. His noble brother's love for the mighty dead weighed nothing with him, much less justice. Poor young Raleigh was forced to submit. The act for his restoration was past, reserving Sherborne for Lord Bristol, and Charles patched up the scoundrelly affair by allowing to Lady Raleigh and her son after her, a life pension of four hundred a year.

Young Carew tells his story simply, and without a note of bitterness; though he professes his intent to range himself and his two sons for the future under the banner of the Commons of England, he may be a royalist for any word beside. Even where he mentions the awful curse of his mother, he only alludes to its fulfilment by—"that which hath happened since to that royal family, is too sad and disastrous for me to repeat, and yet too visible not to be discerned." We can have no doubt that he tells the exact truth. Indeed the whole story fits Charles's character to the smallest details. The want of any real sense of justice, combined with the false notion of honour; the implacable obstinacy; the contempt for that law by which alone he held his crown; the combination of unkingly meanness in commanding a private interview, and shamelessness in confessing his own rascality—all these are true notes of the man who could attempt to imprison the five members, and yet organized the Irish rebellion; who gave up Stafford and Laud to death as his scapegoats, and yet pretended to die himself a martyr for that episcopacy which they brave, though insane, had defended to death long before. But he must have been a rogue early in life, and a needy rogue too. That ten thousand pounds of Lord Bristol's money should make many a sentimentalist reconsider (if, indeed, sentimentalsists can be made to consider, or even to consider, any thing) their notion of him as the incarnation of pious chivalry.

At least the ten thousand pounds cost Charles dear. The widow's curse followed him home. Naseby fight and the Whitehall scaffold were God's judgment of such deeds, whatever man's may be.

- ART. II.—1. *The Universities of Scotland, Past, Present, and Possible.* By JAMES LORIMER, JUN., Esq., Advocate. Edinburgh, 1854.
2. *The Scottish University System Suited to the People: a Lecture.* By the Rev. PHILIP KEILAND, M.A., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, 1854.
3. *University Reform.* By JOHN S. BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1848.
4. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Visit the Universities and Colleges of Scotland.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th October 1831.

THE present, our readers are aware, is not the first occasion, on which we have endeavoured to speak a seasonable word on the condition of our Scottish Universities. To the intelligent we need make no apology for placing the same matter a second time, but in a more full and practical form, before them. The recent changes, however inadequate in the sister institutions of England, and the new principle of examination already introduced into certain departments of our civil service, and impending in others, invest this subject now with a direct and primary interest that did not otherwise belong to it. On few subjects, moreover, we fear, does a greater amount of self-satisfied ignorance and easy indifference prevail. Universities are an affair, people are apt to think, that belongs to the learned; and the general public have as little to do with them as they have with the philology, theology, istology, palæontology, and other speculative merchandise in which they deal. But this is a mistake. The public alone in this country can improve or remodel public institutions; besides, learned men, in practical matters, are often "a feeble folk," and are sometimes no more able to improve their own learned institutions than they are to mend their own shoes. As little is it true that the public have no interest in the state of the highest institutions of learning in this country. A man has to do not only with the one cistern in his own house from which he draws his water, but with the far fountains in the hills from which the supply comes. If these are troubled or scanty, or if the system of pipes by which they are led and distributed is defective, the private cistern will soon cease to supply the householder with a full and liberal draught. We buckle ourselves, therefore, to this subject with a distinct feeling that we are about to deal practically with one of the most practical matters that affect the general wellbeing of the whole community, and

with the most honest desire to look the whole truth in the face, and to weave over no point of rottenness with a rose-coloured tissue of fine phrases. Let our readers judge for themselves. They ought to have some reminiscences from their juvenile days, which will enable them to test the truth of our statements, and to judge of the soundness of our views.

What is a university? A university is a sort of corporate Establishment instituted for the intellectual elevation of the community by means of publicly recognised teachers, in the same way that a church is such an Establishment existing for the sake of the moral elevation of the community. And as the Church is the highest and most accomplished engine which the state recognises for the religious training of the people, so a university exists for the purpose of training the people intellectually at that highest stage where education, strictly so called, ends, and the business of life begins. For unless we include this element of degree in our idea of a university, we shall have no means whereby to distinguish between this institution and a school; from which, however, universities are in popular language, and in practical effect, everywhere distinguished, just as much as a mighty mountain is from a little hill, or the sounding ocean from a quiet bay. And further, as that is the best church which teaches the most exalted religion with the widest comprehensiveness, and by the most dexterous appliances, so that is the best university which teaches science and learning, art and literature, at the highest point, to the widest extent, and by the most dexterous system of indoctrination.\*

Starting from this definition we shall have no difficulty in gauging the character of academical institutions in Scotland; and the remarks which we may have to offer will, we have reason to believe, meet with a ready consideration in an age when the most important changes are taking place in the general ma-

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\* Obvious as is this distinction between the proper provinces of a university and a church, Dr. PUSEY, in the following notable passage, with the view of defending the manifest shortcomings of the English collegiate system, thus plausibly confounds them :—"The problem and special work of a university is not how to advance science, not how to make discoveries, not to form new schools of mental philosophy, nor to invent new modes of analysis, not to produce works in medicine, jurisprudence, or new theology; but to form minds religiously, morally, and intellectually, which shall discharge aright whatever duties God in his providence shall appoint to them. Acute and subtle intellects, even though well disciplined, are not needful for most offices in the body politic. The type of the best English intellectual character is sound study, thoughtful, patient, well disciplined judgment. It would be a perversion of our institutions to turn the university into a forcing house for intellect."—*Collegiate and Professorial Teaching*. London, 1854. P. 215. According to this definition, there is no difference between a university and a church; and in fact, Dr. Pusey, like the Jesuits, and all who believe in a divinely appointed infallible clergy, are quite consistent in arrogating to that clergy, as such, the complete monopoly of all education, moral and intellectual.

chinery for the extra academical diffusion of knowledge, and when it is impossible for any man with his eyes open to believe that our highest educational institutions, with an organization made to serve the needs of the sixteenth century, can, without very considerable expansion and modification, stand in the same commanding relation to the nineteenth.

We shall leave untouched the historical question, how far even the wise and influential men of the sixteenth century were in a condition to erect academical institutions so thoroughly furnished in all respects as to satisfy the highest intellectual wants of the age to which they belonged. It is much to be suspected that the religious lords of this country who helped King Harry, and those that came after, to drive the ignorant monks out of their lazy cloisters, were not equally solicitous to erect academic houses where monks of real learning might employ their leisure beneficially in teaching the young idea how to shoot to the top capacity of the time. But universities, such as they were then, certainly met the wants of the age to which they belonged much more completely than they can be expected to do now. Classical learning, for example, was then a great living power in the moral and intellectual world, not as one may now too frequently find it, an old curiosity shop in the hands of a bookish showman, or a venerable bauble carved with strange images in the hand of a pedant. Leaving such historical contrasts, however, we shall address ourselves directly to answer the question, how far the universities of Scotland, as they now stand, are suited to the wants of the people and the age to which they belong; and, in framing our reply, we shall measure existing academical institutions in this country by an ideal derived partly from the essential nature of the thing, partly from striking points of contrast presented by the universities of the sister country, and by that most academical of all European countries, Germany.

We shall commence with the first point mentioned in our definition, viz., that of grade or pitch. A university is to be regarded as in a normal and prosperous condition only while it maintains by a marked boundary visible to all eyes, the native difference between an academical institution and a school. A university is not an establishment for drilling boys and inculcating elements, but for stimulating, enlightening, directing, and elevating young men. If elements are sometimes taught in a university, it is only by an exceptional necessity, as in the case of Sanscrit, Chinese, or Arabic, and other subjects which do not belong to the curriculum even of the highest schools, and which, if taught at all, must be taught from their very starting-point at a university; taught however, be it observed, even in their elements, not to boys, but always to men, or to

youths verging on manhood; for these latter only form the proper population of a university as distinguished from a school. And generally we may say, that wherever teaching of a merely elementary nature is practised in a university, this takes place with subjects which never can in the common course of instruction fall within the compass of the puerile mind, or for the teaching of which no sufficient school organization exists. The simplest elements of botany and zoology, for instance, may be taught in a university, though the elements of these sciences are of a nature peculiarly fitted for the understandings of boys; but this, wherever it takes place, arises from the incompleteness of the school curriculum, and is always to be regarded as in so far a departure from the proper business and the peculiar function of a university.

The amount of merely elementary instruction communicated at any given university, may therefore be taken as a very fair index of the degree to which that institution answers its proper purpose, or of the degree to which by evil circumstances it is forced to condescend to the inferior function of mere schooling. Tried by this test, the Scotch universities, we must confess, are sadly and notoriously deficient. The mere character of the population of our academic halls in the faculty of arts, will, at a single glance, reveal to the eye of the stranger the glaring fact of our academic dwarfishness. The majority of those who frequent the classes of the first two or three years of a Scotch curriculum, display the faces and exhibit the manners of boys. We feel these little academicians in red gowns and velvet collars who dot the sober streets of remote Aberdeen from November to April, are altogether a different generation from either the heavy booted swashbucklers of Bonn and Jena or the black-gowned square-capped proprietaries that mince along the pavements of clerical Oxford. It is in vain to shut our eyes to the fact that these pretended students are mere boys; and the institutions in which they receive instruction, are plainly performing the part which the upper classes of good schools play in England and Germany. Further proof is not necessary. But if an educational tourist fresh from the prelections of Boeckh and Lobeck in Germany, were to enter any of the Greek and Latin classes in any of the Scotch universities, he would see things done and taught there which he might justly consider as very far from creditable to the countrymen of George Buchanan and Arthur Johnston. If in Edinburgh, he might learn that the most zealous patrons of academical learning in that city are the shopkeepers and the men of business in the municipal corporation,—men who, some three years ago, made no small sensation in the academical world by enacting that the Alpha, Beta,

Gamma, of the Greek grammar, should no longer be publicly taught in the Greek classes of King James' University! and that measure was considered by not a few wise persons, as an extraordinary and a dangerous step in the learned progress of the country!! Nay, he might learn from some of the wigged gentlemen of the Parliament House, learned in local law, that not many decads ago, a formal interdict was taken out by the Greek Professor in the university against the Head Master of the Burgh School, for the great offence of daring to teach the elements of Greek grammar in the highest classes of the school! If such things were done in the metropolis, what must have been the state of Greek learning in St. Andrews and Aberdeen! Let us not remove the veil further. The Scotch have manifestly failed in one great mission of a university. For what is called academic learning in other countries, they merely give an elementary school drill. They have made their colleges play the part of schools, and this part they have played, as might have been expected, indifferently enough. A good school is always better for boys, than a university toned down to the level of a school. The consequence has been, that every display of academic learning, from the small philologic discipline of editing a Greek play, to the large philosophic enterprise of constructing a church history such as that of Neander, is absent from the registered culture of the Scotch mind. If works are occasionally produced in Scotland of the highest style of scholarly merit, it is not by virtue of the system of learned training which exists in the Scotch universities, but in spite of it. Where so many seeds of scholarship are sown, on a soil however cold, and under a husbandry however lean, one among ten thousand plants may grow to a goodly tree without cause for special eulogy; and it is a remarkable fact in this view, that the two most notable achievements of recent scholarship in Scotland, have been performed by men entirely unconnected with the university system of the country: we mean the translation of the works of Hippocrates by Dr. Francis Adams of Banchory, and the history of Greek literature by Colonel Mure of Caldwell. Scotland, indeed, does not require first-class academical men to do the elementary sort of schooling that it is her habit to do in the principal classes of the curriculum of arts; and therefore if she gets such, it is only now and then, and by a happy accident. What, indeed, would a German Niebuhr with his Titanic excavations and his massive architecture of Cyclopean walls, find to do in a Scotch chair of humanity? The thunder of an Olympian Jupiter is not required to make music, when the village boys are assembled to dance at a harvest home. What need of a Napoleon, or other fighter of great battles, to marshal



the city police and lead on a band of special constables at the call of the Sheriff to control a vulgar street mob? It is plain that if boys are sent to a university, when they should be in a school, the more completely the professor can metamorphose himself into a schoolmaster, so much the better for the students; and he will effect this necessary metamorphosis the more readily, the further removed he is naturally and by culture from the massive intellectual proportions of a Hermann and a Boeckh.\*

We wish we could satisfy our conscience in this part of our review of the low state of the faculty of arts in the Scotch universities, by merely stating what all the world knows, that the Scotch are no scholars. But the evil does not stop here. Nothing in the world is isolated; one blunder necessitates another; and a fundamental mistake in the budding of the boy, will not remain without a visible influence in the bloom of the youth and the fruitage of the man. Lads who enter the Greek and Latin classes of the University at the premature age of fifteen or sixteen, will pass on at the age of sixteen and seventeen, in the second year of their academical course, to the study of the profound principles of logic and metaphysics! If ever there was an educational blunder committed of a gross kind, it is here. Such studies, according to the order of nature, come last, even in the case of perfectly firm and ripe young men just stepping into manhood; but in the case of smooth chinned boys, and hands fresh from marbles and peg-tops, to start a course of the highest academical training with the most difficult problems that ever vexed the mature minds of Aristotle and Plato, does appear very strange.† Self dissection is no easy work at any stage of existence, but it is doubly difficult when the self is not come but only coming, which in its first tender buddings is to experience the probings of this precocious anatomy. But on this particular point we would not here enlarge. Whether it be metaphysics or mathematics that is to occupy the premature undergraduate

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\* On the point insisted on in the above paragraph, Dr. CHALMERS was very distinct in his evidence before the Royal Commission in 1827. "I think the great defect which attaches to the whole of our Scotch system is, that the scholastic course is terminated too soon—the college course too soon entered on. (Compare his discourse on Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments, chap. ii. § 6.) In point of fact, I consider that the professors of the learned languages have gradually, during the last hundred years, become more of schoolmasters than they were originally. I think a broad line of demarcation ought to be drawn between the work of a school-master and the work of a professor."

† "I became every day more and more convinced that the subjects on which I lectured, logic and metaphysics, were not adapted to the age, the capacity, and the previous attainments of my pupils."—Professor JARDINE, *Outlines of Philosophical Education*, p. 27; and again at p. 29, "to require the regular attendance of very young men for six months at a stretch, on lectures which they cannot understand, has a tendency to produce habits of negligence, indifference, and inattention, which frequently terminate in a positive aversion to study of every kind."

in the second year of his academical progress, whether moral or mechanical forces are to be submitted to his calculation in the third and fourth year, a certain puerile tone and crude character will remain attached to every step in the stage of the academical progress; a certain wavering indecision will belong to the indoc-trination of the professor, and an uncomfortable feeling proceeding from the simultaneous desire of rising to the highest duty of a professor, and the necessity of condescending to the lower functions of an inculcator of elements; and the result of the whole will be the nondescript likeness of a building towered up on the plan of a mighty palace, with materials of turf, and mud, and logs, fit only for the hutting of soldiers miserably in a winter campaign.

So far, therefore, the position of the Scotch universities is clear. They start with the fundamental mistake of confounding the functions of a college and a school, and while they perform the proper duty of a school very inefficiently as may easily be supposed,\* and, what is worse, they are necessarily compelled to omit altogether a great part of that highest sort of teaching which belongs to a university as distinguished from a school; and thus, as the great Dr. Chalmers, with his earnest honesty, and his direct clear-sightedness, long ago expressed it, "the whole higher education of the country is weak throughout because weak radically." The strength of the educational system in Scotland, even in its best days, did not lie indeed in the universities or in the upper schools, but in the parochial system, which last was, for a long time, a sufficient cause for no moderate self-congratulation to a people by no means deficient in local self-esteem; and even the universities, with all their confessed puerility and dwarfishness, in certain departments were justly looked upon with pride as resting upon a more broad and natural basis, and ventilated by a freer breath of speculation than the artificial forcing houses of trite philology and bloodless mathematics, which were the favourite haunts of an idle and exclusive aristocracy in England. But these days are gone; not only are good schools now common in every parish in England, but even Oxford, which Dr. Arnold looked upon as past hope, is beginning to look up from its eternal Greek grammars and tragic choruses, and to suspect that there may be many valuable and notable things in God's world worthy of being looked into by British young men in this nineteenth century, which are not mentioned by Aristotle either in the *Nicomachian Ethics*, in the *Rhetoric*, in the *Analytics*, or even in the *Politics*. More than

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\* "All the vigour and vigilance that can possibly be put forth from the academic chair never will replace the incessant task-work, the close and daily examinations of the school-room."—Dr. CHALMERS on *Endowments*, Part i. chap. 2. The quotation from the same writer in the text is from the same admirable discourse.

this, Germany has now become a mighty power in the learned world ; and not a few of our young men in Scotland who, though poor, can travel far with little money, are yearly going over to Bonn, Heidelberg, and Berlin, and bringing home notions of what a university ought to be, very far removed from that puerile pattern in the curriculum of arts which had so long served the vulgar purposes of a people too intensely practical to care for much Greek, and a clergy too earnestly busy to use what little they might possess. The consequence of all this has been, that amid much indifference and an apathy very natural to a hard-working, money-making people, a certain feeling of discomfort has begun to stir the self-satisfied heart of Scotland with regard to her whole educational position, and specially with respect to her universities. Various individuals, by no means deficient either in practical knowledge or in patriotic feeling, have at different times within the last twenty or thirty years, with more or less of public approbation, declared that there is something in the condition of these institutions fundamentally wrong. How far this holds good of the Faculty of Arts we have just stated, and the further prosecution of our inquiry leads us now to cast a glance at the three high Faculties of Theology, Law, and Medicine, and to test their condition by a similar standard.

Now with regard to these, the first evil that strikes us as a necessary consequence of the low state of the Faculty of Arts is, that the great majority of Scotch students of Law, Medicine, and Theology, commence their professional studies at too early an age, and then not always with the help of the common preliminary education in the arts, such as it is, but not seldom even without this aid, just as the regulations of the various learned bodies, or the wish of poor, ignorant, or capricious parents may dictate.\*

In medicine particularly, it is notorious that crude lads of sixteen and seventeen, utterly destitute of any solid substructure of scientific acquirement, full of windy conceit, rush at once into the anatomist's lecture hall and begin to peep about amid dead bones and putrid flesh, and to soil the virgin wings of their scarcely opening souls with the vile pollution of the dissecting table. This is altogether contrary to nature, and in many cases we fear morally pernicious. No professional studies of any kind, much less of a purely material and physical kind, should be allowed to engross the minds of ingenuous youth at that period

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\* Dr. Chalmers had finished his studies in arts, and was already a young theologian when he was only twenty years of age. Of course he never knew what scholarship meant, and to his deep sense of his own deficiencies in this respect, we are to attribute the glowing zeal which he afterwards displayed for educational reform and academical elevation in Scotland.

when they ought rather to be flapping the wings of beautiful fancy, and soaring through the blue welkin of wide human speculation. Taking eighteen as the proper age when a youth ought to leave the highest classes of the gymnasium and to enter college, one period of three years might then be assigned for such general historical, philosophical, philological, literary, and scientific culture, as might best consort either with his individual genius, or his professional views, or both ;\* and such a period of preliminary human culture should be made imperative on the aspirants to all the learned professions. Three more years of strictly professional study would bring the future Hippocrates, Cicero, or Chrysostom to the age of twenty-four, an age young enough, if not still a little too young, for the heavy responsibilities that attach to the practice of medicine, law, and theology. From such a well ordered course† of preliminary and professional study for these high vocations, the Scotch have always been and are at the present moment very far removed. If a committee composed of Aberdeen and Glasgow shopkeepers, and Haddington farmers had made the regulations for the preliminary training of young men destined for the learned professions, with the sole view of getting their sons into a money-making position as soon as possible without positive indecency, they could scarcely have made these regulations in most respects more loose than they now are. Up to a very recent period the Presbyterian churches were the only corporate bodies in the country which insisted on even the form of a certain academical attendance before the commencement of the professional studies ; but these good intentions of the ecclesiastical corporations were frustrated in their principal effect, partly by the beggarly style in which Greek was taught all over the country, partly by the very meagre equipment of their whole theological faculty, partly also, no doubt, by the extremely low standard of academic learning with which a Presbyterian and democratic body is naturally content. The consequence of this has been practically, that despite the apparently laborious substructure of a four years curriculum of arts, the faculty of theology in our Scotch universities stands at a lower ebb even than in England, where theology is either not taught at all in the universities or taught in a much more per-

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\* The present curriculum of arts in Scotland extends over four years ; but this protracted period of preliminary study arises from the insufficient organization of the upper schools, and the necessity of supplementing school work at the universities.

† Within the last few months the Faculty of Advocates have, we understand, passed a regulation that future entrants to their body shall either possess the degree of A.M. of some university, or be examined on certain departments of literature and science by a special board of examiners. This certainly is looking in the right direction.

functory style than in the lowest of the Scotch colleges. In fact, as Greek is the great right hand of theology, it may easily happen, as in England, that a first rate classical scholar, to whom the language of the early Christian Church is as familiar as English, may, in the course of five weeks, acquire a great deal more of what is really valuable in theology, than a poor unclassical Scotchman can, in as many years; for in theology, as in all other sciences, depending on erudite investigation, the most thorough way is, in the long run, the shortest way, viz., to go direct to the fountain head. The real good effect discernible in Scotland from the varied course of preparatory university training through which students of theology pass, is not at all, as might have been expected, the production of a higher theology in the universities, but simply the diffusion of a certain creditable amount of general knowledge and intelligence among the clergy. This is what an ecclesiastical democracy mainly requires; and this is what they have obtained. But a select battalion of the highest and the best trained intellects consecrated to the service of God, in the work of the highest theological education, they certainly have not obtained. This is manifest, without further proof, from the single mention of two notorious facts; *first*, that Principal Campbell of Aberdeen is almost the single biblical scholar ever produced in Scotland, whose name is known beyond the ridge of the Cheviot Hills; *second*, that it was only in the year 1846, that such a thing as a professor of biblical criticism was known even in the University of Edinburgh! After this, no man need wonder at the strange uncritical manner in which Scotch preachers will often quote Scripture. With men so crudely trained, or so utterly without training in accurate hermeneutics, a pious conceit, however puerile, is always of more value than a learned reason.

On the state of legal studies in the Scotch universities, a few words may suffice. The Edinburgh bar has always been fertile in talent, and that not only of a high legal order as in Glenlee, Jeffrey, and Rutherford, but of every most various description, as the names of Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Hamilton, and John Wilson, testify to all the world. The law, in fact, is by way of eminence the learned profession in Scotland, just as the church is in England; and as it is, or was very recently the fashion, south of the Tweed, for ambitious young churchmen to put themselves on the list of candidates for a coming bishopric, by weeding from unseemly corruptions the text of some hoary Greek tragedy, so, among the race of notable Scotch barristers, of whom almost the last has now departed, it was no uncommon spectacle, after a week of harsh forensic jangling, to find the disrobed and unwigged orator stretched at ease in the harbour of

some old castellated suburban retreat, with an Ariosto or an Aristophanes in his hand. Such was the tasteful fashion of ancient Cicero in his Tusculan and other villas; and long may his stern-faced brethren in modern Scotland be able to boast that they indulge in such elegant recreations! But it is one of the strange contradictions of which our British land is so full, that this body of able and accomplished men has never cared to assert or maintain for the noble science which it practises, any high and commanding position in the universities of the country. There are, indeed, three professors of law in the University of Edinburgh, and the names of the men who fill, or have filled these chairs, are not unknown to the learned world even beyond the narrow boundary within which their activity is in the first place necessarily confined; but if we will be honest, we must confess that a grand and complete representation of the science of law in its highest, most philosophical, and strictly academical branches, does not exist in Scotland.\*

The Scotch lawyers make a boast of their respect for civil law; but they have never produced a Savigny. The great names in the most recent legal literature of Scotland are all extremely local in their tendency and habit. We find little or nothing of a large historical survey, or of a various and subtle philosophical analysis. That fondness for speculation which the Scotch mind exhibits in regions of metaphysical abstraction and theological theory, has not asserted itself very prominently, certainly does not assert itself now with any marked distinctness in the domain of historical, comparative, and philosophical jurisprudence. In fact, here also, as in the province of theology, the want of a proper foundation of academic learning is visible under a different aspect. Though the philosophical study of law does not require a knowledge of Greek, but only of Latin, which it may reasonably be supposed that every member of the Scotch bar possesses, yet such are the habits of mind induced by the crudity and insufficiency of their early training, that the passion for really learned investigation and thorough philosophical discussion, as it exists in the German universities, is seldom or never generated even amongst the most able members of the bar in Scotland. Other and more practical interests seize and thoroughly overmaster the most aspiring and ambitious minds; the advocate's profession assumes too much the aspect and complexion of a mere trade for making money; and as for anything beyond what is

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\* Mr. Lorimer has done excellent service to the cause of university education in Scotland, by appending to his book at full length the admirable report of the Faculty of Advocates on "the qualification of entrants," which contains materials for a comparative view of the state of legal education in all the principal countries of Europe.

strictly professional as a condition of advancement to the highest legal honours, a telling speech on a political platform, or a zealous activity at the registration courts, will be found to be of more service to a man than the most thorough and well digested knowledge of the *principum placita*, the *magistratum edicta* and the *responsa prudentum*. In a word, though the Faculty of Advocates is a very able and highly accomplished body, it seems to be a fact to which only the most narrow local conceit can remain blind, that the study of the history and the philosophy of law, as it should be pursued at a university, does not stand very far above zero even in Edinburgh, and of course, without any want of charity, it may be supposed to stand several degrees below zero in Aberdeen.

The low state of the legal and theological schools of Scotland, may indeed be most readily understood by contrasting them with the state of very high vigour and lustihood which has long distinguished the Medical School in the Metropolitan University. We have already alluded to what this faculty suffers in common with the other two faculties, for want of anything like a broad and firm basis of solid academical learning on which to raise the professional superstructure. This original defect, of course, cannot fail to show itself in various ways, especially in a general disregard of the history and the philosophy of medicine, as distinguished from the mere fashionable notions and habits of investigation prevalent at the present hour; but notwithstanding this great defect, from causes, which it is not our business here to detail, the staff of medical professors in Edinburgh stands out with a front of manly vigour and activity which may continually remind the nation what the other faculties may and ought to be. For, in the first place, the medical faculty presents a very large and various array of professors, in all the different departments of the science, more like the heavy armed ranks of erudite *ὀπλίται* seen in Berlin and Bonn than the very meagre complement of chairs which generally makes up what is called a faculty in a Scotch university. In the next place, the professors are all active and energetic men, handling, with equal activity and dexterity, the scalpel and the goose quill. In the third place, students flock to the Edinburgh Medical School, from the east and from the west, and from the north, and even from far South Araby and Ethiopia, as queens did of old to hear the wisdom of Solomon.\* This, certainly, can in no wise be said of our schools of theology and law. Of one thing, therefore, we have reason to be proud: the Medical School of the Modern

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\* As an illustration of this, it may be mentioned that in the year 1853, the first prize in the botany class was gained by a Chinese student named Wang-Tang.

Athens exhibits every sign of a high and generous vitality. With a little old fashioned Greek and a little cosmopolite philosophy, and with a comprehensive medical bill to arrange its relations to various therapeutic corporations, it would be a four-square thing and complete, "a wonder to mortals," as rare old Homer used to phrase it, and an object of delectable contemplation even to the strong mailed and full panoplied *eruditissimi* of Deutschland.

So much for the mere comparative elevation or stature which the Scotch Universities have been able to reach. Let us now look at the extent of literary and scientific ground which their action embraces, and see whether it be in any degree commensurate with the wants of the present age. Now, when at this point of the review a patriotic Scotchman directs his eye to the nearest object of comparison and contrast—the English Universities—he certainly finds not a little with which to gratify his intense feeling of nationality. For though it be quite true that an English University occupies the academical ground with an array of professorships, fellowships, and other offices, in comparison of which the Scotch institutions appear only as a few homely shops set against a magnificent and omnigenous bazaar, yet, as all the world knows, the English professorships exist merely for the sake of the professors, and little, or not at all, for the benefit of the students; while of the numerous array of fellows, some are altogether idle, and others insist on teaching only a certain narrow range of subjects according to certain narrow and somewhat pedantic formulas; so that, instead of that large and free range of catholic culture which Establishments so vast and so nobly endowed might reasonably have been expected to embrace, a tyrannical routine of scholastic study has been sanctioned, and with a stupid obstinacy maintained as an academical ideal, which along, no doubt, with an admirable minute accuracy in certain departments, has produced an amount of narrow-mindedness, pedantry, and bigotry, that has made Oxford a very proverb amongst the nations. Contrasted with such a pretentious system of dry verbalism and uninspired formulas, the Scotch Universities, though on a lower and humbler platform, seemed to present the spectacle of a large liberality and a rich variety on which the eye of the nation might rest with a just pride and a not unwarranted satisfaction. If the Scotch could not boast much Greek either within the walls of the universities or without them, they did not commit the mistake of imagining that there was nothing in the world worth doing but that perpetual nibbling at the long and short syllables of some illegible old chorus to which a famous school of English scholarship was long so ingloriously confined. If they did not attempt to scale the grey



heaven of grammarians and mathematicians, they could say that they walked over God's green earth with an elasticity of step and a freedom of range unknown to the first-class Oxonian who had marched up to honours under the full harness of Aristotle's Rhetoric and Porson's Four Plays. On this subject Mr. Lorimer, in his well timed and high-toned little work, looking to the possibility of Scotchmen, from the operation of various causes, being more and more induced to seek their highest education in England, has the following excellent remarks :—

"We are perhaps more free from anti-English prejudices than some of the more patriotic of our countrymen might think desirable ; but we do confess that we could not see without regret the whole youth of Scotland thus cast in the mould of the English Universities. We are persuaded that these institutions, from their very completeness, exercise on second-rate minds an influence unfavourable to originality and freedom of thought. Such, as it seems to us, is peculiarly the case with Oxford. Her pupils are struck, as it were, with one mental die ; and on every subject which is presented to them, the opinions to which they give utterance, in place of being the results of their own individual thinking, are too frequently nothing more than an expression of Oxford views. But if there be one peculiarity in the intellectual character of our countrymen, as developed in their native academical institutions that we specially prize, it is that openness and freshness of mind which is ready to receive new truth, whensoever it may come. Of this, many instances, past and present, might be mentioned. The philosophy of Newton was taught in the universities of Scotland long before it was substituted for the Cartesian hypothesis in Newton's own university of Cambridge. In the present century, the modern philosophical opinions which originated with Kant, Coleridge endeavoured to introduce into England in vain ; but even at his hands they were received without prejudice in a country, the national peculiarities of which, during his whole life, had been the favourite subject of his ridicule ; and it is through Scottish channels that they are now daily influencing English thought. We have already mentioned the claim which Scotland has to the origin of these economical doctrines which, during the last fifty years, have been slowly working their way into England ; and to the same source is to be attributed, not only the mechanical inventions which signalized the commencement of the present century, but the medical and even the legal reforms which are now running riot among our English neighbours. How greatly, too, is the systematic and scientific agriculture of the age indebted to the free experimental research of Scotland during the present century."

Now all this encomium is very true, but the day for resting with an idle satisfaction on this phase of the subject is gone by ; for the English Universities have at length been made to feel the strong breath of public opinion, and when thoroughly reformed in the direction of the late changes, will no longer serve as a

foil by which to set off the liberality of the sister institutions in Scotland. It will soon become evident, if the English university men do themselves justice, that in Oxford and Cambridge, an education is to be obtained, not only of the highest grade in certain favourite departments, but more wide, broad, and free, in all departments than anything that the best provided Scotch curriculum presents. For how narrow and insufficient this curriculum is, a single glance at the ordinary roll of Scotch professorships in the Arts will shew.

This roll exhibits,—

1. A Professorship of Latin.
2.       “       Greek.
3.       “       Mathematics.
4.       “       Logic and Metaphysics.
5.       “       Moral Philosophy.
6.       “       Mechanical Philosophy.

This is literally the whole extent of the domain of literature and science over which the regular curriculum of Arts in Scotland, or, as they call it in Germany, the Philosophical Faculty, extends. In the individual colleges, there are some varieties, of which we may mention the following. In Edinburgh, but in Edinburgh only, there exists a class of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres; and attendance on this class is necessary for attaining an academical degree. In Aberdeen again, where English Literature and polite letters of every kind are utterly ignored, some compensation is found in the fact, that in Marischal College, Natural History, and in King's College, Chemistry, has been introduced as a prominent and indispensable part of the curriculum. In some of the other universities also, the chemistry classes are recognised as necessary to the academical degree; and in all the universities, either Natural History or Chemistry, partly from their connexion with Medical Science, partly from their manifest utility, have attained a certain creditable degree of prosperity quite independent of any academical favour. But when we have said this, we have said all. When we look more closely into the matter, the exceeding inadequacy of the provision for the academical teaching of the few subjects taught, is only surpassed by the important catalogue of subjects that are not taught at all. Take, for instance, the Natural Sciences, which to a practical and utilitarian people like the Scotch, might justly seem to be of supreme importance. In St. Andrews, the Civil History Chair, (by some arrangement or other with the grounds of which we are unacquainted,) was recently changed into a Natural History Chair; but we have not yet learned that the knowledge of the green and living world without them forms any part of the course of study pursued by the undergraduates

in the "East Neuk," or, indeed, that a Natural History *Class* is taught at all. Again, in King's College, Aberdeen, there is no Chair of Natural History; and though there may be one at a mile's walk farther south, in Marischal College, this can serve them no purpose, because the members of these two separate and rival Establishments have no larger dealings with one another than the Samaritans of old had with the Jews. But let us ask this question also—How is it possible that in the present advanced state of the Natural Sciences, they can be represented adequately in the National Universities, by a single chair in each? The capacious and philosophic intellect of a Forbes may, indeed, embrace the whole range of organized nature in his ken, from the star-fish that floats in the deepest sea, to the star-flower that blooms amid everlasting snows; but such men are rare; and at this time of day, no university can look upon itself as possessed of the complement of necessary workmen in the department of Natural Science, unless it has at least three professors—one of Botany, another of Zoology, and a third of Mineralogy and Geology. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, by some happy chance, a Professorship of Botany does exist; but in St. Andrews and Aberdeen, nothing of the kind—much less the luxury of a Botanic Garden—though both these universities grant medical degrees! Take now the Moral Sciences. In the original curriculum of the Scotch Universities, there were two classes expressly dedicated to Mental Science—the one now generally known as the Logic Chair, occurring in the second year of the curriculum; the other called the Moral Philosophy Chair, taken by the students in the third year. Now, considering that, according to the same original scheme, the natural sciences were represented only by readings from certain books of Aristotle, with commentary, mental philosophy must be acknowledged to have received full justice. But the result of this rich provision for the highest sciences, as the classes are actually worked, has proved somewhat meagre. We have already remarked upon the absurdity of forcing a troop of unripe boys, in the second year of their academical progress, to anatomize their own minds, and attempt a complete systematic analysis of the laws of thought, before they have learned by experiment what thinking means. Professor Jardine, therefore, found it preferable to sacrifice the propriety of his Chair to the convenience of his students, and turned the Logic Class with great practical success into a sort of school of literary gymnastics, a "miscellaneous practical kind of instruction," where essays were written on all sorts of concrete subjects, with which it was possible that the opening mind of boys of fifteen or sixteen might sympathize. By a course of this kind the Glasgow professor, whom we have

just named, gained a high reputation as an educationist. Finding himself placed as a professor in the midst of an element essentially puerile, he made the most of his boys, and as little as possible of his logic. Others, with less practical tact, turned the Logic Chair into a Chair of Analytic Mental Philosophy, after the manner of Reid and Stewart, which might have been all very well for a make-shift, had not the professor of moral philosophy, instead of teaching pure and applied Ethics generally, considered it his duty to go over pretty much the same ground—a confusion of academical spheres of activity which still prevails more or less in our Universities, with certain variations, according to the humour of the professional incumbent. Sir William Hamilton, we believe, is the only professor of “Logic and Metaphysics” who gives a double course of strict Logic and strict Metaphysics, according to the highest academical type which those studies have reached in the present age; but it will always remain a matter of serious doubt with practical educationists, whether his course of lectures be not a great deal too good for the mass of his juvenile auditors, and whether, for the prosperity of the Scotch Universities, it be not absolutely necessary that the abstract sciences should be moved up summarily to the fourth year of the course.\* This, at least, was the decided conviction of certain shrewd academical men in the north, who, so early as the year 1756, made that remarkable academical reform of the academical curriculum in the two Universities of Aberdeen, whereby Logic and Moral Philosophy being thrown into one Chair, were advanced into the last year of the course, while the place formerly occupied by Logic as the study of a distinct year, was assigned to “Natural and Civil History” and Mathematics. This arrangement, however, while it placed the mental sciences at their natural stage in the progress of the youthful mind, unfortunately also cut off one of their academical representatives; and, accordingly, the so-called “moral philosopher” in the Northern Universities had handed over to his single charge a huddled mass of everything not physical and not mathematical, out of which he might select and arrange whatever most suited his own genius or that of his pupils. Logic proper, General Logic, Metaphysics proper, General Anthropology, Philosophy of Taste, Philosophy of Language, Ethics, and Natural Theology—for the academical

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\* This is the opinion of Sir William Hamilton himself; and Dr. Chalmers, when professor of Moral Philosophy of St. Andrews, gave his evidence to the same effect before the Royal Commission in 1827. “As to the order in which the classes should be attended, the Aberdeen arrangement is the best. Moral Philosophy should be the last subject in the course.” We may add, that Aristotle himself says so in his introduction to the *Nicomachian Ethics*.

teaching of all these branches of mental science, the munificence of the Northern Universities provides one professor—passing rich, with £350 a-year of income, fees included !

This is a fair specimen of the furniture of a Scotch University, in every department, save the Medical School of Edinburgh. Instead of the confused nondescript conglomerate, in the domain of the moral sciences, just described, a well equipped University would contain, at least, six distinct Chairs, as follows :—

1. A Chair of Logic and Metaphysics.
2.    "    of Ethics and Natural Theology.
3.    "    of Political Philosophy.
4.    "    of Political Economy.
5.    "    of Civil History.
6.    "    of the Philosophy of the Beautiful, and the Theory  
          and History of the Fine Arts.

No man can say that all these are not most important subjects of academical instruction ; but where are they found in the Universities of Scotland ? Civil History, it might be thought, is a subject of all others the most interesting and necessary to a nation, so practical, and performing so important a part on the stage of the world as Great Britain ; but such has been the predominance of scholastic pedantry in the rich English Universities, and such the scantiness of academical furniture in the poorer Scotch ones, that an itinerant student would find infinitely better means of historical instruction provided for him in Athens, in the beggarly kingdom of Bavarian Otho, than he can find in the richest Universities of England, or in the proud metropolitan establishment of educated Scotland. Civil History, indeed, as an academical study in Scotland, may be said not to exist. The Civil History Chair in St. Andrews, as we already stated, was converted into a Natural History Chair which exists only in name ; the strange union of Natural and Civil History in the commission of Professor Nicol of Aberdeen, has ended, as such unions always do, in the swallowing up of the one element by the other ; and in this case, as at St. Andrews, the birds and beasts and creeping things have swallowed up the kings and queens, and the mighty hunters before the Lord. All this is a speaking proof of the state of neglect into which the Scotch people have allowed the Universities to fall. Surely the nation was asleep when these things took place, or overbusy with matters which they considered of superior importance. No person, as Mr. Lorimer (p. 29) forcibly points out, can assert that Scotland has not been advancing at a marvellous rate since the time that the last of its Universities was founded. The armies of tall chimneys and long streets and busy steamboats in Glasgow, tell

a tale of the most extraordinary progress; but if muslins and calicoes are good for the body, philosophy and science are good for the soul. Why should there be so much fatness and splendour there, with so much leanness and poverty here? Scotland, who loves to speak of herself as well educated, should blush to think how little she has done to create and to maintain a staff of men, who, as the educators of the educator, must necessarily determine both the quantity and the quality of that intelligence which circulates among the masses, and intellectualizes the mob. May we hope that we are now at the beginning of better things, or shall we sit down contentedly in our academical rags, and allow the ghost of Napoleon Buonaparte to call us a nation of shopkeepers?

To make the extreme insufficiency of our University furnishing yet more evident, we shall follow the example of Mr. Lorimer, and borrow a cross light from Germany. In a programme, now before us, of lectures delivered in the University of Halle—a second rate Prussian University—we have no fewer than fourteen different lecturers on various branches of Christian literature and philosophy; of these, eight bear the title of “Ordinary Professor,” one of “Honorary Professor,” three of “Extraordinary Professor,” and two of “Privatim docentes,” which last, interpreted into English, would signify authorized intra-mural lecturers. Now, whatever Scotchmen may think of German theology, there is evidence enough here of a degree of intellectual activity, in the theological department, to which no British University can present any parallel; and if the learned German theologians do indulge in various speculative vagaries very far removed from what we esteem sound doctrine, is it not most humiliating to think that these “intellectual moles,” as the brilliant French lady called them, are so much more zealous in mining the dark passages of heresy, than we are in paving and lighting those great highways of orthodoxy of which we vaunt so loudly? Is it not strange, and of ominous import, that a German rationalist, William Gesenius, should, in his masterly Hebrew dictionary, have prepared a palace for all the Biblical scholars of Europe, while the ultra-orthodox Scotch divines were living in mud cabins and old smoke-begrimed huts? But to pass on to another department. In the philosophical faculty, corresponding to the arts in Scotland, we have in Halle thirty-eight different lecturers, a number by seven greater than the whole professors of Edinburgh put together, which yet contains more than double the number of professional Chairs that belong to any Normal Scotch University, and that solely by reason of the extraordinary prosperity of its Medical School. Among the subjects in which this accomplished body of intel-

lectual gladiators exercise themselves, we find the following :— Greek literature, Greek archæology, Greek philosophy, with lectures on various works of Demosthenes, Plato, Sophocles, Cicero, Lucretius, Horace, by eight different lecturers in what we call the classical department ; again, in the region where law rises into philosophy—a perfect blank in Scotch Universities—we have lectures on political science, on the public law of England, on European statistics ; also, on the history of Germany, on the history of the Middle Ages, and on modern history generally ; then, in the philological department beyond the domain of Greek and Latin, we have lectures on Oriental literature, on the Semitic languages, on Persic, Sanscrit, and even Chinese, on Molière's comedies, Shakspeare's plays, Goethe's *Faust*, and the *Lay of the Niebelungen* ; not to mention optics, astronomy, electricity, chemistry, geology, palæontology, helminthology, anthropology, botany, zoology, and all sorts of pure and mixed mathematics, all by separate professors. The very announcement of these facts, so foreign to Scotch ideas, will no doubt be apt to produce in minds of a utilitarian character, as Mr. Lorimer well expresses it, “an amount of foolish bewilderment, which proves too conclusively the contracted conceptions which are prevalent in the north country, both as to the capabilities of the professorial system and the functions of a University.” It will be easy, also, to laugh at such an array of learned names, as a mere vain display of German pedantry, which the shrewd and practical sons of Caledonia are too sensible to imitate, and too wise to require ; but the melancholy fact will remain, that while the German Universities furnish first-rate instruction in every department of human knowledge, Scotch Universities leave many important departments a complete blank, and in others dribble out drops of diluted nutriment in the scantiest measure, and (like certain popular catechisms) “adapted for the meanest capacities.” Vainly, also, will it be said by some stout defenders of things as they are in Scotland, that the Germans, with all their learning are children in politics, and that German students drink beer, smoke tobacco, and clatter along the streets in huge boots, and slash one another's faces inordinately. All this we know well. The faults of the Germans, whatever they be, in the Political world, can never excuse our delinquencies in the Academical ; and the juvenile extravagances of a few gay-capped students on the banks of the Saale or the Rhine can never justify the people of Scotland in keeping teachers of the highest branches of learning on a starvation allowance, and dwarfing her academical professors, as much as may be, down to the dimensions of an elementary schoolmaster.

We come now to the third element in our definition of a

University, by which we proposed to test the value of the existing academical institutions of Scotland. We said that was the best university which, along with the highest degree and the widest extent of learning properly academic, possessed the best system of indoctrination or academical instruction. But before passing on to the consideration of this very important point, we may remark that the special function of teaching the youth is not by any means necessary to the idea of a University as contained in our definition. For the intellectual elevation of the community may be attained so far by the mere separation of a body of learned and ingenious men from the rest of the community, with leisure to devote themselves to their favourite pursuits, and make public the results of their study by books or otherwise, for the benefit of others. Nay, the studies of some learned men may be of such a nature as not to find a direct market in the common curriculum even of the highest education. Such, for instance, are palæography, numismatics, and all the less usual languages and more recondite fields of learning and science. How little this has been considered by the Scotch is manifest from the fact, that, in their Universities, the chairs are either not endowed at all, or endowed so poorly that it is impossible for the professor to make a livelihood without dealing in learning as a mere marketable commodity.\* Indeed, there are many Scotchmen, especially in those towns where the Mercantile overpowers the Academical interest, who have no idea of a professor, except as a teacher out of whom, for so much money, they get so much work for the benefit of their sons. That a professor should be a high-priest of science, and have an eye to the general intellectual reputation of his country, not merely to the special drill of this stupid tyro or that, is a conception very far above the utilitarian level of such persons. The consequence of the prevalence of these low ideas has been, that no branches of learning have flourished in the Scotch Universities, except those which can be turned to immediate practical account, or are protected by some time-honoured precedent; and the professors of all branches of learning are obliged to confine their attention exclusively to what is called for by the immediate professional demand, however low, and however partial that may happen to be. In fact, the over-riding of Academical institutions by one-sided practical views and professional interests has had a tendency to vulgarize the whole tone of Academical instruction in Scotland, and to turn the temple of the virgin

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\* "It is certainly desirable that a professor should be placed above the reach of a temptation so humiliating as that of stepping down from a higher to a lower walk in science, for the purpose of there meeting with a proper number of students."—*DR. CHALMERS.*



Athena into a market-place for worldly merchandise. Here, again, "infidel" and "rationalist" Germany might teach religious and orthodox Scotland a useful lesson, if Scotland be not too conceited to learn. The German professors teach as laboriously, and with as much manifest success as the Scotch; but the king of Prussia, whatever his faults be as a politician, has wisdom enough as an educated gentleman to know that there are men in the world of letters and science able to do good service to a University in various ways, though they are not eminent as mere teachers. Such men he has the sense and the generosity to attach to the bright staff of his academical legions in Bonn and Berlin; and verily he has his reward; a reward which Scotland can never look for, so long as it does not see that the provision of a learned leisure for a learned class is a duty which every society owes to itself, independently of the mere amount of cerebral labour to be got from this Academical man or the other, and which may be remunerated according to the standard of trade, by a certain material equivalent in pounds, shillings, and pence. But, to proceed. We willingly grant that a learned class being maintained by the State or by the public, or, what we think best, partly by both, the possessors of learning should, in the general case, be called upon to contribute to the intellectual elevation of the nation, not merely by publishing the results of their investigations in the form of books or otherwise, but specially and particularly by taking a prominent part in the highest education of the youths attending the national Universities. All the world knows by what an extraordinary inversion of the poles of academical propriety a whole army of professors came to exist in Oxford and Cambridge, without having any recognised function as academical instructors; the function of teaching having been handed over (not by the professors, but by certain heads of lodging-houses) to an inferior class of instructors, called college tutors, and to a few very clever, but extra-academic adventurers, called private tutors. This abuse of abuses, which the recent Oxford Reform Bill has scarcely touched, no one will dream of finding in poor Scotland, where, indeed, a university is practically identical with a college, and the mass of the people never imagine that the two things may be distinct, much less that the prerogatives of the superior corporation—that is, the University—may anywhere be usurped by the subordinate one—that is, the college. In Scotland all professors are working men, and not a few of them labour as hard in their vocation as any the best employed "coaches" on the banks of the Cam. How, then, do these professors teach? Merely by lectures, as professors generally are supposed to teach, or by personal examination and individual drill, according

to the much-trumpeted model method of the English colleges and private tutors? The answer is, the Scotch professors teach *both* ways, but according to no fixed law, in such a fashion, that while in some cases the professorial or lecturing element predominates, in other cases the tutorial or catechetical method, as Dr. Pusey calls it, gives the tone, or perhaps altogether swallows up and annihilates the professorial element. This is a point in the practical conduct of Scotch academical instruction of the utmost consequence to be distinctly understood; the more so, that in England a general impression seems to prevail, that in Scotland academical instruction is carried on, as in Germany, merely or mainly by public exhibitions of talking.\* This is a great mistake, arising, no doubt, from a superficial view, taken by strangers of the character of those public lectures by which certain of the more notable classes in the metropolis are visibly taught, when contrasted with the so-called private lectures of the English college tutors. Neither is it to be denied that there have been, and that there may be, even now, some professors in the Scotch Universities who communicate instruction by public lectures only; but the important and characteristic fact is, that the great majority of the effective classes are taught by a combination of general lecture and individual drill, while in not a few, the lecture performs a very subordinate part, and in some cases, does not exist at all.† Let us test this by Dr. Pusey's definition of the English tutorial system of which he is such a sturdy, but one-sided and bigoted advocate. "By the collegiate system I mean that by which the mind of the young man is brought into direct contact with the mind of his instructor intellectually by the catechetical form of imparting knowledge wherein the mind of the young man, having been previously employed on some solid text book, has its thoughts directed, expanded, developed, and enlarged by one of more maturer mind and thought, who also brings to bear on the subject knowledge and reflection, which the pupil cannot be supposed to have." Now taking this definition as expressing the ideal of the English tutorial system, according to one of its

\* Dr. Pusey, in his work already quoted, takes his model of the purely professorial system from "Infidel Germany"—a very convenient method to serve a party purpose, and assist a popular cry among ignorant and timid people; but had he been honestly anxious to shew what the professorial system practically means, he might have condescended to cast a side glance at institutions nearer home, and see what Sir William Hamilton and other famous professors actually were doing in religious Scotland.

† In the medical school the tutorial part of the system is exhibited in the experimental classes attached to the classes of anatomy and chemistry, and in the clinical lectures. Of the great importance attached to these last by the founders of the Scottish Medical School in the middle of the last century, an instructive account will be found in Thomson's *Life of Cullen*, Vol. i., p. 101.

most prominent and able champions, it is a curious fact that it contains a literal description of the method of teaching which prevails in the most notable of the Scotch classes, where according to a vulgar misconception the professorial system only prevails. All Scotch professors, as we have said, do not teach on the same system; but we make bold to say that the "purely professorial system," so much dreaded by Dr. Pusey, exists in very few Scotch University classes, in none certainly of those which are generally attended by the great mass of Scotch undergraduates. In the Scotch classes for Greek and Latin, lectures are delivered only occasionally, once a week perhaps, and sometimes not so frequently. The "solid book" of which Dr. Pusey makes so much is the only solid part of the feast. In the mathematical classes likewise, where lecturing would be a wordy absurdity, the whole teaching is done by individual drill, and in the classes of mental philosophy, the professor either divides his public teaching between lecturing and examining, or if he devotes all his public hours to lecturing, prescribes a certain number of exercises to be performed by the students,\* in the private revision of which he performs the functions of a tutor by "correcting, expanding, developing, enlarging" the crude attempts of his band of juvenile philosophers. What shall we say then?—is the method of imparting instruction in the Scotch Universities perfect? does it combine all the excellencies of the German professorial, and the English tutorial method, the powerful stimulus of the one, and the painstaking inculcation of the other? The answer lies in the facts already stated, and in a few more which we will now state. In some classes of some of the universities we have no doubt that the combination of the professorial and the tutorial system exists in as perfect a state as is possible, where the two functions are performed by the same person. Where a class, for instance (as is the case with all the principal classes according to the original type), meets two or even three hours a day,† it is plain that when the professor in the first of these hours delivers a lecture, and in the second, sits to "correct, develop, and ex-

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\* "There is no part of the system pursued in the university which is attended with more numerous and direct advantages than the practice of writing exercises on the subjects discussed by the professor."—JARDINE, 302.

† "When I was appointed Professor of Logic in the year 1774, the lectures were delivered at an early hour in the morning, and in the forenoon the students were again assembled, *one hour every day for the purpose of examination*; in addition to which, two or three themes not very closely connected with the subjects discussed by the professor in public, were usually prescribed by him as private exercises, at certain intervals during the session."—*Outlines of Philosophical Education*, by Professor GEORGE JARDINE, 2d edition, Glasgow, 1825, p. 23; but afterwards, p. 280, he states that in order to do justice to his students he found it necessary "while one hour is employed in lecturing to devote two hours each day to examinations and exercises!"

pand" ideas eliminated from the student, either by the Socratic method of question and answer, or by written exercises—in this case a most accomplished type of combined professorial and tutorial activity is exhibited. But in the Scotch academical system many circumstances combine to mar the completeness of this most desirable consummation. In the first place, all classes do not meet two hours a day, (in Edinburgh two hours is the rare exception) and in these classes it will be evident that either the lecturing or the examining must be greatly curtailed; and in either case the perfect equipoise of the system is destroyed. In the second place, the number of students in the larger universities is often so great, that in the best attended classes the nice individual action which the tutorial system implies, can be carried out only very inadequately, especially where, as in Edinburgh, most of the classes meet only one hour a day.\* In the third place, the functions of a first-rate professor, and of a good tutor, are so different that the attempt to unite the two characters in one person will often fail; and it requires no great discernment to perceive, that herein lies one great weakness of the Scotch system. When between two and three hundred youths are placed under one educational superintendent, it is manifest that if a complete exhibition of high professorial, combined with the lowest tutorial agency be demanded, too much work is expected from one man, work too of very different kinds, the capacity for which may often not co-exist in the same person. The practical result of this is plain; either the so-called professor will sink altogether into a tutor, which occurs to a greater extent than is imagined, or he will keep the eagle wings of his professorial function floating at a due altitude, in which region, however, a number of creeping souls will find it difficult to derive any benefit from his gyrations; or he will go on swaying the best way he can between professor and tutor, doing full justice to neither, if his classes be very numerous, or excelling in both functions, if the number of his hearers be small and his tact in teaching great. It is plain, therefore, that from the operation of all these circumstances, the Scotch system of academical instruction as a whole, is very far from an ideal; in fact, where details are narrowly looked into, it will be found that Mr. Lorimer has not exaggerated the matter when he says, p. 42, that "as teaching establishments our universities are scandalously defective." For

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\* Dr. Chalmers, who was a great advocate of the Socratic or catechetical method of professorial teaching, expressly told the Commission, that for want of a separate hour for examination, he could only do the most meagre justice to his students, not being able even with the comparatively small classes of St. Andrews, "to come over the class in the way of exercises more than three or four times in the course of a session."—Evidence, p. 77.

in order to gauge properly the teaching power of the system, we must bear in mind that fundamental mistake, from which the Scotch Universities start—the confusion of the separate provinces of university and school. No man can form a correct estimate of the manner in which the Scotch system works, without keeping prominently before his mind the fact, that the great majority of Scotch students are either town boys with unripe minds, or grown country lads without training; and the peculiar difficulty of dealing with this aggregate continually raises the most perplexing educational problems which, with the existing teaching machinery of Scotland, are not likely to be solved. It is this state of things which has a constant tendency to lower the tone of the university teaching of Scotland down to the level of mere school work, so that in many cases he is the most useful professor who most completely denudes himself of his highest professorial functions, and doggedly sets himself with a stern, precise, and unostentatious perseverance to perform on a higher platform the work which should have been performed by the schoolmaster. In the smaller universities this often succeeds tolerably well. The utilitarian Scotchman has found “a good teacher” for his son, one whose charges are extremely moderate, and who bears the respectable title of professor. The degree of A.M. too, conferred often at the age of eighteen or nineteen, sometimes even earlier, crowns the reputable process. The literary ambition of vulgar citizenship is satisfied; but no one cares to remember, that by these puerile proceedings the academical character of Scotland is sacrificed, and the stunted stature of her professors made a by-word among the nations.

There is only one other feature in the Scotch Universities, which, as it materially affects both the style and the results of teaching, deserves a separate mention. We allude to the condition and character of the students, especially as contrasted with the elegantly gowned and capped aspirants who bear the same name in the sister country. English students are for the most part gentlemen, and come to college, many of them, with no definite purpose, certainly not with the purpose of studying. Of Scotch students, the majority are the sons of the lower and middle classes; occasionally a slight admixture of the higher classes may be discerned; but this is foreign to the atmosphere. The Scotch Universities are characteristically and essentially plebeian; plebeian in their population, plebeian in their standard, plebeian in their rewards. The aristocracy cares not to acknowledge them. Those who pique themselves upon their pure blood and high connexions will not be eager to send their sons to sit on the same benches with the sons of tradesmen and artisans. This thorough exclusion of the aristocratic element, though un-

fortunate in some views, has been on the whole wonderfully favourable to good teaching. The sons of working men come to the university for the sake of working. They take to the book as their fathers took to the desk, the counter, or the spade, because they must. They are all reading men because reading is the acknowledged business of the university, and as for riding, an exercise so familiar to many gowned Cantabs, it is, to the most of Scotch students, a chivalrous fancy of the middle ages, with which, in these pedestrian times, we can have no concern. No doubt, congregations of young men will trifle occasionally and seize all natural occasions to throw off the harness; but so great is the general desire of Scotch youth to profit by learned opportunity, and so potent the spur of poverty, that if in any class of a Scotch university, general idleness and inattention prevail, the fault is always in the professor or in the curriculum, never in the students. This honest laboriousness of disposition, and close intellectual tenacity, is the alone cause why, with such an inadequate staff of teachers, and with such a sad want of the requisite preparatory training, so much substantial work is nevertheless performed by Scotch students; work of which doubtless more notable results would be known in the world, were it not the peculiar academic policy of Scotland to send many of her sons to learning, only that learning may teach them with a greater dignity to starve. We must add also here, that the high-trumpeted virtue of collegiate life in England to keep the morals of the students free from contamination, has little or no significance to the ear of the Scotch University Reformer; for two-thirds of the students in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and new Aberdeen, live either in their parents' houses, or with friends to whose care they have been intrusted, while the remaining third is too poor to dream of those "gentlemanly vices," of which money is the condition and idleness the occasion. One great advantage only, the English collegiate life has, over the scattered lodgment of the students in such populous towns as Edinburgh and Glasgow. The English students, like the religious societies in the Romish Church, are a brotherhood, and pride themselves on the badges of their fraternity; so also in Germany, the Burschen; but in Edinburgh, the student displays no symbol, and flaunts with no "picturesque habiliments," constitutes no club, and rejoices in no organization. In the other universities, indeed, a red gown is worn, and somewhat of a feeling of academical community is cherished; but the bond is weak where strongest; at college the Scotch student belongs to his family and to himself only; when he leaves college he belongs to the world; and Alma Mater is a name, which raises certain not unpleasant feelings upon occasions and serves to

adorn a post-prandial speech with juvenile reminiscences once or twice in a lifetime it may be—nothing more.

We have now completed our measurement of the universities of Scotland according to the three parts of the definition with which we started. Tried by this standard, it seems quite plain that these institutions in many essential parts are found wanting. What, then, must Professor Kelland mean when he says, in an academical discourse, of which the title is prefixed, that,—“The Scotch universities are suited to the Scotch people”? If he means only to rejoice publicly in the well-known fact, that the gates of learning in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews, are thrown liberally open to all and sundry, without any invidious and ungenerous distinctions of rank, wealth or creed, then we are willing also to take up the boast, and glory in the fact as one of the most valuable and most characteristic of Scottish nationality. But if he goes further, and seems to proclaim that, because the confessedly low standard of learning in these institutions has hitherto worked in wonderful harmony with the confessedly low ideas of the people to whom they belong, therefore no attempt is to be made to elevate and improve them; these are notions which every true friend of educated Scotland is bound with a most fervent protest to disclaim. As to the fact, however, we are constrained to agree with him. The Scotch universities, doubtless, own not a few great names; one half the literature of Scotland, Dr. Chalmers says, is professorial; Scotchmen have many causes to be proud of these institutions; nevertheless, when narrowly viewed, as we have seen, they do not present an organization to be much boasted of. They have produced men notable in science and literature, because they afforded the only retreats of comparative leisure in the country, where such men could find a refuge; but it does not in any wise appear that the provision made in them for men of learning is anything but niggardly, or the educational machinery anything but clumsy. With all this, Mr. Kelland says, that they are suited to the genius of the people, and herein lies a somewhat sad truth. It is not to be denied that the current ideas of Scotchmen in regard to the standard of university education are remarkably low. It is an idea, for instance, all but universal in Scotland, in conformity with the state of academical training already explained, that the Professors of Latin and Greek exist for the purpose of receiving certain small fees, from the parents of certain little boys, as a remuneration for teaching these boys the Latin and Greek languages; whereas in Germany these languages are taught in the preparatory schools, and the academical professors start with the assumption, or rather with the proven fact, that these languages are for all practical purposes

already known, and commence forthwith the recognised proper business of classical professors, by expounding and applying all that literature, science, philosophy, philology, and history of which these languages are the record. It is, therefore, perfectly true, that the low standard of classical teaching which prevails in the Scotch universities squares exactly with the low ideas of the majority of the Scotch people with regard to what that teaching should be. So also with regard to mathematics, and the other branches of academical teaching; the current notion of people in Scotland is that the academical teaching of all these sciences, may, with all propriety, be as elementary as possible. And not only so, but the extreme meagreness of the provision for men of learning in Scotland finds part of its explanation in "the prevalence of a certain vulgar democratic jealousy and mercantile spirit," to which, Dr. Chalmers, in a well-known discourse, has pointedly alluded. But more than this. There exists in Scotland a peculiar cause naturally generative of these ideas, to which nothing similar or rather something exactly contrary exists in England. We mean the Presbyterian Church. Of this peculiar form of Christian association the grand principle and boast is parity, a principle which, when consistently carried out, produces not merely what is generally understood by the term, equality of outward rank and dignity, but equality of intellectual culture and accomplishment, so far as nature has not, by certain radical indwelling forces established an inequality. Learning implies leisure just as much as poetry does; and as it is quite certain, that if every individual in society were constantly strained with necessary external labour, there never could be such a thing as an epic poem, scarcely even a good song, so a Church whose exclusive boast it is to have a "working clergy," is by its very constitution precluded from having a learned clergy. A certain amount of learning, no doubt, the Presbyterian ministers do require, that is to say, as much scientific and literary culture as to place them on an intellectual vantage ground, above the mere man of business, money maker, and trader, as much also as may enable them to look not altogether blank when a subtle Unitarian or Rationalist quotes Greek; but beyond this, scholarship is superfluous and philosophy may be even dangerous. There are three ways in which an enterprising young theologian may rise to distinction in Scotland, and shape out for himself a noble sphere of activity. He may wield a fiery and a plastic power over the hearts of thousands by the weekly ministrations of the pulpit; he may rule with quick shrewdness and with wise decision the grave but sometimes turbulent deliberations of his brother presbyters in council assembled; or he may walk out into the larger arena of social life, and from the



political platform or the lecturer's chair in this lecturing age, impress a sacred character on every great movement for the intellectual, moral, and social character of the people. But none of these functions, which the Scotch clergy perform with admirable zeal and diligence, have anything to do with a deep foundation of that sort of learning, in which it might be expected that a Christian churchman should excel; the first demanding only the warmth and the illustrative power of a popular speaker, the second, the coolness and tact of a man of business, and the third, the energy and the perseverance of a popular agitator. The consequence has been, that at the present moment Scotland has no theological or ecclesiastical literature of any moment, but is beholden to English Episcopalians and to German professors for that very small equipment of theological learning, which she thinks it decent to require. No man, of course, blames the church for this deficiency. She acts in obedience to the law of her own extreme democratic constitution, of which one necessary result is, that no clergyman with a conscience can afford to be a scholar or a philosopher. How this acts on the universities is plain. It is from the church and from the school, hitherto a mere arm of the church, that the greatest number of the raw recruits are gathered, that yearly add a fresh population to our academic halls; and to meet the wants of these recruits, the teaching of the professor must be adapted. What the church wants from the professor of Greek is, that he should drill a certain number of raw undisciplined lads, by any operation however superficial, into so much Greek as will enable him to pass the "presbytery examination," which has hitherto been, as might have been expected, a very simple affair, and the learned gentleman must even be content to descend from his Platonic or Aristotelian elevation, and gather his fees by doling out those slender rations of grammatical black bread, which his employers require; but for profound views of Greek philosophy, for learned discussions on open questions of Greek literature, history, philology, and criticism, the Scotch Church cares nothing. Why should she? she has no market for that article. The result is what we see. The low mercantile ideas of a practical people, the low scholarly standard of a church engrossed with the daily details of ministerial business, have worked together to create and to maintain a low standard of learning in the halls of highest national instruction; and thus in one sense, what Professor Kelland says is perfectly true, that the Scotch Universities meet the wants of the people with a most admirable congruity.

So much for the evils of the system. These we have exposed freely and without disguise. Not that we are blind to the real good effected by the Scotch Universities, in diffusing the

elements of a liberal education among the body of the people, but that we consider the common practice of national self-mirroring and self-laudation, as both puerile and pernicious; and because in the social body, as in the individual, all future improvements can proceed only from an honest recognition, and a public profession of past insufficiency. We shall now conclude by pointing out the nature of the remedies that the chronic disease of the Scotch University system imperatively calls for; remedies most distinct, most certain, and most efficacious—if the national self-esteem will but at length assert itself manfully in a region where it has long been dormant, and the national mind apply itself as strongly to academical reform as it has done to corn-bills, railroads, and ragged schools.

The first thing to be done, as the best qualified voices have declared again and again, is to raise the preparatory education, at the principal provincial burgh schools, to such a height, as that the more advanced school boys may find there that elementary education in Greek, Mathematics, and other subjects, adapted to their years, which it has hitherto been their habit to seek in the Universities.\* In Edinburgh, the upper classes of the schools are now so admirably conducted under men of the highest talent and tact, that no youth educated in the metropolis would think of entering the Elementary Greek Class, where such authors as Xenophon, Cebes, Æsop, &c., are read. So far, therefore, as they are concerned, this class which, even after the recent violent extrusion of the Grammar, is much below the proper level of University education, might be abolished. But there are still a great number of poor lads, from the distant provinces, from whom, till very recently, not even the slightest knowledge of the Greek Grammar was demanded as a condition of their starting on an academical course. To put these on a par with boys educated in Edinburgh, the first plain step is to provide as good a preparatory education in Wick, Tain, Inverness, Montrose, Perth, Stirling, Dundee, Oban, Dumbarton, and half-a-dozen other principal towns in remote situations, as already exists in the metropolis. This can only be done in one way, by giving up the present almost universal custom of underpaying and overworking the head-masters of the burgh schools. Let them be remunerated at the same rate as the Sheriff-Substitutes are; let them be treated not like “dominies,” but like

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\* “I think that the greatest reformation which could take place in our College system would be, to devise some method by which we might secure a higher preparatory scholarship on the part of those who are admitted as students.”—DR. CHALMERS’S EVIDENCE; with which compare the testimony of the Ven. Archdeacon Williams, late of the Edinburgh Academy, likewise given before the Royal Commission.

men and like gentlemen ; and the Universities will soon receive a body of recruits very different from that unkempt and awkward company on whose elementary drill the most learned professors in the land are now expected to expend their strength.

Simultaneously with the better appointment of these preliminary schools, there ought to be exacted in all the Universities a reasonable system of entrance examination, which shall prevent ill-trained and unqualified lads from being admitted as students. A system of this kind already exists partially in some of the Universities, and only requires the hearty co-operation of all to ensure, even with the present very imperfect machinery, a decided advance in the general character of academical entrants. In England, where so many idle young gentlemen go to the University merely as a fashion, such a regulation could scarcely be carried out with efficiency in all the Colleges ; but in Scotland, where, as we have said, working is the habit, and idleness the exception, both among professors and students, there could not be the slightest difficulty. As to any evils that might ensue from the enforcement of such a measure, the occasional exclusion of one or two young men of untrained talent would be amply compensated by the general elevation of the tone of the whole academical classes, and by the quickening impulse which such an examination would impart to all the preparatory schools of the kingdom.

But we must go a step further. The habit which the Scotch people have acquired of sending their sons to College at a premature age is so inveterate, that the above precautions, though they may palliate, will certainly not eradicate the evil. To meet this evil, and that other to which we have also alluded, of too large classes, it seems absolutely necessary, at least in the larger Universities, that the classes now taught by a single professor should be taught by two professors, one of whom might take charge of the juniors, and the other of such as are more ripe in years, and more accomplished in attainment. At present, the utter want of anything like classification among some hundred or more young men, attending the same class, under the same professor, is a very great evil ; and the evil is greater still when the same professor has to teach two or three such classes ; teaching three or four hours a day, and dealing forth some decent show of pedagogic attention to all. Every practical man knows what must be the result of such a confused system as this. The more advanced students will of course come into the foreground, and shew an eager zeal to follow the leading of the most adventurous professor ; but it will be a very difficult, and in most cases an impossible task, to do anything more than exert a very superficial influence over the majority ; while many

a safe and slow man will lag behind, and many a lame man will stumble unregarded. Meanwhile the professor, instead of pushing forward with the regularly trained students on the keen scent of philosophical investigation, (which is his proper business,) feels his powers distracted, and his talents wasted in the fretful attempt to keep together an army of stragglers too undisciplined for his high captainship, and too numerous for individual control. Thus, with a lumbering attempt to do everything at the smallest possible expense of teaching power, nothing is done as it ought to be done. But let there be a liberal appointment of academical workmen, and a wise distribution of academical work, and forthwith all this bungling will cease. Hitherto, it is but too plain, that we mismanage our Universities, as the lives of the lieges are imperilled on the railways by the fatal economy of having too few men to watch the stations, or too little steam to impel the train.

The remarks we have just made, the intelligent reader will perceive, go a great way to settle the question which has been lately mooted, how far it is desirable to introduce the English system of tutorship into the Scotch Universities. The great necessity for some measure of this kind arises, doubtless, from the practical inadequacy of *one* professorial teacher to meet the intellectual wants of some one or two, or even three hundred, young men, of every possible variety of capacity and preparation. This difficulty our proposal of a double professorship, say one with the gross emolument of £500, and the other £800, in a great measure meets; and in so far as this arrangement might not be altogether sufficient, we have no objection to the attachment of a few tutorships or working fellowships to each class, to do such subordinate work as might be convenient under the direction of the professor; but a formal separation of the offices of tutor and professor, according to the English fashion, would be altogether out of place in Scotland, where, as we have seen, it has been the constant practice of Dr. Chalmers, and others of our most eminent men, to teach by the catechetical method, as well as by that of prelections. In such matters, however, there should be no compulsion; for "some professors," to use the words of the truly great man just named, "might be most valuable as lecturers, and yet may not have a talent for that sort of extemporaneous treatment of the students, that coming to close encounter with the juvenile mind, which the examination system requires." One thing only is perfectly plain, that wherever the number of students in a class is so great, and the number of classes superintended by a professor so many, that he is practically prevented from coming over his men individually, so as to keep them in active training, then either a breaking up

of the professorship into two or three, or the appointment of a tutorship, or in certain circumstances both, will be indispensable.

The fourth thing necessary to put the Scotch Universities on a respectable footing is to increase the very small salaries of the existing professors, especially of those who are most scantily endowed, so as to place the educational profession altogether upon an equality with the most favoured of the learned professions. There is no mystery in the low state of all the highest branches of learning in Scotland. Dahlias do not grow in the open moor, with the purple heather, nor in the poor man's garden, like the green cabbage, but require a special nurture and training from the accomplished seedsman ; and so it is also with the best kinds of learning and scholarship, properly academic. "*Honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad studia gloria, jucentque ea semper quae apud quosque improbantur,*" says Cicero, in a familiar passage. Arts never prosper where they are not honoured, and academic studies must pine and wither in a country where they encounter general neglect and lead to certain starvation. If any person feel moved to express astonishment that in a religious and theological country, like Scotland, Hebrew, Arabic, and other Oriental languages, the source of all sound Biblical criticism, are so generally neglected, let him be informed that there is only one professor of all these languages (including Persian, Sanscrit, and Hindostanee !) in the metropolitan University of Edinburgh, and the whole emoluments that this learned individual derives from his office, salary and fees included, are £250 annually!! This is only a fair specimen of the sort of treatment which all scholarship of a high order must expect to meet with in Scotland. There is no want of talent, of perseverance, or of ambition among our young men ; but a man of talent cannot afford to work where poverty stares him in the face ; a man of the most iron perseverance must flinch when a wife and family are crying out for bread. A young man of talent and ambition, with literary sympathies or scientific capacities, in Scotland, will infallibly point to the bar, or throw himself into the wide sea of periodical writing, but he will never dream of a professorship, much less of a head-mastership in a burgh-school. At the bar the chances are many that a young man, with nothing but a strong head, an unimpeded tongue, and invincible perseverance, may, after a few years of subordinate toil, mount up to the highest seats of judicial dignity and honour ; at all events, with fair talents and an average amount of tact, the way to a sheriffship is sufficiently open ; or he may pick up one of those hundred-and-one snug little places, with moderate work and very respectable pay, which

belong peculiarly to the profession of the law. But a young scholar, with academic tendencies, and academic ambition, after he has worked his way to the empty honour of an A.M., by years of quiet privation, finds, when he lifts his eyes up, that he looks out on a waste howling wilderness, where no track of a social foot is visible, and no curl of hospitable smoke is rising. The highest scholarly education that the most accomplished Scotch professor can help an indefatigable Scotch student to acquire, can lead only to £200 or £300 a year in some burgh-school, with the slavish drudgery of elementary teaching for life, unless the extraordinary accident of a professorship should be thrown in his way to turn that £200 into £400 or £500. This is a state of things manifestly, in which learning never can prosper; the schoolmaster ought to find a satisfactory field of gentlemanly ambition within the bounds of his own profession, as he often does in England; and the professorships ought to be an object of ambition, not only to half-starved and over-worked teachers and low beneficed clergymen who can read Cicero, but to the most fresh and vigorous young minds in the country. That they are so at present, no man who knows the truth, and who cares to speak it will assert: and in fact they never can be so, till the army of public instructors, both in school and college, be treated by the public with something of that liberality which is the natural due of men belonging to the most highly educated professions. It would be difficult to show why a sound scholar and a great instructor should be held in less estimation by a wise nation than a thorough lawyer and a just judge.

These observations of course apply also not merely to the present professors, but to those additional representatives of now neglected branches of science and literature that must be added to the existing academical staff. With regard to these we have nothing further to say, except that unless they be handsomely endowed, they had better not be created at all; for if they do not possess such attractions in the way of learned leisure and social dignity, as to draw into their circle that large amount of first-rate talent, now scattered loosely through the literary world, they are sure to be jobbed into the hands of inferior men for whom the smallest salary is too much. These new changes, we must add also, ought to be created with a large view both to the patronage, of which literary and scientific men in Scotland stand so sadly in need, and to the intellectual wants of society at large in the present age of widely diffused knowledge and quick-eared inquiry. Whether certain professorships would secure a large audience of the common order of routine students, is a question altogether beneath the mark. The extension of the academical staff here proposed, aims at the creation of an

entirely new order of students, by a class of professors at the farthest possible remove from schoolmasters, who can afford to be altogether independent of the fees of those mercenary recruits of science who read books only that they may eat bread.

But it is not the professorial chairs alone, however much extended and however well appointed, that will serve as a sufficient spur to the studious youth of Scotland. To the great majority even of the more ambitious, the prospect of a professorship will be too distant and too uncertain to act as an immediate incentive to erudite energy. Something more immediate and more directly within the grasp of a young man of nineteen years of age must be held forth; otherwise vulgar powers will rule, and the gravitating force of an empty stomach will bring the young fledgling to the ground. The students must have leisure to study; and this can only be afforded by the institution of Fellowships. The small bursaries at present existing in the Scotch Universities, and which are specially abundant in the north, are utterly ineffective to produce those results of a truly academic scholarship, which Universities exist for the purpose of achieving. They are given to boys at the entrance of their academical course, and are withdrawn as soon as the fourth year of the curriculum has been completed. They have proved extremely useful in enabling the sons of poor men and ill-beneficed clergymen to attain the elements of a liberal education free of expense; but the important object of providing first-class graduates with a few years' leisure, in order to perfect themselves in their favourite branches of science, at that age when real manly study, as distinguished from boyish inculcation, properly commences, seems never to have been within their view. We therefore propose that one or two Fellowships, worth not more than £100 a year, should be attached to all the principal classes in the Universities, to be held for three years. Such a provision, whether made by the State or by the wisdom of benevolent testators, would, in a very few years, work a marvellous change in the character and stature of our Scotch students. Instead of being driven, as now, by half-yearly fits from one subject to another, in such a fashion as to be unable to make decided progress in any, they would then be put in a condition to erect upon a broad and ample foundation of general knowledge, a firm and well compacted edifice of special attainment, such as is now nowhere found. These Fellowships, also, besides the necessary leisure to the student, might be made to furnish the professors with that assistance in the minor details of their tutorial work, which they must at present either provide for themselves secretly, at their own expense, or dispense with altogether.

In the next place, so soon as any attempt shall be made to place the Universities on a more respectable footing, something must be done to give a proper value and dignity to the academical degrees. Our present limits forbid us to enter into the details of this matter. Suffice it to state, that, till the recent regulation of the Faculty of Advocates, there was actually no learned body in Scotland that held out any inducement to a Scotch student to take an academical degree. This distinction, therefore, is now, except by a sort of salutary custom in Aberdeen, taken only by a very small minority of the whole students—an irregularity which cannot fail to have the worst effects upon the attainments of the mass of the academical population, as well as on the discipline of the classes. If the Universities would have the good sense to agree to some general scheme of University degrees, for the whole of Scotland, we think that the various churches might easily be induced to make the possession of an academical degree an indispensable qualification for all students enrolling their names in the books of the Theological Faculty. A general Medical Reform Bill, also, will easily be followed by some regulation of the same kind, now so much wanted, in reference to students of medicine; and, with such co-operation, it will be the fault of the Universities themselves, if all their degrees do not then stand as high with the educated public, as they are now, for the most part, disregarded and ignored.

Another point of no small practical importance in the teaching machinery of the universities remains to be noticed. At present there is no such thing known within the academical walls as the principle of free competition. Each professor has exclusive command of his chair and his subject, with which no other professor can interfere; and the student who will not be taught by the appointed teacher, must even remain untaught, or remove to another university, which for various reasons may be inconvenient. The consequence is, that however dull the routine may be into which a somnolent professor may fall, he does not find the number of his students or of his fees, sensibly diminished; while, on the other hand, whatever enthusiasm an enterprising lecturer may put forth, he will in many cases utterly fail to attract a single additional hearer into his hall. For, in the Scotch universities, except in a few more active departments, or on the impulse of an extraordinary genius, such as Dr. Chalmers, a merely territorial principle seems to prevail. The students living within a certain district, are as certainly doomed to the training of certain professors, however stupid, as the fish in a certain pool necessarily pass into the cunningly thrown net of the nearest fisherman. Now this sleepy and mechanical system



would be at once put an end to by giving to two, three, or more professors in a certain faculty, the general right to lecture on any subject within the range of that faculty. Instead, for instance, of two classical professors, according to the present niggardly equipment, one specially confined to Greek and the other to Latin, a university with a free pulsation of vigorous blood, would have four or half-a-dozen classical professorships, leaving each professor free to walk over the whole domain of Greek or Roman literature, and to choose that region of it best suited to his humor and capacity. Upon this system, while the necessity of presenting attractions to students, would force each professor to bring things out of his treasury, both new and old, and thus exhaust by degrees the whole teachable material of his province, the student would not be compelled to hear a dull lecture on Homer, from the Hellenist, when the Latinist on the other side of the quadrangle was in the most lively and brilliant manner expounding Plato. In the matter of education, surely students have rights as well as professors; and if by the fault of a jobbing or careless patron, a learned but lifeless and ineffective man be put into the chair of a lecture-room, where, if the audience be not specially stimulated into attention, they had much better stay at home and read a good book—in such a case is a good student to have no redress? Shall there be only one man in all Edinburgh worthy to be heard on that subject, and that man worse than nobody? This is a point which has hitherto been left altogether out of view. To a very small extent, indeed, in the Medical School, *extra-mural* competition has been allowed by the Town Council of Edinburgh, who are a body endowed, by special decision of the House of Lords, with the highest powers in reference to the academical curriculum of the metropolis. But what we call for is, a free *intra-mural* competition on a large scale, and that not only among the professors, strictly so called, but also among the graduates, in whose favour we propose to revive the old right of public teaching, which was one of the privileges originally attaching to the doctorate. In the German universities this old privilege is still recognised; and the graduates who, within the walls of the university, exercise the right of public lecturing along-side of the professor, are called by the peculiar title of *privatum Docentes*. To this right of lecturing they are admitted on special petition, and after shewing, by scholarly performances of the very highest order, that they are men into whose hands the University may safely commit the work of public education. We know no change which would act more beneficially than this on the close, dull, confined system of professorial monopoly at present universal in Scotland. Young men of talent, who have now no field in which

to display their academic capacities, would be advantageously brought forward; indifferent and self-satisfied professors would be forced to keep always advancing with the most recent advances of their particular science, lest, in spite of their superior title and position, they should be pushed aside by the ambitious enterprise of their youthful competitors.

Of course, this system supposes that the professor should have some sort of a salary to fall back on, in case the *privatim docens* should succeed in attracting to his pocket all the fees. A result of this kind, however, as the experience of the German universities shews, would rarely take place; for under the operation of so healthy and bracing a law, the race of careless, indifferent, and dull professors would altogether cease, and a professor of thirty years' standing would often display more freshness, vigour, and variety in his prelections than one of three years does now.\*

Such are the measures suggested by the circumstances, and conceived in a purely practical spirit, which are necessary to raise the Scotch Universities from that level of puerility and mediocrity into which they have been allowed to sink. Directly calculated as these remedies are to meet the existing evils, we know of no objections which can be made to them except one—they will cost money. Unquestionably every thing that is done in the world costs money; and things that are well done cost more money than things that are ill done. No man expects railroads to start out of the ground, or cypress trees to grow on Arthur Seat where they are not native and where they have not been planted. If the Scotch wish to have good universities, they must pay for them, just as they pay for street lamps and for water-pipes. At present, certainly no man can allege that

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\* Since writing the above, we have received a paper issued by the Association of Graduates of the University of Edinburgh, containing a statement of certain rights and claims, for the attainment of which the Association has been formed. Without going into the details of this matter, the proposal made in the text, and the general tone of our whole remarks, will, we hope, make it sufficiently evident how warmly we sympathize with every movement, the tendency of which is to make the Scottish Universities less exclusively professorial, and more popular than they have hitherto been. It is the interest of the professors themselves to keep as large a body of the educated population in as close connexion with the Universities as may be; and that this is not done by the present state of perfect abeyance into which the rights of the graduates have fallen, is plain. There is no real friend of the Scottish Universities that can be unfavourable to any such changes in the constitution of these bodies, as will cause their influence to be felt more extensively beyond the narrow sphere of a juvenile scholastic routine. Changes of this nature were contemplated in certain recent schemes for effecting a union between the two Universities in Aberdeen; but we are sorry to say, that all projects for the attainment of so desirable an object seem likely to be frustrated by the prevalence of those narrow views which are always ready to sacrifice large national interests to petty local advantages.

the public exchequer or the private purse of the lieges is called upon to make any very remarkable sacrifices for the support of national learning in the universities. Glasgow is the only one of these institutions which from old foundation property, possesses anything like a respectable endowment. Money, therefore, as the outward symbol of external encouragement and support, is almost the one thing needful for the reform of the Scottish Universities at present. When a child has been dwindling away under a long process of slow and systematic starvation, there is no need of calling in a learned physician with stethoscope and other apparatus to make a curious diagnosis of its condition; you must feed and clothe the unfortunate, that is all. A very simple case this of the Scottish Universities, if people would only approach it; very different, and much more easy certainly, than that of Oxford and Cambridge, which is a case of plethora, hypertrophy, and general cachexy, of a very complex and obstinate character. The Scotch people, therefore, who are proud of their national institutions, if they can be brought to look on this matter without the mist of vain self-delusion, have here a glorious opportunity of doing justice to Scotland. They have a cause to plead which they are sure to gain, if it is not marred by want of earnestness and energy in the pleader. Time waits to see whether the aspirations of those who aim at what is best, or the apathy of those who are content with what is common, shall prevail.

ART. III.—JOANNIS SCOTI *Opera quæ supersunt omnia, ad fidem Italicorum, Germanicorum, Belgicorum, Franco-Gallicorum, Britannicorum Codicum, partim primus dedit, partim recognovit* HENRICUS JOSEPHUS FLOSS, S.S. Theol. et Phil. Dr., etc. Paris, 1853.

THE industry and erudition of Dr. Floss have facilitated our researches into the character of a remote, obscure, and long neglected province in the history of speculation and speculative theology. His recent publication has the merit of supplying a collection of nearly all the extant works of John Scotus Erigena, —several of them being thus brought within our reach for the first time; and we are in justice bound to add, that the important task of superintending this edition has fallen into practised and pains-taking, if not always sympathetic, hands. Some ultramontane critics are scandalized on finding that an author, whose chief production has been long pilloried in the Roman Index, is to have a place in Migne's *Patrologia Cursus Completus*, one of them asking contemptuously, "Is Saul among the prophets?" For our own part we cannot but congratulate both publisher and editor upon the freedom which, as Roman Catholics, they manifest in putting forth the present work, and still more upon the valuable service thereby rendered to theology, philosophy, and general literature.

Indeed it is impossible to single out a writer of the Carolingian period, or of almost any period in the Middle Ages, who, in proportion to the interest which his works continue to command, has been so strangely misrepresented, and so seldom understood. On the revival of letters in the fifteenth century, controversialists of every hue, Romanising, Platonising, and Reforming, claimed John Scotus for their own. There was the charm of mystery about him; he lived in a secluded corner by himself; he was not easily accessible, and when approached was hard to master. Unlike his namesake, John Duns Scotus, he had left behind him no train of followers, who rejoiced to simplify his disquisitions, to write his life, or to collect his literary relics. All that men knew of him was accordingly for a long while derived from loose and garbled extracts, or from cursory notices of chroniclers who moved in such a different world, that even had they heard his lectures or perused his treatises, they would for the most part have been dazzled rather than enlightened, and more bewildered than informed. It is true that the publication in the seventeenth century, of two extensive works of his, the first under the editorship of Maignan, and the second of Thomas

Gale, ought to have dissipated much of the uncertainty connected with him ; but notwithstanding this, we constantly encounter learned notes and essays advocating the most incompatible views of Scotus and his tendencies, at one time representing him as a mirror of orthodoxy, at a second as some mediæval compound of Plotinus and Spinoza, at a third as a "reformer before the Reformation," at a fourth as a latent member of the Greek communion, possibly in league with Photius and the worthless Cæsar Bardas ; while, to crown the paradox, a noted professor of divinity at Louvain identified him with a western saint immortalized in the Roman martyrology.

And although the time has come at length, when persons of ordinary intelligence are able to determine pretty accurately what Germans call the "*richtung*" of this many-sided author, it must be acknowledged that the more familiar our acquaintance with his writings, the more easily we understand why he perplexed our distant forefathers. He was, considering when and where he lived, a riddle and a prodigy. All ages, doubtless, will give birth to such ; but their abnormal shape and aspect, the titanic power or the grotesque proportions rise most clearly into view, and form the sharpest contrasts, when the crowd about them is all grovelling, tame, or commonplace. What Gerbert was among the brotherhood of Aurillac, when he returned from Cordova enriched with metaphysical and scientific spoils, which he had taken from the Moors ; what Roger Bacon was among the narrow-minded friars of Oxford, when he pointed to the triumphs of his laboratory, and pushed his principle of free inquiry into almost every sphere of human thought, the same must Scotus have appeared to the great mass of his contemporaries. He astonished them not only by the novelties which he propounded, but by the diversity of his endowments and the feverish independence of his mind ; while in the power of springing far beyond the age in which he lived, and of anticipating the conclusions of far later times, he stands without an equal in the Mediæval period. Of his health, strength, or physical conformation we know next to nothing ; a few gleams of light are thrown upon the last point only by a ludicrous anecdote preserved in Roger de Hoveden.\* It makes him quite a pigmy, extremely short and slender ("*perexilis*"),—a mere minnow among sharks, when brought into comparison with tall and corpulent ecclesiastics. But however fragile or diminutive the earthly tenement, the tenant was an intellectual giant. In Scotus we find a layman (for such in all probability he was) outshining the most brilliant clerics, and directing an important literary institution ; a

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\* *Annales*, p. 419, Francof. 1601.

"barbarian" (so his only eulogist expresses it) emerging "from the ends of the earth," to move with freedom in the foremost court of Europe; a devoted student of profane learning in the age when classics had been generally thrown upon the shelf, exhibiting a fair knowledge both of pagan and patristic Greek, translating largely from that language, and even perpetrating Greek hexameters; a philosopher, bewildering his audience and himself with subtle speculations, some of which are strikingly akin to dogmas of the Sankhyan school of India, others to the dreams of modern pantheists in Germany; a schoolman, handling the edged weapons of the dialectician with no common dexterity, and that two centuries before scholasticism (according to the current view) was cradled in the Norman monastery of Bec; a biblical critic, venturing to disparage the claims of tradition in a period when tradition was almost everything, resorting to the original Scriptures, and impugning the infallibility of the Latin Vulgate, after it received the imprimatur of Pope Gregory the Great; a polemical divine, betraying on most subjects a strong leaning to the eastern as distinguished from the western modes of thought, accused on one side of Origenism, and on another of Pelagianism, and while denouncing tenets commonly associated with the name of Calvin, anticipating the conclusions of a second Swiss reformer, Zwingli, on the subject of the Eucharist; and lastly, the father, or at least an early representative, of that spirit-searching mysticism, which, in spite of all its aberrations and extravagancies, was, when filtered, a powerful medium for exploding the exhausted subtleties of the schools, and aiding in the purification of Latin Christendom.

On all these several accounts, it is desirable to bring together what can now be ascertained respecting the circumstances, spirit, and teaching of John Scotus. Whence came he? What were the initial impulses that moved him to accumulate his store of learning? What had predisposed him to adopt the Eastern side of theological discussions? To what sources and what channels may we trace his speculative opinions? What were the salient points in his general system of belief?

Unfortunately, in the case of Scotus, all the earlier pages of his biography are blank. When he comes upon the stage of history, he has the bearing and reputation of a full-grown scholar. For a period of about eighteen years, we track him with difficulty, either by the light of his own writings or the clouds of dust which controversy stirred about his path. The remainder of his life, how long or short we cannot say, is wrapt in darkness. That he was by race a Scot, is obvious from his name; yet as the "Scoti" then existed not only in "Scotia" or Ireland, their native settlement, but also in the north of Scotland, and upon the bor-

ders of Wales, the country of his birth is so far rendered doubtful. The most probable view is that which has been commonly received. Prudentius of Troyes, who says expressly that he once "knew Scotus well and liked him much," alludes ironically, after they had quarrelled, to his Hibernian origin. While Scotus, therefore, indicates his race, the epithet *Erigena*, which is not found appended till a comparatively recent date, preserves the old tradition respecting the country of his birth: and thus John Scotus is no Scotchman but a genuine child of Erin.

Reckoning backwards from the period when he grew distinguished as a scholar and philosopher, we should say that he can hardly have been born later than the first decennium of the ninth century, probably about 805. It must be remembered that Ireland, as times went, was then a highly intellectual country; it was enjoying the last rays of an illumination which extended in the same degree to no other part of Europe. From the middle of the sixth century to the close of the eighth,—an interval during which the oscillations of the human understanding reached their very lowest point, that island, whose whole history abounds in mental and moral paradoxes, was studded over with conventual schools, in which the learning of the Western world had taken refuge.

As Ireland rose in intellectual culture, many of her scholars had betrayed the ordinary, if not natural signs and symptoms of that progress. They became more curious, speculative and scholastic. Satisfied no longer with hereditary statements of their creed, they sought to ascertain the grounds on which it rested: they investigated the possibility of an alliance between faith and logic, revelation and philosophy. A passage has been pointed out in a letter of Benedict of Aniane, the reformer of the Frankish monasteries in the time of Louis-le-Débonnaire, in which it is affirmed that dialectics were then cultivated with especial eagerness among the Irish ("maxime apud Scotos,") and by them applied to the investigation of the most mysterious doctrines, including that of the holy Trinity. And, if we mistake not, other traces of this tendency exist in contemporary documents. When Boniface, the ardent Anglo-Saxon missionary, was engaged in evangelizing the Germanic nations, he had to encounter numerous priests, and even prelates, who had set themselves in absolute antagonism to "the tradition of the Roman see." They formed a Protestant, or anti-Roman, party in Thuringia, in Bavaria, in Alemannia, and other regions which he traversed. Some of them are called "British adventurers" by Gregory III. in a manifesto\* he despatched to certain bishops

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\* Bonifacii Opp. l. 96. Ed. Giles.

of those parts; but on considering the unmigratory habits of the Welsh in the eighth century, we are justified in suspecting that the Papal ethnography was here at fault, particularly when it is remembered that the adversaries of Boniface who have been mentioned by name were all of them Irishmen, or had at least been educated in Irish schools. Most happens to be known of one Bishop Clement, who, upon the motion of his Anglo-Saxon rival, was excommunicated by a Roman synod in 745. The charges brought against him indicate the very speculative tendencies of these later scholars. Clement appears to have imbibed a considerable knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, but withal evinced on many questions a most rationalistic latitude of thought. "He spurned the writings of the Fathers," one count of the indictment\* runs, "and made light of every synodal decision." He was also taxed with holding many "horrible" opinions on predestination, and even with contending that Christ, by the descent to *hades*, had delivered all persons there detained, without the least regard to moral pre-conditions or the nature of their creed,—a germ, as it appears to us, of what was afterwards propounded with so much boldness and consistency in more than one treatise of Erigena.

We can, therefore, hardly question that the mental atmosphere in which our author had received his elementary training was calculated to foster his predispositions on the side of philosophical theology. The scene of that training we are unable even to conjecture. It was most likely, judging from the usage of the period, some religious house,—although there is no trustworthy evidence which leads us to conclude that Scotus was himself a monk, and still less that he was meant to be a candidate for holy orders. Nor is this any matter for surprise. We find the greatest luminary of the former age, our English Alcuin, giving utterance to his joy when he observed that sacred studies were beginning to flourish again, not only among the clerics but the pious laymen of his day. And such was probably the case in Ireland more than other countries. This, at least, is well established, that John Scotus was imbued with love and reverence for the Scriptures in early life, and that the form in which he apprehended their meaning was determined very much by his preference of Greek literature, especially of one single writer, known as Dionysius the Areopagite, and supposed to be identical with a Christian convert mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

It is true that other means have been suggested to account for these Hellenizing tendencies. Roger Bacon, for example,

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\* Bonifacii Epist. lvii.



is thought to have preserved\* a passage of Scotus, in which he declares that he had visited the haunts of the old philosophers, and sought out all persons likely to give him information respecting their works. But even were the genuineness of this extract unimpeachable, it would hardly, if we bear in mind the figurative style then fashionable, prove more than the entire devotion of Erigena to philosophic studies. In one of the Latin poems† attributed to him, he speaks in like manner of his "Attic weapons," and pours out in honour of his patron what is termed

Hanc libam, sacro Græcorum nectare fartam :

but none of these allusions are conclusive in favour of a late tradition, which gives out that he went to school at Athens—long after Athens had lost every trace of its former intellectual greatness. And, indeed, his Greek scholarship renders the account of his Athenian education still more improbable. He composes and translates with all the want of ease and naturalness which characterizes English or Irish school-boys at the present day, when they are learning to handle a dead language.

The date of the landing of Scotus in France, where he is said to have gone to seek protection during the disastrous inroads of the Danish and Norwegian pirates, was probably 845. If he emigrated for refuge from the troubles of the times he was disappointed, as on the Easter Eve of that very year the Danish vikings fought their way to Paris. The king of Northern France, or Neustria, was then Charles-le-Chauve, the grandson of Charlemagne, himself a scholar, and, indeed, the last of the Carolingians who inherited the princely love of letters. Already in his twenty-second year, he was remarkable not only for his amiability and personal accomplishments, but also for his lofty intellectual forehead, and the pleasure which he found in the society of disputants and other highly cultivated men. A learned stranger would be therefore likely to receive a cordial welcome from the literati who were clustering round the brightest spot of Western Christendom, and more especially from Charles-le-Chauve,‡ and from his gentle consort Ermentruda.§

\* In Wood's *Hist. Univers. Oxon.* i. 15. Ed. 1674.

† Not, however, contained in Floss's edition. See Wright's *Biograph. Britan. Liter.*, i. 421.

‡ The very familiar terms on which he lived with the king, whom he sometimes called "meus Carolus," are illustrated by a well-known anecdote, also preserved in Roger de Hoveden. When Charles, sitting on the opposite side of the table, once asked him in jest, "How far is it from Scotus to sotus, from a Scot to a fool?" the philosopher assumed the part of an uncourtly *bel-esprit*, and answered, "Only a table's breadth."

§ To her Scotus addressed an eulogistic poem. (Floss, col. 1227.)

The same year in which Scotus seems to have crossed over into Neustria, had witnessed the elevation of Hincmar to the archiepiscopal throne of Rheims, the mother-city of the district. Hincmar was then thirty-nine years of age, a famous preacher, the spiritual director of the court, and the constant guest of Charles. With him, therefore, Scotus would have frequent opportunities of intercourse; and, as M. Guizot observes in his well-known *Lectures*, the two prevailing modes of thought, the traditional and philosophical, the practical and speculative, would thus stand confronted in their ablest representatives. On one side was the zealous, haughty, politic, and temporizing prelate, living in and for the world of facts, a very Roman in the art of government, a scholar, too, and no contemptible logician, but exhibiting at every turn the flexibility of mind, the sharp and penetrating common sense, which goes so far to constitute the thriving politician and the practicable man of business.\* On the other side we recognise the child and devotee of ancient philosophy, the joyous, simple-hearted, unassuming man, but half fanatic theorist, a very Greek in speculation, and in "searching after wisdom," soaring high into the airy tracts of the ideal, till he often lost his way among the clouds. They both, indeed, were gifted theologians, according to the standard of their age: yet here again, if we inspect them narrowly, the contrast is emphatic and complete. The old traditionists, of whom Archbishop Hincmar may be taken as the type, received the verdict of the general councils with a ready acquiescence and unreasoning belief. Assured that certain principles were already found in Holy Scripture, and developed in the writings of the Latin doctors, more especially of St. Augustine, their great master, they tranquilly reposed on this assurance; or if controversy ever chanced to break their slumber, were content with drawing inferences, according to the special nature of the case, from the established authorities, and so crushing all new-fangled notions in the bud. Scotus, on the other hand, approached religious questions from a different side, and in a very different spirit. He read the Bible, which he prized above all ordinary books, and St. Augustine, whom he honoured as the greatest of the Latin Fathers; but, half-unconsciously to himself, religion in his system was subordinated to rational intuition and a transcendental philosophy, of which he thought it was no more than the earthly adaptation; and as for authority of any kind, he held that in

\* It is curious to observe how Scotus himself speaks of Hincmar towards the close of his life, (Flores, col. 1239:)

Λαμπρότατος κήρυξ στίλβων κηρύγματος ἄκρου  
 Ἰγμάρης ζήτω φρόνιμος καὶ ἀξιόγματος  
 Ρήματος ὁσπτα Θεοῦ ζῶντος τοῦ στίματος Ἰχθυον.

every class of questions it must bow to paramount demands of reason, on which only it can ever be legitimately based.\*

The arena where the influence of Scotus as a teacher and a disputant was peculiarly felt was the famous School of the Palace. Animated by the zeal of Charlemagne, and directed by a president like Alcuin, and a secretary like Angilbert, that institution had speedily grown up into a kind of public school, or rather model training-college for the Carlovingian empire.

"The two kinds of erudition," as the Council of Savonnières expressed it in 859, "the Divine and human," were now generally cultivated, and from the well-known predilections of the sovereign, we feel quite justified in saying, that literature, and more especially the old philosophy, engaged the interest of the Gallo-Frankish students in a measure which had no parallel in former times. How much of this superiority is due to John Scotus Erigena, we gather from the circumstance, that he was long the head and heart of the palatial institution. It would be interesting, could we ascertain the authors then embraced in the academical curriculum. But, unfortunately, a treatise of his own, containing his exposition of a work on the seven liberal arts by an African writer of the fifth century, Marciianus Capella, is not comprised in the edition of Dr. Floss; nor is a copy of it now accessible to English scholars.† Alcuin, it is true, who had preceded him in the School of the Palace, left us an account of his own well-stocked library, and thus supplied the means of judging what was commonly regarded as the standard authors of the day. But it is almost certain that Scotus, while retaining very many of these works, had made considerable additions to the list. The Areopagite, Maximus, Origen, Basil, and the Gregories, were his greatest favourites (always excepting the inspired penmen). To them he joined a good assortment of Latin writers, embracing Cicero, Virgil, Pliny, and Boethius; while among the Greek classics he numbered both Plato and Aristotle; the former being, in his view, "the greatest philosopher in the world,"‡ the latter "the most acute among the Greeks as an investigator of differences in natural things."§

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\* See, for instance, the remarkable passage in the *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. i. 369.

† The learned Benedictine, Dom Pitre, has the unique MS. in his possession, and promises to give us an extract from it in the second volume of his *Spicilegium Solesmense*. In the mean time, some idea of the way in which Scotus would handle such topics may be gathered from the *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. ii. sec. 27; lib. v. 34.

‡ *De Divisione Naturæ*, i. 31, where he adds a quotation from the *Timæus*.

§ *Ibid.*, i. 14. Cousin is of opinion that portions of Aristotle were read in the West at this period, only through the Latin version of Boethius; but all we know of Scotus tends to throw a doubt on this hypothesis.

Scotus seems to have been already president of this thriving institution when the fame of St. Dionysius, far extended by the recent eulogies of abbot Hilduin, had produced a stronger wish to be acquainted with his writings. They existed, we are told, in the library of the palace, and nothing, therefore, was more natural than to call upon a great admirer\* of the Areopagite for a literal translation of them. Scotus gladly undertook the task. In dedicating the first-fruits of his labour, his version of the *Celestial Hierarchy*, to Charles, "the most glorious of catholic kings," he praises the love of inquiry manifested by his royal patron, and especially rejoices that, "for increased edification in the catholic faith," he was desirous of forming an acquaintance with the Greek Fathers, as well as with the Latin. It is now universally admitted that the works here mentioned are spurious and not older than the fifth century: but Scotus must not therefore be charged with giving his deliberate sanction to a fraud. He was himself deceived like his neighbours. The works had long passed current in the Eastern Church: they were esteemed highly by one whom East and West united in revering,—by Maximus the Confessor, who had died an exile in the Caucasus, for fighting at the side of Pope Martin I. in the Monothelite controversy. On their own account, perhaps, we should not recommend a perusal of these Pseudo-Dionysian writings, either in the original, or in the "verbum e verbo" translation of Scotus: but considered in reference to his philosophical speculations, they must always fill an important place. So very ardent was his admiration of them, that we find him writing a panegyric commentary on the *Hierarchia Celestis*, and glosses on the *Mystica Theologia*.

What, then, are the main characteristics of those Dionysian treatises? They consist of two different, and, as it appears on a sufficient analysis, of two diverse elements, one of which is due to Christianity and the second to Neo-Platonism. Now, to pass by other startling principles of their system, the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria were pantheists to a man. Instead of holding with the sacred writers that God is a Person, eternally and essentially distinct from matter and from all created being, they confounded the Maker and the made, the Governor and the governed; either, in those cases where a tendency to speculative deism predominated, reducing God to a kind of neuter abstract, an impersonal It, or, where the mystical tendency was stronger, *transubstantiating* the whole universe into God (making Him the essence, it the accidents.) They also held—indeed the one

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\* Cf. his Greek verses addressed "Ad Carolum Calvum de Dionysio Areopagita." (Floss, col. 1240.)

opinion runs into the other—that as God is the only true Being, from which all other being emanates, our individual life is neither real nor permanent, but only transitory and phenomenal, and therefore will eventually be reabsorbed into its parent source and reunited to the great essential Spirit. We need not say that Christianity differs *toto cælo* from this view: nor do we charge Erigena with yielding to it in its nude and simple form. The Areopagite his master, and Maximus his fellow-disciple, had already sought to occupy an intermediate place. They still, indeed, affirmed that God alone truly exists, and consequently that the existence of created things, so far as it is real, is theirs only “in virtue of what remains in them of divinity:” but several of the pantheistic consequences, logically derivable from this premiss, were so traversed by Christian principles and spiritual agencies that Scotus never lost his faith entirely, either in the personality of God or in the supernatural teaching of the Bible. His standing-ground was probably a consciousness that whatever may be our absolute and ultimate relations to the Divine Being, Christianity, as then developed in the Church, was well adapted to enlighten, raise, and educate the human family,—so long as they were gifted with no higher powers and continued in the present phase of their existence.

But we must give some account of the theological discussions in which Scotus was engaged, since these enable us to measure him more accurately. Amid the intellectual fermentation that had been excited by the Carlovingian movement, we observe the reawakening of religious controversies. The insoluble problem, which aspires to bring the truth of God’s foreknowledge into harmony with the parallel fact of human freedom, has been generally attempted with peculiar eagerness in the midst of such ecclesiastical agitation. It occupied the master-spirit of Augustine when he wrestled year by year with Manes and Pelagius: the Schoolmen took it as a frequent thesis for their dialectic tournaments, and often brooded anxiously over it in their closets: it was vehemently discussed by martyrs of the Reformation-period, while the stake at which upon the morrow they were going to be sacrificed was hewn for their reception. A revival of the same interminable controversy in the time of Scotus was due to a Frankish monk, named Gottskalk,\* formerly attached to Fulda, but then to Orbais, in the diocese of Soissons, and therefore under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Hincmar. While returning from a Transalpine tour, or, in the language of 847,

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\* We prefer this orthography to many others in use, on the ground that it preserves the ancient form of the word (Gott-skalk=God’s servant.)

"a pilgrimage to Italy," Gottskalk had disclosed his views to Notting, bishop of Verona. He there advocated the most rigorous theory of predestination, stating it in such a way as to impair and even to abolish the doctrine of moral responsibility, by questioning the voluntariness of sin, and by ascribing its direct causality to God. Notting, startled by this novelty, reported the conversation to Rabanus Maurus, once the superior of Gottskalk at Fulda, but now archbishop of Mayence. Rabanus lost no time, according to the usage of the period, in bringing the new "heresy" before a synod of his comp provincials, whom he called together at the metropolis. Thither Gottskalk also hastened, though not amenable to the censures of the prelates, and there he defended and explained his theory with unflinching sternness. He vehemently asserted that the benefits of the death of Christ were not, in the Divine counsels, ever meant to reach beyond a certain favoured class,—the class who are eventually saved, while all the remnant, or the non-elected, are of necessity and by a fiat of Almighty God consigned to irreversible perdition.

It is not our purpose to examine the merits or demerits of the controversialists who took the field on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that Gottskalk was condemned at Mayence (848,) and in the following year at Kiersey-sur-Oise; the synod of the latter place being called together by Hincmar, who was forced to move in the matter as the ecclesiastical superior of the accused. Gottskalk was then flogged, in virtue of a Benedictine rule, which the archbishop dexterously laid hold of, pleading that his victim was a troubler of the Church, and intermeddled with politics. The hapless monk was finally shut up in a conventual prison at Hautvilliers, where his censors hoped that the excitement he had caused would soon be buried with him. But in this they were bitterly disappointed. Several theologians, more or less embracing his opinions, now appeared in his behalf, among the rest Prudentius of Troyes and Ratramnus, whom we shall hereafter meet with in a different connexion. The archbishop of Rheims beheld the formidable combination with embarrassment approaching to dismay. He had perhaps at no time been a thorough master of polemical theology, or, at the best, the arguments he had picked up while he attended the lectures of Hilduin, at St. Denis, were somewhat rusty, through the lapse of time and his intense devotion to public business. He therefore turned in this emergency for help to what he deemed a citadel of scholarship and orthodoxy, the palatial school, or rather to Erigena, its able president,—calculating, it may be, that by enlisting him, he could make sure of the co-operation of his *alter ego*, Charles-le-Chauve. In this way, then, the Irish

philosophical theologian was ultimately dragged from his retirement, to be plunged into the angry vortex of polemics. Hitherto we may conclude that he enjoyed the reputation of being what was then thought "a safe man;" for otherwise, it is not likely that a clear-headed and eminently judicious prelate, such as Hincmar, would have run the risk of compromising himself or his party, by securing an equivocal auxiliary. Yet, on the other hand, we may at once detect in Scotus a suspicion, if not perfect consciousness, that the line of argument he was going to adopt diverged at numerous points from the received opinions. The famous treatise, *De Prædestinatione*,\* appeared in 851. It was dedicated to Hincmar and to Pardulus, bishop of Laon, whom the writer thus addresses, touching the general character of his production, "Whatsoever you esteem true, hold fast and ascribe it to the Catholic Church: whatsoever you esteem false, reject, while pardoning me upon the ground that I am human: whatsoever you esteem doubtful, believe [*i.e.* accept as probable,] until authority decide that it is either false or true or something that must always be treated as matter of belief" [*i.e.* of simple probability.] And well might he enter such a plea as this upon the threshold of the work; for, as the editor justly remarks in a monition to the reader, Scotus could not have embarked on a more perilous task than when he undertook to resolve an arduous and most obscure question of Theology by means of dialectic and philosophical arguments. Instead of handling it in the approved manner, citing in the foreground the authority of Holy Scripture and the witness of the Latin Fathers, he struck off at once into a devious pathway of his own, involving a discussion of first principles, both in religion and ethics. We must keep in view the main position he was striving to demolish. It consisted in the dogma, that the predestination of God is *twofold*, as well as absolute, extending to the wicked and the good, to the elect and reprobate, *in precisely the same unconditional and irreversible way*, constraining the one to eternal blessedness and the other to eternal misery. The line of the assailant or respondent was as follows. He maintained, while pouring acrimonious censures on the head of the unfortunate monk, that a twofold predestination is altogether inconsistent with right views of the Divine unity. It implies, according to Scotus, a contradiction in God, and is therefore irreconcilable with all we know of the simplicity of His essence. He then contends that the prescience of God and His predestination are identical, for that we can in fact attribute neither property to Him, except in lax and anthropo-

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\* First edited by Manguin in a collection of treatises on the Predestinarian controversy. Paris, 1650.

pathic phraseology : "before" and "after" being things of time, and consequently not predicable of One who by His nature is removed entirely from the sphere of all such limited relations. Next, however, Scotus falls into a train of thought, which many of his readers must have found more intelligible. He determines that as sin can never be produced by the direct causality of God, so neither can it be foreknown by Him. Sin, or moral evil, in his theory, is barely negative and privative : it has no existence for the Divine Being, (it is the  $\mu\eta\ \delta\upsilon\nu$  of the Neo-Platonist,) and on this account we cannot say, except with a figurative license, that God ever punishes sin. Strictly speaking, sin punishes itself—partly in the present life, completely in the future ; and it does this by estranging its unhappy subject from the contemplation of the highest good, and violating the laws and order of the universe. Hence it follows, that the place of torment which had been allotted to unhappy men and fallen angels, was no longer what the Church had represented ; it was in the system of Scotus transmuted into a fourth element of the world—a sort of universal purgatory where the saints were to be ultimately invested in new bodies of "ethereal" texture, and the rest with what he calls "aerial" bodies. The nature of both classes, as distinguished from their *wills*, must be restored (he argues) by this purgatorial process, because God must always continue to exhibit what He has himself created ; but wherever the antagonistic will remains, the subject of it is so far and so long incorrigible, an enemy of God, and therefore destined to torment himself indefinitely.

The reception which this work of Scotus met with in the middle of the ninth century, is worthy of notice. A host of theologians, who could not, or who would not, follow the erratic author while he haunted the impalpable region of metaphysics, were thunder-struck on feeling the force of his speculations when applied to morals and anthropology. The primate even, sensible of the mistakes which he had made, resolved in future to keep clear of "nauseous Irish broth or water-gruel" (*Scotorum pultes puritati fidei nauseam inferentes*), and betook himself for more salutary food to the neglected folios of his library. But, meanwhile, Scotus was not suffered to escape from the encounter on such easy terms as these. The other theologians, more opposed to him on the particular controversy, and, it may be owing to their distance, less restrained by deference for the northern court, indulged in the most noisy fulminations, and conspired to hunt him down. His old acquaintance, Prudentius of Troyes, was of the number, branding him as the reviver of the worst heresies, not only it is said of Pelagius, but also of Origen and the Collyriani. "I trembled," he adds, "and was horror-



stricken when I saw so many ancient errors, which had gone to rest as we were hoping with their parents, budding out afresh in our own times." He further asks, in language which appears to indicate that our author was no ecclesiastic: "Who can bear to listen while a barbarian like Scotus, distinguished by no church honours, is railing against (oblatrantem) Pope Gregory?" A fresh antagonist, the Deacon Florus of Lyons, next put forth a treatise entitled *Contra Joh. Scoti erroneas definitiones*, no more measured in its language. He allows, indeed, that Scotus had been held in admiration as a great scholastic and a learned man, but in the name of orthodoxy hastens to denounce him as an empty-headed ranter, and for setting up his own fantastic ravings instead of bowing with humility to the "Divine Scriptures and the authorities of the Fathers." The heaviest condemnation, however, is that which emanated from two Gallican councils, one held at Valence in 855, the other at Langres in 859. The treatise on *Predestination* is here characterised as "commentum diaboli potius quam argumentum aliquod fidei:" it is reprobated as a tissue of absurd quiddities and old wives' fables: the proud boast of those who looked upon it as a "master-piece of philosophy," is indignantly repelled, and even the perusal of it is universally interdicted. One single manuscript, preserved at Paris, testifies to the unsparing vigilance with which the mandate of those censors was enforced in the following period. Copies, it is true, of that and other works of Scotus found their way to Oxford, where he afterwards rose to high repute from his alleged connexion with the planting of the university under Ælfred the Great; but even there we have good reason to conclude, that he fared no better in the long-run.\*

This, however, was not the only controversy of his day in which Erigena was called to mingle. The general activity of mind that brought the subject of Predestination to the surface of the Gallo-Frankish church, compelled her rulers at a somewhat earlier date (for the chronology of these events is not without its difficulties,) to pronounce a judgment on the doctrine of the Lord's Supper. The question was now mooted by Paschasius Radbert. "He," says Cardinal Bellarmine, "was the first who wrote formally and at large (serio et copiose,) touching the truth of the Lord's body and blood in the Eucharist." A

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\* The confusion of his name and works with those of John Duns Scotus, would expose him to the cross-fire of the Royal Commissioners sent down by Henry VIII., whom we hear acknowledging that they felt a special satisfaction in cutting up the treatises of Duns, and in beholding them converted into "sawelles and blauncheres,"—a kind of scare-crows for frightening deer.

scholar and divine of some standing, Radbert was already theological lecturer in the famous Benedictine monastery of Corbey, where his class consisted of many able, ardent, and inquiring neophytes, one of whom we afterwards recognise in Anskar, "The Apostle of the North." To guide and satisfy these pupils, Radbert had composed a treatise on "the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ," as early as 831. In it he laboured to establish, that the elements are *physically* changed at consecration into the actual flesh and blood in which our Lord was crucified; these being, as the necessary consequence, objectively present to every communicant, and really partaken of by all, though not with saving benefit in cases where, owing to a lack of faith, the soul has forfeited its proper receptivity. In other words, Paschasius Radbert, by substituting a perpetual *miracle* in the place of that *mystery* which had been always associated with the presence in the Eucharist, reduced the doctrine far more easily within the apprehension of a sensuous and corporealizing age. In the year preceding the arrival of Scotus at the court of Neustria, (844,) a second and revised edition of this work had been presented by the author to Charles-le-Chauve, whose interest in such questions was already known to all his subjects. Actuated either by his own disapprobation of the views there advocated, or his wish to hear what could be urged upon the other side of a dispute which had excited no small stir among the Frankish theologians, Charles instructed two of his favourites to review the work of Radbert. These were, Ratramn, a brother-monk at Corbey, and John Scotus Erigena. Of Ratramn, nothing need be added here, except that he was destined to produce a very strong impression on our English theology, first by influencing the Anglo-Saxon worthy, Ælfric, who adopted his conclusions almost to the letter, and next by the important change he wrought in Bishop Ridley, under the name of Bertram.\* His production was then thrown into the Roman Index of 1559, although Mabillon and other Benedictines argue, for the credit of their order, that his eccentricities do not amount to actual heresy. The answer of the second champion, Scotus, if ever published, shared the fate of those unanswerable writings which were found distasteful to the book-consuming zealots of the Court of Rome.

The absence of a second treatise has indeed suggested the hypothesis, that only one was written, either by Scotus or by Ratramn, posterity ascribing it through some confusion of their names to each of these scholars in his turn. Now, with regard to one branch of this supposition, it appears to us incredible that

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\* A depraved form of Be. [Bentus.] Ratramn.

any one acquainted with the spirit or the extant speculations of Scotus, can regard him as the author of the work that has come down to us. His notions, doubtless, would be reconcilable with those parts of it which are levelled at the materialistic theory of Radbert, but on several other points there handled, no such harmony can be established. We saw Ratramn and himself employed on opposite sides of the predestinarian controversy,—the former showing that he was a genuine follower of Augustine and the ancient Latin Church—Scotus standing quite alone. We know in like manner, from a different source, that Scotus, owing to his philosophical bias, had been driven to singular conclusions touching the Saviour's glorified humanity. He argued that the body of Christ is no longer reducible to the conditions either of time or space, and therefore could not possibly have thought it capable of becoming associated, as the author of the work in question certainly did in some way or other, with the eucharistic symbols. A second hypothesis to the effect that Scotus never wrote a *separate* treatise on the Eucharist has found more numerous and intelligent supporters. Dr. Floss, we grant, has added much to its tenability, by proving that the chief passage quoted in the eleventh century, as from a work of Scotus, and as evidence against his orthodoxy, is really contained in the answer of Ratramn. But it should be remembered, on the other side, that Berengarius, who perpetuated this opposition to the carnal views of Radbert, was agreed with all the councils that condemned him in attributing to Scotus a peculiar doctrine of the Eucharist, and also in professing to have read it in a book of his. Confusion, it is true, may have arisen afterwards, some passages from Ratramn being here and there affiliated on Scotus; but we cannot, therefore, go the length of Dr. Floss, and those who, with him, would deny that our philosopher played any part in the Radbertian controversy. We are somewhat strengthened in our judgment, though not so fortified as to esteem it absolutely true, by noticing that Hincmar,\* not later than 863, has specified among the failings of his old ally, some aberrations on this very subject. He says that Scotus held "the sacrament of the altar to be not the true body and blood of the Lord, but only a memorial of them (*tantum memoria*.)" And, supposing him to be rigorously self-consistent, such must of necessity have always been the character of his teaching, as we gather not only from his speculations touching our Lord's humanity, but also from clear statements in his extant works. While Ratramn,

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\* In his own treatise *On Predetermination*, c. xxxi. D'Achery has also published an opusculum, by Adrewald, taking the view of Radbert, and directed against the "ineptiæ" of John Scotus. (*Spicileg.* i., 150.)

with regard to this particular discussion, was the Ridley of the ninth century, Scotus, with no less propriety, may be esteemed the Zwingli. Thus, to give the reader only one passage from his *Exposition of the Celestial Hierarchy*. Dionysius had been speaking of the participation of Christ, on which his commentator adds:—"Behold how beautifully, how expressly he asserts that this visible Eucharist which the priests of the Church daily fashion at the altar out of the sensible matter of bread and wine, and which, when made and sanctified, they receive in a bodily manner, is a typical similitude of the spiritual participation of Jesus, whom we taste by faith ('fideliter,') with the intellect alone, that is, whom we understand and take into the inner viscera of our nature, in order to promote our salvation, our spiritual growth, and our ineffable deification."\*

It is now time to proceed to a consideration of the greatest work of Scotus when he comes before us in his true capacity, as a professor of ontology and metaphysical theology. It is entitled, *De Divisione Naturæ*, or, as he himself loves to call it, *Περὶ φύσεως μερισμοῦ*.† The form of it is one which had the sanction of respected predecessors: it is a dialogue, between himself ("Magister,") and one of his pupils ("Discipulus,") whom he would fain initiate into his profoundest theories respecting Being in the abstract and the wonderful phenomena of created nature. But although the plan and method of the treatise far excel in regularity all kindred compositions of the Middle Ages, the first perusal of it is disappointing to a student of the present day. He takes it up expecting to find a series of dissertations on the material universe, a "Cosmos" of the ninth century; instead of which he is immediately plunged into a labyrinth of disquisitions having reference not so much to what we call "nature," as to the essential being and the attributes of God. This characteristic is, in truth, so prominent in all the work, that one of the more intelligent readers of it in the twelfth century (Richard of St. Victor,) has denominated Scotus the father or inventor of "theology," properly so called. And, if we only bear in mind the standing-ground of Erigena, this vast preponderance of the "theological" element will no more occasion us surprise. His principles, we have remarked, were quasi-pantheistic, and therefore the relations of God and the world

\* Flourens, col. 140. The editor tries to explain this passage in what he would consider an orthodox sense; but it is too strong for him. He afterwards gives up a kindred passage, (col. 311,) very justly comparing it with the revolting and capernaïtic test afterwards applied to Berengarius: Cf. also the Latin Poem, *De Paschate*, col. 1226.

† First edited at Oxford by Thomas Gale in 1681, and in 1685 thrown into the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum"

must have been to his mind peculiarly intimate. God is regarded as the *whole*, of which the several parts or members, in so far as they can claim a true existence, are the varying forms of created being. The great universal Essence (so to speak,) has analysed itself, and the result of that self-analysis has been displayed in all the intellectual orders from the Logos downwards, and in the formation of the visible world. In like manner, and by what he deemed a *necessary* process, every order of derived being is ultimately to revert into the original or archetypal being. The essence which has been diffused is hereafter to disengage itself from the infinite diversity of phenomenal beings with which it is now associated: it is to be reconcentrated in that simple unity which "comprises all things, which is in God and is God, so that God is everything and everything is God."

Being, then, in this its most extended acceptation, may (so Scotus teaches in the very outset of his work,) be viewed under four aspects, or, in other words, as *divided* into four kinds of being. The first is that which creates but is not created: the second, that which is created and creates: the third, that which is created and does not create (thus forming a direct contrast with the first): the fourth, that which neither creates nor is created (a direct contrast with the second.) Strange to say, this quadripartite sub-division, though no parallel has yet been pointed out in earlier writers of the West, was found by our great Sanskrit scholar, Colebrooke, to be almost literally coincident with one that constitutes the basis of the most abstruse scholasticism of India.\* We are, however, at a loss to suggest any link by which Erigena may even probably have been brought into communication with the Sankhyan philosophers. We are disposed to view the fact as one of those extraordinary coincidences which occur from time to time in the history of opinion, where men of equal powers and like temperament work out identical conclusions by independent processes.

Scotus was soon arrested by misgivings of his pupil with regard to the intelligibility of the last of his divisions. This compelled him to explain a fundamental point of his idealism,—the distinction between existence and non-existence. According to him, an order of beings can only be said to exist at all, when it is *known* to itself or to other intellectual beings, and therefore, in the highest and truest meaning of the word, existence is predicable only of the Divine Being, and of those eternal energies, or causes, which subsist in Him. Everything else is to be treated as barely phenomenal, as "non-existent," as simply a negation of the Divine. He afterwards (lib. ii. sec. 2,) explains that the *first* and *fourth* of his varieties eventually coincide, or rather that

\* The affinity is also noticed by Ritter, *Gesch. der christlichen Philosophie*, iii. 215, Hamburg, 1844.

they always, in philosophy, are reducible to one. They both refer to God himself,—the first to God as the origin and root of all creative power, and the other to God, the Absolute, the Unapproachable. If you contemplate Him under one aspect, God creates; if under the second, He is all in all, and therefore does not create. And the latter proposition is that which embodies the exact truth; for what an unphilosophical mind would by a figure term "creation," Scotus judged to be a mere "theophany," an emanation of God by which He made himself symbolically known under the forms of the finite and the temporal. In the *third* division of his work, Scotus treats of such emanations, of things as they are generated and exist under the conditions of time and space; or, in different phraseology, the world of effects: while the *second* of his varieties, "that which is created and creates," is the ideal world of Scotus, embracing all the series of divine patterns, "primordial causes," prototypes and the rest, which being themselves derived from the One Cause of all things, or "coeternally created," serve as models on which creaturely existences are fashioned, links between the Absolute and the finite, intermediate agents which produce the lower forms of being, such as man and things with which mankind are conversant. The great Idea of Ideas, the creative power in which the whole cycle of "primordial causes" is summed up as in a head, is the eternal Logos, the Word or Son of God.

It is of course, impossible for us, with our present limits, to supply a formal analysis of this extraordinary work; but one or two additional remarks are offered with the hope of facilitating a thorough study of it. Scotus had already expressed a belief, in the first chapter of the treatise on Predestination, that "true philosophy is true religion, and conversely that true religion is true philosophy." In his larger treatise this position seems to have been constantly before his mind. Very few, however, will be ready to confess that he succeeded in establishing it. While employing the most sacred watchwords of Christianity and fighting in its ranks, he has too often pierced its heart and compassed its dishonour. Revelation issues from his crucible, not merely as one of the philosophies, but a philosophy that occupies an humble and inferior place. If you veil the true philosophy of the Absolute in the form of tradition or church-doctrine, you obtain what men denominate Religion: if you, on the other hand, unveil religion from the forms of tradition by applying the results of rational inquiry, you arrive at Philosophy. It is doubtless possible that most of the symbolic drapery in which the revelation of God presented supernatural truths to man, was absolutely necessary in order to bring them within the cognizance of ordinary minds. Scotus may be justified in laying stress upon this principle. But it is far more certain that he has exaggerated

the symbolical character of revelation so indefinitely, that the faith of many of his readers would be shaken to its base; they would have nothing positive to hold by, or at best would be strongly tempted to etherealize, after his own fashion, the residuum he had left. Persuaded that we can know nothing about things as they are in themselves, but only as they *appear to us* under the transitory conditions of time and space, he felt that all the plainest intimations of religious truth which God has made to Christians, were no more than paths that opened towards the understanding of what we cannot apprehend, denominations of that which is ineffable, steps in the direction of that which cannot possibly be reached, forms of that which has no form. Here, we say, he ran the risk of forgetting altogether, that imperfect as the vehicle of language is for making us acquainted with the Divine nature and operations, the very object of a revelation would be frustrated, unless the representations it contained were at least *analogous* to facts of the supernatural world which God intended to reveal,—unless our present knowledge even of the highest matters be *as far as it goes*, a true approximation; unless the insight there communicated into the relations of the human and Divine have some objective basis, resting upon something more than shadows which will vanish with the present life. We know besides, from several disquisitions in this work of Scotus, that the attributes of God, His love, His anger, and the like, were so evacuated as to lose all definite or even intelligible meaning; that the three Divine Personalities were reduced into bare names or figures, meaning no more than the truth of God metaphorically represented; that moral evil was regarded as a mere antithesis of good, a necessary element in the present constitution of the universe, nay, even as a point of departure for the carrying out of that restorative process which excited the imagination of Scotus so profoundly, and filled so many of his chapters. It is true that in his practical teaching on these points the man was better than the philosopher. He often manifested symptoms of embarrassment, as we may gather from the forcible objections which he puts into the mouth of his interlocutor. He could not help feeling that the letter of the Bible, which he loved and wished to reverence, ran directly counter to his favourite conclusions. Yet in almost every case his difficulties were at length relieved either by falling back upon abstract principles, as arbitrary as they were unfounded, or else by trusting to “that dangerous and deluding art” of spiritual interpretation, which as Hooker saw good reason to complain, “maketh of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth in the end all things to nothing.”

It is a marked feature of the age in which he lived, that speculations of this startling character, enunciated as they were with bold and rugged eloquence, and pressed by Scotus to their

logical results, should have created very slight sensation. Even William of Malmesbury, writing afterwards and in a more enlightened atmosphere, complacently describes the work as "very useful in solving certain perplexed questions, provided only we pardon a few divergencies where the writer started off from the track of the Latins and eagerly turned his eye towards the Greeks."\* He adds, however, that some reputed the author a heretic on this account, and therefore we are not surprised to find that at the opening of the thirteenth century, when the *Division of Nature* had begun to make its way into the French monasteries, and was stimulating the mystic tendencies of one class of schoolmen, it fell under the heavy lash of the University of Paris (1209). Pope Honorius III. then launched a bull against it, denouncing the whole production as heretical ("tot scatens vermibus hæreticæ pravitatis"), and commanding all good christians to destroy it under pain of excommunication.

Interspersed throughout his works are abundant illustrations of the biblical scholarship of Scotus. He shews himself acquainted with at least the elements of Hebrew, though the application of his learning to the exposition of the sacred Text is nearly always infelicitous. His Greek was of a somewhat higher order, and occasionally serves him better. The original of the New Testament he seems to have kept continually before him, comparing one codex with another; and in cases where the Latin version he employed was either vague or positively incorrect, he felt no scruple in modifying it so as to reduce it into more exact accordance with the Greek. Thus in citing 1 Cor. xv. 51, he notices that "many and almost all have translated this passage of the apostle" in the manner still preserved by the Latin Vulgate, ("we shall all sleep, but we shall not all be changed;") yet he states his preference for the true version—that which the original, as now adopted in editions of the Greek Testament, obviously required. This freedom in departing from the recognised translation of the Roman Church he probably had learned in his native country. For it is now well established that Ireland possessed for ages a peculiar Latin version of her own, which through her missionaries gained a further currency in Northumbria, where it lingered till the eighth century, another proof of the comparative independence that survived in those branches of the Western Church. Until some scholar is induced to edit this Hiberno-Latin version, we cannot say positively whether Scotus carried it with him into France, or whether he translated the majority of his quotations as they

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\* Alluding perhaps more especially to the language of Scotus respecting the Procession of the Holy Spirit (ii. 33, 34), where he manifests, though somewhat cautiously, his leaning to the Greek view.



came to hand. Judging from a few examples where comparison is possible, we are inclined to take the latter view; and such would be quite in harmony with what we know of his self-asserting spirit.

But however great he might have been, as a verbal critic, under more genial circumstances, he could never have attained a high position as an interpreter of Holy Scripture. That he was not destitute of reverence for the sacred Text, we may infer from his strong expressions touching its inspiration, and his fervent prayers for guidance as he laboured to attain what he esteemed the best reward of scholarship, "a pure and perfect understanding" of the Bible (*e.g.*, Floss, col. 1010.) His works, indeed, are full of references to it, and appeals to its authority. And yet a careful reader, after being for a time misled by these abundant indications of respect, is driven to admit eventually, that such professions in the mouth of Scotus have little worth. So free, elastic, and accommodating, are his principles of exegesis, that without sacrificing one of his weakest foibles or withdrawing one of his extreme positions, he is able to preserve a deferential attitude in speaking of the Word of God. Nor may we characterize this laxity as the resource of a dishonest man who has resolved to fetch his teaching from the Bible by hook or by crook. It was a vice inherent not so much in him as in his whole philosophy of religion. The disclosures of the sacred writers were to Scotus not the plain and positive revelations of the supernatural, and *expressions* of the truth of God, but mere *symbols* apt to stimulate our "rude and infantile perceptions," while bearing no fundamental analogy to what the saint will know hereafter. Hence those writers might occasionally make use of contradictory epithets in reference to the same thing, and hence their commentator felt himself at liberty to choose that meaning of their language which accorded best with his present object. In extreme cases he resorts to the licentious figure of *ὑστερον πρότερον*, and once, in order to evade an inconvenient passage, he does not hesitate to argue that spirit means flesh, and flesh spirit, (iii. § 29.)

The only formal treatise which he seems to have devoted to the interpretation of the Scriptures, is a commentary on the Gospel according to St. John. It is now a mere fragment, owing probably to the pious horror of the scribe, who, on approaching the chapter where Scotus had explained the doctrine of the Eucharist, appears to have abandoned his work. The predilection of all mystics for that gospel has been often noticed: Erigena, an early instance, is inclined to rank St. John in his capacity of teacher at the head of the Apostles, on the ground that he was privileged "to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the highest good." St. Peter was a type of faith and action—St. John of

contemplation and intuitive knowledge. Both, it is suggested,\* ran to the sepulchre ("ad monumentum,") which as being the monument of Christ, denotes Holy Scripture, where the mysteries of His divinity and humanity are safely guarded as His body was in the rock. John, however, outran Peter; the virtue of contemplation, already purified, evincing quicker faculties than that of action, whose purification was not perfect. Still, as Peter entered first into the sepulchre, according to the evangelic narrative, he next comes forward on the page of Scotus a symbol of faith, contrasted with St. John a symbol of ripened understanding; the philosopher adhering on this point to the dictum of Augustine, that "fides" shews the way which "intellectus" follows. The last, however, is really the first; for though St. Peter is gifted with illumination enabling him to recognise the temporal and eternal as they stand united in the Christ, he was inferior to his brother apostle, the representative of contemplation: St. John introducing us to a knowledge of the eternal nature of the Lord, in all its abstract purity, unmingled with the things of time.

This commentary, as we might anticipate, has thrown a powerful light upon the struggle which was then proceeding in the mind of Scotus between Religion and Philosophy—between the speculative tendencies he was indulging and the simplicity of Christian faith. Upon the whole, it leads us to acknowledge, that amid the wildest aberrations of his *intellect*, his *heart* continued sound. The holy influences of childhood, the affectionate lessons of some gentle teacher, or the prayers and tears, it may be, of an Irish Monica had never been forgotten: they still guided, softened, and restrained him where he seems to totter on the brink of unbelief. And even if this judgment be too lenient, none who reads his works in an impartial spirit will refuse at least to entertain the palliating plea, that he was anxious to be right and thoroughly in earnest. "I am not," he says on one occasion,† "so terrified by authority, and do not so shrink before the violence of less capacious minds, that I shall ever feel ashamed to avow with open forehead what true reason plainly gathers and undoubtingly defines." And it is satisfactory to mention that his worst opponent never charged him either with dissimulation or with any lack of personal piety. Indeed, as if to add one more anomaly, the only panegyric of him has proceeded from a quarter where his memory in after-times was held in execration. A "bibliothecarius" of the Roman Church in writing to Charles-le-Chauve, pronounces him a man of great humility, and even a perfect saint ("per omnia sanctum.")

\* Floss, col. 284. Those who wish to see another remarkable instance of "spiritual" interpretation, may consult the *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. v § 6.

† *De Divisione Naturæ*, lib. i. § 67.

How or when this subtle and adventurous spirit was delivered from the burden of the flesh remains to be considered.

An epistle of Anastasius in which he is referred to in the past tense, seems to intimate, that in the year 875, when it was written, Scotus was already numbered with the dead. In 862, we find him still occupying his position at court. Some Greek verses have enabled us to trace him in the Frankish kingdom as late as 872. If, therefore, we are justified in the inference we draw from the language of Anastasius, Scotus must have died between 872 and 875, in all the freshness of old age. We know, however, that before this period he had rendered his position in the Frankish court less tenable by kindling the displeasure of the haughty pontiff, Nicholas I. Writers are not wanting who maintain, but without foundation, that when he had incurred the wrath of Nicholas I., Erigena was forced to quit the shelter of the palace and the land of his adoption. Others have gone further still, contending, that on his banishment he was welcomed at the court of our own Ælfred, where he soon became a vigorous promoter of general literature. We give the narrative as it emerges for the first time in chronicles of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. "John Scotus" is the substance of it, "owing to a summons or invitation of King Ælfred, left the court of France, became a monk of Malmesbury, and there expired in 891. His end was singularly tragical. A class of good-for-nothing schoolboys, whom he undertook to educate, assailed him with their writing-instruments or styles, and punctured him to death." It turns out, however, on a critical examination of the evidence, that the authority of greatest worth\* is William of Malmesbury, who lived three centuries after the occurrence of these events. Jealous for the reputation of his own religious house, he easily confounded John Scotus Erigena with a second but less noted scholar of the name of John, who *did* assist King Ælfred in his noble efforts to advance the intellectual culture of his subjects. The reality of such confusion is indisputable. Asser, one of the native scholars who took part in this resuscitation of literature, has mentioned John the foreigner† in terms which render it impossible to identify him with John Scotus.

As for Scotus, therefore, we lose sight of him entirely in 872. He disappears as he had come into the field of view; indeed, as best befitted one whose course had been so dubious and eccentric, buried in thick wreaths of mist, and with a hazy nimbus round his head.

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\* That his account was not derived from older documentary evidence is shewn by his language in the outset: "*Hoc tempore creditur fuisse Johannes Scotus, vir perspicacis ingenii et multæ facundia.*"—P. 45, Ed. Francof. 1601.

† Apud *Monum. Britan.*, i. 493. Ed. Petrie.

- ART. IV.—1. *Papers relating to the Re-organization of the Civil Service.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1855.
2. *The Regulations for the Examination of Candidates for Appointments to the Civil Service of the East India Company; with an Appendix containing two Reports to the Commissioners for the Affairs of India.* London, 1855.
3. *The One Thing Needful.* By W. R. GREG. London, 1855.

ACCORDING to the census of 1851, the number of persons then holding what are called *Government situations* in the United Kingdom was 53,678. The following table exhibits the proportions in which they were distributed through the various departments of the service :—

I. OFFICIALS CONNECTED WITH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,	172
II. OFFICIALS SERVING ON ONE OR TWO ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONS,	39
III. OFFICIALS IN THE CIVIL DEPARTMENT OF THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT,—	
(1.) <i>For Administrative or Special Purposes</i> : as in the Treasury, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Privy Council, the Board of Trade, the Woods and Forests, and all the other well known offices located in London, in and around Downing Street,	1,628
(2.) <i>Finance and Account</i> : as in the Audit Office, the National Debt Office, the Paymaster-General's Office, and one or two others, also located in London,	284
(3.) <i>Revenue and Post Office</i> : including the three great Departments of the Customs (11,803), the Inland Revenue Department (6,188), and the Post Office (15,775)—these three departments having their centres in London, but extending their ramifications over the whole country,	33,776
	<hr/> 35,678
IV. OFFICIALS DISCHARGING CIVIL DUTIES IN THE MILITARY AND NAVAL DEPARTMENTS,—	
(1.) <i>Army Offices</i> : as the War Office, Commander-in-Chief's Office, Quartermaster-General's Office, &c., all in London,	255
(2.) <i>Ordnance Office</i> : having its centre in London, but with ramifications over the country,	3,934
(3.) <i>Navy Offices</i> : chiefly the Admiralty, which has its centre in London, but includes the Government Dockyards and other Establishments over the country,	13,600
	<hr/> 17,789
TOTAL,	53,678

This table, it is to be observed, refers only to what may, in general terms, be called the CIVIL SERVICE of the country. All properly military, naval, and ecclesiastical offices are excluded from it—only the *civil* offices connected with the military, naval, and ecclesiastical departments being taken into the reckoning. There are likewise excluded from the table all ambassadors, consuls, and others on diplomatic service abroad, as well as all judges and other functionaries of law courts. On the other hand, it does not include all that might properly be included in the Home Civil Service. The Metropolitan Police force, for example, as well as a number of persons in the employment of the Woods and Forests throughout the country, are omitted from the computation; from which also are designedly omitted a few offices in Scotland and Ireland not represented by any central office in the Metropolis, as well as some hundreds of offices held by females. Allowing for these omissions, the number of persons holding situations in the Government Civil Service of this country in the year 1851, may be estimated in round numbers at upwards of 60,000—giving about one official person out of every 460 in the entire population; and, though some alterations have been made in the arrangements of the service since that time, by the amalgamation, the separation, and the extension of offices, the number still probably remains about the same.

A classification of the 53,678 persons included in the foregoing table, according to their degrees of rank and responsibility, gives the following result:—

Heads of Public Departments, . . . . .	105
Secretaries and Chief Clerks, . . . . .	190
Officers of importance employed in special capacities, as Inspectors, Professional Advisers, &c., . . . . .	378
Heads of Subordinate Divisions of Establishments, Accountants, Librarians, &c., . . . . .	1,893
Clerks, permanent and temporary, or extra, . . . . .	3,982
Others, not being Clerks, employed in special duties, . . . . .	11,267
Office-keepers, Messengers, and Porters, . . . . .	3,867
Inferior Revenue Officers, Postmen, and Letter Carriers, . . . . .	17,465
Artificers and Labourers in Dockyards, Arsenals, &c., . . . . .	14,531

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53,678

In the matter of the salaries enjoyed by each of the above classes of Government officers, we can give but an approximate and average estimate. The salaries of those styled "Heads of Departments," may be said to range from £1000 to £5000 per annum—salaries so low as £1000 being rare; those between £1000 and £2500 being most numerous; while those between £2500 and £5000 are reserved for the highest ministerial

offices. The salaries of "Secretaries and Chief Clerks," range from about £1000 to about £2000 per annum—touching the latter sum, or overpassing it, only in a few instances, such as those of the Under Secretaries of State. The officials ranking as "Officers of importance employed in special capacities," receive salaries ranging from £500 to £2000 per annum, according to the nature of their employments—the Solicitor to the Treasury, who, however, ranks as one of the "Heads of Departments," receiving £2850. Those classed as "Heads of Subordinate Divisions, &c.," have salaries of from £500 to £1500, varying also with the nature of their occupations. The great body of the "Clerks" in the Public Service might be distributed into clerks of the first, second, third, and fourth classes—the usual commencing salary of a clerk of the lowest class throughout the Service being £80 or £90, while some of the highest class of clerks receive as much as £500 or £600, or even £700 or £800 per annum. Of the large and motley body of persons ranking nearly on a level with the clerks, but described as "persons, not being clerks, employed on special duties," the salaries, roughly speaking, may be said to range over nearly the same extent of variation—from £90 or £100 to £600 or £800. Of the "Office-keepers, Messengers, and Porters," some receive salaries as low as £50—others as high as £150 a-year; excluding from this class the Chief Doorkeepers and Messengers of the Houses of Parliament, who have salaries ranging from £150 to £400, or more. Lastly, the salaries of those classed as "Inferior Revenue Officers, Postmen, and Letter Carriers," and of those classed as "Artificers and Labourers in Dockyards, Arsenals, &c.," range from £150 a-year downwards to under a pound a-week.

Such is a summary of the Statistics of the Civil Service. After one has looked at this mechanism in a general way from the outside—after one has sufficiently figured to the mind's eye this mass of 53,678 persons who, duly classified and distributed, compose our Civil Service—it naturally occurs to ask on what principle these persons are selected from the rest of the community, and by what system of arrangements among themselves, after they are selected, their mutual positions are regulated.

Here one immediately meets a well known but most important distinction between two portions of the service—a small portion, which may be called the *Ministerial portion*, consisting of a select number of high offices, occupied, according to a prescriptive right, by members of that parliamentary party which chances to be in the ascendant for the time being, and necessarily vacated by them whenever a parliamentary crisis brings their political opponents into power; and, as stationary beneath this

shifting surface, the great *Permanent body* of the service. The following list exhibits the extent of the ministerial or shifting ingredient in the various departments of the civil service, as it is usually constituted.

- The Treasury : 7 Ministerial Officers, viz., The First Lord, who is generally also Premier or Head of the Government (£5000); the Chancellor of the Exchequer (£5000); three Junior Lords (£1000 each); and the two Joint Secretaries, who are men-of-all-work to the Government (£2000 each).
- The Home Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Chief Secretary (£5000), and one of the two Under Secretaries (£2000).
- The Foreign Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Chief Secretary (£5000), and one of the two Under Secretaries (£2000).
- The Colonial Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Chief Secretary (£5000), and one of the two Under Secretaries (£2000).
- The Privy Council : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Lord President of the Council (£2000).
- The Board of Trade : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The President (£2000), and the Vice-President (this official, acting also as Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Treasurer of the Navy, receives £2000).
- The Privy Seal Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Lord Privy Seal (£2000).
- The Duchy of Lancaster : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Chancellor of the Duchy (£4000).
- The India Board : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The President (£3500), and one of the Secretaries (£1500).
- The Office of Works and Buildings : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Chief Commissioner (£2000).
- The Poor Law Board : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The President (£2000), and one of the Secretaries (£1500).
- The Paymaster-General's Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Paymaster-General (see "Board of Trade").
- The Post-Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Postmaster-General (£2500).
- The Commander-in-Chief's Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Commander-in-Chief (£3460). This office, though of a military nature, has generally been held by ministerial tenure.
- The War Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Secretary of War (£5000), and Secretary at War (£2486). At present the "War Secretary" and the "Secretary at War" are independent offices. Most probably they will be combined, and the "Secretary at War" will become "Under War Secretary," so as to consolidate all the war business into one office, taking equal rank with the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Offices.
- The Judge-Advocate-General's Office : 1 Ministerial Officer, viz., The Judge-Advocate-General (£2000).
- The Ordnance Office : 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Master-General (£3000), and the Clerk of the Ordnance (£1200).

The Admiralty: 4 Ministerial Officers, viz., The First Lord (£4500), two of the five Junior Lords (£1000 each), and the Secretary (£2000).

The Government of Ireland: 2 Ministerial Officers, viz., The Lord-Lieutenant (£20,000), and the Chief Secretary for Ireland (£4000).

If we add to the thirty-seven officers in the Civil Service here named, the chief officers of the Royal Household, and the chief law officers of the crown in England, Ireland, and Scotland, we have what is called the "Ministry" or "Administration" for the time being;—of which body again a select portion, never exceeding a third of the whole number, forms that paramount, and yet in point of law non-existing body in the state, called "the Cabinet."\* This "Ministry" then, consisting of some fifty of the chiefs and sub-chiefs of departments, is a shifting portion of the service—a kind of head screwed on to the permanent bulk of the executive machinery, and capable of being detached from it for alteration as occasion requires. The ministerial or removable portion in each department, it ought also to be observed, is small as compared with what is permanent. Thus, in the Treasury, where the ministerial element is largest, all below the junior lords and the joint secretaries is permanent. In each of the three great departments of state—the Home, the Foreign, and the Colonial—all below the chief secretary and the first under-secretary is permanent; there being in each of these offices one permanent under-secretary, who remains when his colleague goes, and carries on the routine of the office. So in the other offices—the removable portion of the Admiralty machinery being small, indeed, in proportion to its bulk, and that of the Post-office still less; while in the great departments of the Customs, the Excise, the Stamps and Taxes, and in many of the smaller offices, there is no removable portion at all.

It might well be made a question by those who wish to perfect the theory of our government, whether the ministerial or removable element is at present as fairly distributed through the various departments of the administration as it might be, and whether it would not be more consistent with the abstract principles of representative government to make the amount of

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\* "Although this select council has now been regarded during several generations as an essential part of our polity, yet it still continues to be unknown to the law. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who compose it are never officially announced to the public. No record is kept of its resolutions or meetings, nor has its existence ever been recognised by any Act of Parliament."—*Dod's Parliamentary Companion*. The Cabinet is, in fact, a self-appointed sub-committee of the Ministry, deliberating secretly, and imposing its decisions on the rest. Sometimes, indeed, this sub-committee "adds to its number," by admitting to a seat in it a man who holds no office.



the removable or Parliamentary element in each department of the service as nearly as possible proportional to the importance of that department, as measured either by its bulk, or by the quantity of discretionary power involved in it. We will not go into this question, however; which is, after all, one rather of speculative intricacy than of practical moment. What we wish to point out is simply the fact, that the Civil Service does consist of *two* portions—the body of it which is permanent; and the ministerial or Parliamentary portion, which can be screwed on and off, like a moveable head. One may observe also the relative proportions of the two parts. There being but about 40 *ministerial* functionaries, at the utmost, out of the 53,678 who constitute the entire Civil Service, the numerical proportion of the ministerial ingredient in the whole service is but about 1-13th per cent.\*

The principle on which the ministerial portion of the service is admitted to office is plain enough. It is that of Parliamentary vicissitude. The community, or those of them who have the suffrage, send the men they choose into one House of Parliament, according to the plan of majority of votes; and in the other House sit the peers of the realm. Certain individuals in both Houses, by their abilities, their moral weight, their wealth, the influence of their connexions, and, above all, by their skill as speakers, gradually attain eminence, and become recognised as leaders. As by a universal law of human nature, or, at all events, of British history, political movement is possible only in the guise of a continual struggle between two great parties, these Parliamentary leaders resolve themselves into two opposed bands or factions; and the rule is, that the leaders of the majority for the time being are the ministers of the Sovereign, and share the ministerial offices in the service. The Ministry of Great Britain for the time being, then, may be defined as that particular combination of the materials, both hereditary and representative, already independently collected into Parliament, which the circumstances of the time, and the

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\* We observe that the question of the number and distribution of ministerial or Parliamentary heads of departments has been raised in the House of Lords in connexion with the institution of the new Secretaryship of War. By the present law, not more than *two* Under-Secretaries of State can sit in the House of Commons; and, for the behoof of the new Secretaryship, it is proposed to allow *three* to sit. In the remarks made in the House on this question, the principle of having some one to speak in the House, and answer questions on certain branches of business, seemed to be that mainly attended to. It was inconvenient, for example, that the Lord President of the Council should have to answer questions on so many various subjects! Little allusion was made to the other principle hinted at in the text, as making it natural or the reverse for an office to have a ministerial or Parliamentary head—the principle of the *quantity of discretionary power* involved in the office.

opinions, passions, and mutual jealousies acting within Parliament, render most natural and most stable. The combination of the materials is a process accomplished by pretty free competition within Parliament itself; and if one desires to go back into any discussion as to the original quality of the materials, one must move the previous question, of the means by which the materials came into that place.

But as the *permanent* portion of the Civil Service far exceeds the ministerial portion in bulk, so it is probably of more consequence to know of what materials it is composed, than to know how ministries are formed. It would be absurd, indeed, to say that, because the ministerial ingredient constitutes numerically but 1-13th per cent. of the entire Civil Service, that is a fair measure of the extent of the action of any ministry for good or evil upon the condition of the country. It would be absurd to say that the ministry is nothing more to the machinery of the constitution than the hands and dial-plate of a watch are to the general works—indicating what the works do, but not helping them to do it. The ministry has also something of the functions of the spring and the regulator, setting the works agoing, and making them move fast or slow. The ministry dictates the policy which the operations of the Permanent Service are to be made to carry out; and the ministry also may infuse its own characteristic style and manner into these operations. Thus, to screw off one ministerial top and to screw on another to the great machine of the Public Service, is really a matter of some moment; and the British public is justified in the extraordinary interest it usually takes in the event called “a change of ministry.” A Chatham, when called to power, may in one month so infuse his own strictness and magnanimity into the administration of a country, that courage and enthusiasm may be revived all round him, and the pens may go faster in all the public offices, and the hammers clang the harder in all the arsenals and dockyards, and the supplies of arms and stores be more quickly forthcoming, and the very sailors that pace the decks of ships thousands of miles away may keep a more eager look out, and the redcoats on Canadian heights may dare more and achieve more, and so a country, from the depths of disaster, may rise once more to greatness and fame. Or take another case. Hear M. Thiers on his own conduct and achievements as Minister of France, as related by him in a conversation with Mr. Senior,—

“When I was minister I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted. As I have said often to you, men are naturally idle, false, timid, (*menteurs, lâches, paresseux.*) Whenever I found an employé supposed that, because an order had been given, it had been executed, or that, because he had been told a

thing, it was true—I gave him up as an imbecile. Buonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised. When I was preparing for war in 1840, I sat every day for eight hours with the ministers of war, of marine, and of the interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of the execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them, or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received I required their production. I punished inexorably every negligence, and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureau at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders and placed me in bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. To do all this a man must have an iron will and an iron body, and, what is rarer than either, indifference to the likes and dislikes of those about him; for he is sure to be hated. There is only one exception, and that is the case of a general. A good military administrator is the idol of his troops, because they feel that their comfort, and even their safety, is the result of his care and of his energy. But the labours of the civilian are unknown to those who profit by them. The sailors of Toulon did not know that it was owing to me that their ships were well stored and victualled. My subordinates respected me, perhaps admired me, but they looked on me as a severe taskmaster, whose exigencies no exertions could satisfy."

This shews that an extraordinary importance may attach to the quality of that small thirteenth per cent. of ministerial or Parliamentary ingredient which lies on the top of our Civil Service. A mighty Chatham with his crutch, or even a small Thiers with his spectacles, forming a part of that thirteenth per cent., may send his influence through every vein and artery of the Service. That is a signal change, therefore, which places such a man in the ministry. Generally speaking, however, the effects of ministerial changes on the power and condition of a country are apt to be exaggerated. There may be a change of *ministry* without much change of *administration*. It was not in his Parliamentary or deliberative character—as a statesman dictating a policy to the country, that M. Thiers accomplished the results he speaks of; it was by becoming, himself and his colleagues, an actual and incessant part of the executive, and so carrying out his own orders before giving new ones; and, even then, the extent of his success depended on the quality of that permanent official machinery through which

his orders took shape. Had that been better he would have achieved as much with less labour, or he might have achieved more with the same labour. The quality of the fixed Civil Service of a country is, therefore, a momentous matter; and this resolves itself into a question of the mode in which men are appointed to it.

On what principle are persons appointed to posts in the fixed Civil Service of Great Britain? Here, again, we have to make a distinction. There are two kinds of offices in the fixed Civil Service. There are, first, what are called *Staff or Special Appointments*—that is, certain situations to which men are appointed at once, irrespective of any previous connexion with the service, and often without having been connected with it at all. The name, “Staff-appointments,” in this sense is usually applied to those higher offices, such as Commissionerships, Under-secretaryships, and the like, which rank, in point of dignity and emolument, next to the ministerial offices, but differ from them in being held permanently. Thus, the permanent Under-secretaryships of the Home, Foreign, and Colonial departments, the Commissionerships of the Customs and Excise, the Secretaryship of the Post-office, the Mastership of the Mint, the Registrarship-general, and such like, are “Staff-appointments.” According to custom and tradition, persons may be selected to fill these offices from the community at large; they are posts to which persons have no special claim by being already in the service, and which may be conferred at pleasure on any one. The same name, however, may very well be applied to a number of minor offices, such as engineering inspectorships, librarianships, special secretaryships, and even to lower offices still, such as those of doorkeepers, attendants, &c. Distinct from staff appointments in this wide sense, are what may be called *Graduated Appointments*, or those which are arranged in an ascending scale, so that one must enter at a particular stage, and pass through the lower to reach the higher. As a general rule, clerkships in all departments of the service are graduated appointments; whatever office one enters as a clerk, one begins as a clerk of the lowest grade, with £80 or £90 a year, and works one’s way upwards. There are many kinds of employments besides clerkships, however, which admit of graduation. Thus, in the Police force, the order of service is as follows: constables, sergeants, inspectors, superintendents. In the General Post-office, there are three grades of letter-carriers, and various grades of suborters and sorters of letters, as well as various grades of clerks. In the Customs, there are various classes of tide-waiters, various classes of lockers and weighers, various classes of landing-waiters, various classes of gaugers, and so on; and entrants in

each denomination begin in the lowest class. In the Excise, the business of collection is performed by officers rising above each other in rank and responsibility as follows: expectants, assistants, ordinary surveying officers, principal surveying officers, supervisors, and collectors; and one arrives at the higher ranks only by passing through the others.

With this distinction between staff or special appointments and graduated appointments in view, we are able to shape our present inquiry more precisely, by dividing it into two parts—viz., (1.) How are men at present admitted to staff appointments, and to commencing posts in the graduated portions of the service? and (2.) With reference to the graduated portions of the service only, what is the present system that regulates promotion from the lower ranks to the higher? In other words, how do men get into the service; and, when they are in it, how do they rise in it?

How do men get into the service, whether as nominees to staff appointments, or as beginners with a chance of promotion?

A very important part of this question is, Who appoints? Who are the Patrons who confer staff appointments, and who also nominate young men to clerkships and other commencing posts in the service? A detailed examination of the mode in which patronage is actually exercised at present makes it appear that, whenever the head of an office is one of the ministers, or at all events, whenever he is a Cabinet minister, the patronage of the office is left in his hands; but that, whenever this is not the case, the patronage either reverts to the Crown directly, or to the Treasury, as the supreme and controlling department of the Executive—in some cases, however, the heads of the offices being still allowed to select their subordinates. Thus, in point of fact, the patronage of the civil service is centred in the Ministry or Cabinet for the time being—the Premier, either in his capacity of First Minister of the Crown, or as First Lord of the Treasury, exercising by far the largest amount of this patronage, but the other ministers holding the appointments in their respective departments. One circumstance, accordingly, which enhances the consequence of the ministerial or shifting portion in relation to the permanent body of the service, is that, not only is the action of the permanent body determined and characterised for the time being by the ministry which lies atop of it, but this ministry has the power of so far altering the very substance and constitution of the permanent service by filling up vacancies occurring in it.

Hitherto, almost universally in the permanent civil service of this country, appointments have been made on one main principle, however variously modified in application—the principle of

what is roughly called *Favour*. The patrons of the various offices have conferred the appointments on whomsoever they liked, and without being called upon to assign any stronger reason, even if they had it, than that such was their liking. Of course, there are natural limits to the possible vagaries of favour in appointing to offices. As the government of Russia has been called a Despotism—tempered by assassination, so the system of appointments to civil office may be called a system of absolute favour—tempered by the fear of public opinion. A minister will not, in ordinary circumstances, appoint a donkey-boy to a colonial clerkship, or reward a distinguished theatre-clown with a high place in the customs, or make a Queen's messenger of a man with a wooden leg who plays the Pandean pipes. But within these ample limits the system of favour is absolute. Favour, however, is a vague word. When people favour their neighbours it is for certain reasons and in certain directions. Favour, therefore, assumes particular forms in particular circumstances; and the forms which it assumes in the bestowal of "government appointments" by those who have the patronage of them are, in the main, these two—Nepotism, and regard for Political Connexion.

Nepotism meant originally the natural desire of a man to provide for his "nephews"—that being the nearest relationship which the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, who were great masters of the arts of Nepotism, found it convenient to acknowledge. It means now the tendency of a man to provide for his sons, his brothers, his nephews, his grandsons, his brothers-in-law, his sons-in-law, the husbands of his nieces, and so on, through the whole list of his relations. This tendency is stronger in some nations and families than in others. The Scotch have it largely developed. In order to judge of the extent to which Nepotism has practically operated within our own times in appointments to office, one has only to take up any official Directory, Parliamentary Companion, or similar book of reference. One notices at once the prevalence of certain names; and in particular how many brothers and other near relatives of ministers or ex-ministers are imbedded in the *upper* ranks of the permanent service. We need not mention names; nor need we consider whether, as is often said, the Whigs are more liable to Nepotism than the Tories. The ramifying power of one or two great Whig families is certainly remarkable.

Nepotism pure, however, acts less extensively than the other form of favour we have mentioned—regard for political connexion. Indeed, Nepotism, in the nature of things, is seldom found acting purely—the relatives of a man in office generally adhering to him politically, so as to occasion no struggle be-

tween the claims of blood and the ties of party. But Party-interest extends wider and penetrates deeper than Nepotism either pure or in association with it. It is, as we have hinted, in the upper ranks of the service, among the golden staff-appointments of the metropolitan centre, that Nepotism is most rampant. But Party-interest pervades the system even to its extremities, and its lowest strata—makes itself felt in the Shetland Islands, and grasps at twenty shillings a week. The essence of this form of patronage is, that the ministry for the time being shall think themselves bound to confer vacant offices as they fall in, on persons belonging or professing to belong to their own political party; or, still more particularly and necessarily, on persons who have been useful, or who may be useful, to their party. Every one knows how this habit acts. High in the ranks of society, and most of all in Parliament itself, below the benches on which the ministers and the ministers expectant sit, are men who live and have their being in current politics, who toil for their party, vote for their party, and represent their party in the counties and boroughs during the recess. These men, of course, are to be rewarded; and when their Parliamentary chiefs come into office, they take the opportunity of rewarding them by giving them, should they wish to retire from Parliament, places in the permanent service. Mr. A, or Sir B. C, has sat in Parliament many years, has uniformly voted with the Whigs, and has most punctually taken his cue in all matters from the Whig Secretaries to the Treasury; but a reverse of fortune has cut short his Parliamentary career, and a provision for his old age is necessary. The lieutenant-governorship of some island, or some office of £500 a year nearer home, falls vacant; the Treasury has bowels, and the veteran gets it. The Tories, when they take their turn, proceed on the same principle; and thus Whigs and Tories are bedded into the service, so to speak, in alternate layers—the thickness of the layer depending on the time that the corresponding ministry has lasted, and on the rate of mortality in official circles during its tenure of power. There always are in Parliament a number of men who make the attainment of a permanent office the end of their political activity. We all remember Mr. Drummond's figure of the Treasury as a sow, perplexed in her maternal duties because her piglings outnumber her teats. From causes connected with our traditional habits and prescriptions, it is chiefly among Parliamentary members of the legal profession that the expectation of office is an evident motive. Not only does the judicial branch of the service contain many prizes peculiar to itself—judgeships and the like; but there are many offices in the Civil Service which can be held only by barristers of a certain standing.

For a similar reason, barristers and attorneys are among the most numerous expectants of place, out of Parliament. Their professional duties and interests are akin to politics, and lead them into politics. They are usually the most active men in local political meetings, and they manage county and borough electioneerings. Thus they have a claim upon the patronage of their party. It is not necessary, however, that they, or that others not of their profession, who are similarly active in local politics, should solicit favour for themselves. They also are subject to Nepotism, and have relatives whom it is their aim to get into situations. Nay, beyond the circle of blood-relationship, each of these local notabilities—whether squire, attorney, or merchant—has his agents and *attachés* who are useful to him in private capacities, or even help him in electioneering. Here is a public-house keeper in whose house the committee of the Whig candidate met at last election; he has several sons, and would be glad to get one of them into the Customs. Here, again, is a swarthy shoemaker who is an obstinate Tory in a street of Radical weavers, and who not only voted for the Tory candidate himself among the jeers and threats of the adjacent democracy; but actually made the wives of three imbecile weavers compel them to go to the poll with him. Crispin is unmarried himself of course, but he is anxious to get a sister's son into the Post-office. And so down even below the level of the suffrage, the influence of political clientage circulates and pierces, connecting every corner of these islands with the great London centre. The member of Parliament for the county or borough is, of course the medium of communication. "To get the member to use his influence with Government;" such is the formula of hope wherever there are aspirants after Government situations or Government favour of any kind—a formula sometimes attenuated and elongated thus, "To get some one to speak or write to the member, asking him to use his influence with Government." Thus beset with applications from his constituency, the member, even if he is resolute against asking or receiving any favour for himself or his relatives, is often obliged to stand in the position of a solicitor in behalf of his political supporters and their clients. It is even understood that he must do so, and hence every member of Parliament is considered entitled, so long as his friends are in office, to some slice of the patronage that is going. Nay, the moderate use of this right is almost a duty to party; for how, except through the individual members, can the secretaries of the Treasury know how to apply patronage for the benefit of the concern? Supposing there were a Whig member for Caithness who would ask no favours, the result is that Whiggism in Caithness might die of inanition. During a Tory



ministry let Exeter have a Tory member who neglects his business, and Mr. Hayter will watch the growing disgust of Toryism round the Cathedral with pleasure, and will speculate at next election on having two Whigs for Exeter.

We cannot better indicate the popular impression as to the way in which Government offices are to be obtained, than by quoting a few sentences from a small publication entitled *Guide to Government Situations*, of which nine editions have been sold within a year or two by its London publisher, and the tenth, "revised and enlarged," seems also to be selling fast. The information the book contains is superficial enough, but it seems to satisfy the demand.

"In the First Lord of the Treasury, as the Prime Minister of the Crown and the chief of that department which more or less controls all the other public departments, is vested the largest amount of Government patronage. Some of the very best appointments in all the branches of the Civil Service are in his gift. He appoints mainly to the Customs, Audit Office, Stamp Office, &c., and a large number of the provincial situations in the Post Office are also in his gift. This patronage is dispensed by the Treasury secretaries, who dispose of it in the manner most likely to be of service to the existing ministry, chiefly through those members of the House of Commons who support them. The degree of attention paid to the recommendation of a member depends upon his value to the party he supports. One of the most zealous and powerful advocates of the ministerial measures proposed would therefore obtain the patronage of half a dozen vacancies, while the silent supporter who just wakes up in time to record his vote would be disregarded. This should be borne in mind by those who are fortunate enough to have a choice in their selection of a patron. The influence of members of Parliament is not confined to those offices in which the appointments are made by the Treasury; but extends more or less to most of the Government situations, the patronage in the hands of those ministers who are temporary heads of departments, being dispensed with an equal regard to parliamentary support. . . . It is as well to observe here, that the greater the number of applications on behalf of one individual that can be brought to bear upon the dispenser of patronage, the better. Unless the one supporter be a member of unusual influence, *one* will hardly procure an appointment. There seems to be almost a rule now adopted, that each applicant for public employment should have a proposer and seconder; but, of course, every additional application beyond this will serve to strengthen the case. . . . In soliciting an appointment, the applicant must not be too certain that he has gained his end when the member or minister puts his name down upon his list, and promises to do his best for him; nor, indeed, when he may receive an official note from the Treasury, or the private secretary of the head of a department, informing him that his application "has been received, and will be considered." These are often merely the

official modes of quieting or getting rid of applications. If the member really intend to serve you, he will have to make vigorous application at the proper quarter, where, as before stated, his success will depend upon his influence, and he may even have to be importunate in your behalf. . . . Again, if the person applying has not sufficient influence to admit of his naming some particular office or class, he should not be *too easy* in accepting anything that may be offered to him, or it is not unlikely he will find himself installed in the situation of a tide-waiter, or some one *equally valuable*. . . . The permanency and security of the situations in government offices, and in such public offices as the East India House, the Bank of England, &c., no doubt contribute greatly to the avidity with which such situations are sought. In several of the government offices, the salaries are not equal to those usually given in merchants' and other counting-houses; but security is undoubtedly of great importance, as the clerks are in no danger of dismissal without receiving an adequate compensation, unless, indeed, their conduct should be grossly improper."

We have hitherto spoken only of those forms of patronage by favour which, according to general opinion, are honest and respectable. So far is nepotism from being thought wrong, that even if the Archbishop of Canterbury used his influence to get a nephew or a son-in-law appointed to an office, it would be no stain on his character. And patronage for political purposes is also, within certain limits, considered perfectly fair. There are abuses, however, in the system of patronage by favour, at which even ordinary morality is shocked. Patronage for political purposes when carried beyond a certain point, becomes what is called political corruption. Offices are sometimes conferred to bribe a man, or to silence and paralyze him, or to reward him for apostasy; and those who know the official world well, are somewhat liberal in their estimates of the amount of patronage laid out in this way. Then, lower still, there is—facts will not permit the most charitable to deny it—actual political simony, the actual sale of offices for money. For many years Britain has not been disgraced by having any minister, or head of a department, to whom the suspicion of such baseness could, by possibility, be attached. But that among those who have influence with ministers and heads of departments, or who have influence with those who have influence with them, there are persons of both sexes who convert their opportunities of assisting men to offices into hard cash, is but too surely proved. What else can those advertisements mean, offering *douceurs* of £500, £100, or £50, or of the first year's salary, to any lady or gentleman who will "legally" procure for the advertiser a situation under government, or in some public office?

On the other hand, as we rejoice to admit, much virtue of

the truest kind has flourished under the system of patronage by favour. It is impossible to speak too highly of such "virtue under difficulties," as some eminent men now in office have exhibited in the use of their right to make appointments. Free to choose whom they liked, some ministers and heads of departments have voluntarily acted on the principle of seeking for men of ascertained merit, independently either of family or of political connexion. Probably appointments, solely with a view to merit and fitness, are most numerous in those cases where the patron is directly and closely interested in the success of the appointment, as when the working Heads of Departments appoint their immediate subordinates. An abstract and unflinching determination, beyond this sphere of personal interest, to appoint only fit men, and to appoint the right men to the right places, is a higher virtue, hardly to be expected of any except the very best official human nature. Sometimes, however, the force of public opinion, or of actual official necessity, comes to the aid of ministerial conscientiousness, and some man already marked out by the finger of all, as *the* man for a particular post, receives it. Thus Rowland Hill was carried into the Post-office; the universal voice designated him, and the government at last accepted him. One may say also, that generally and throughout the service, even where those who have patronage do not make ascertained merit the *sole* ground on which they bestow office, they often make it *a* ground. Of two or more candidates, equally eligible on grounds of political connexion, patrons will generally select the one who has the best testimonials of personal fitness. We believe, in particular, that when an election rests with a mixed Board, there is great fairness and care in the examination of testimonials; and in some classes of cases—as, for example, in government appointments to professorships and other educational offices—political motives prevail only to this extent, that the patrons will not appoint one who is notoriously their political opponent. All in all, there is evidence that we have greatly improved in this respect, and that a regard for merit and fitness irrespective of political ends, is more common in high quarters, whether among Whigs or Tories, than it was in the comfortable old times of Eldon and Dundas. The practice already adopted in some departments of the service, of subjecting candidates to some kind of examination, and subsequently to a probation, before confirming them in their appointments, testifies to the same fact. It is already a rule, we understand, to have some kind of examination of clerks before admitting them into any of the following offices,—the Treasury, the Colonial Office, the Board of Trade, the Privy Council Office, the Poor Law Board, the War

Office, the Ordnance Office, the Audit Office, the Paymaster-General's Office, the Inland Revenue Office, the Emigration Office, and some others. These examinations may not be very rigid, nor the probations which follow them very severe; but even the form of requiring them is something.

Having thus described the present system according to which men are admitted into the civil service, whether as holders of staff-appointments, or as entrants in the graduated portions of the service, it remains to indicate the manner in which persons once in the service are treated, and the nature of the regulations by which they are moved about or promoted in it.

The *first* fact to be noted here is that, as a general rule, there is no dismissal from the service. Once in it, a man is safe for life. In the language of the handbook already quoted, it is one of the peculiar advantages of the government and other public offices, as compared with private mercantile establishments, that "the clerks are in no danger of dismissal without an adequate compensation; unless, indeed, their conduct should be grossly improper." In point of fact, nothing but flagrant criminality, such as the law itself would punish, occasions dismissal from the older and more desirable portions of the civil service, after one has been formally enrolled on the lists. The contrast is thus immense between government offices and private mercantile, or even the great railway establishments, in which the right of dismissal for any fault, or even for general feebleness and inefficiency, is rigidly maintained. When for any reason short of flagrant misconduct, a person is dismissed from a government office, it is the custom to pension him off—a thing unheard of in private establishments, except in very peculiar cases. Moreover, it is the rule of government offices to deduct a certain sum from the incomes of those employed in them, for the purposes of a superannuation fund, providing for their support in case of ill health, and during the decline of life. This is another difference between the public or civil, and private services, in which latter insurance against ill-health and old age is usually a matter of option and individual prudence.

The *second* peculiarity in the civil service affecting the character of those who belong to it, consists in what may be called the inflexibility and mutual independence of its arrangements. "Routine," though a favourite word, is hardly the proper word here. In private establishments there is and must be "routine;" a rigid system of checks and counter-checks is enforced; the division of labour is carried as far as possible; and every person, from the highest to the lowest, has a special round of duties allotted to him. Private establishments, however, have the power of self-adjustment; the routine adopted in them is that

resulting from the harmonious action of a machine, all the parts of which are made to suit each other and the general purpose of the whole ; and changes are immediately made as circumstances require them. The "routine" of public offices is different. The arrangements and divisions of employment in these offices have come down from the past, and are fixed, or nearly so ; each office is independent of the other, and yet two or more offices may often be engaged in the same business ; nor is there any presiding authority, as in private establishments, to shift the officials from one kind of occupation to another, according to the ascertained differences of their qualifications. This "fragmentary character" of the public service, and this confusion of the "mechanical" with the "intellectual" kinds of labour in many offices, seem worthy of particular remark.

Finally. The principle of promotion in the public service, so far as there is promotion, is almost exclusively that of seniority. On this point it is best to quote the account given in the Blue-Book.

"The advance of salaries in the public service is regulated upon a twofold principle. Each man, on being appointed to a clerkship in a particular class, receives for the first year, and in some cases for the first two or three years, what is called the minimum salary of that class, after which his salary increases, by a certain annual increment to what is called the maximum salary ; that is to say, if the minimum be £100 a year, the maximum £300, and the annual increment £15, the clerk receives £100 in the first year, £115 in the second, £130 in the third, and so on till his salary reaches £300, at which point it must remain stationary, unless he is promoted to a higher class. He may, however, at any time, whether before or after attaining the maximum salary of one class, be promoted to a higher on the occurrence of a vacancy, if he is considered deserving of such promotion, and he will immediately thereupon begin to receive the minimum salary of the higher class, and to advance therefrom by annual increments without reference to the amount he was previously receiving. The theory of the public service is, that the annual increase of salary from the minimum to the maximum of the class, is given as a matter of course as the reward of service, and with no reference to the comparative merits of individuals ; but that promotion from class to class is the reward of merit, or rather that it is regulated by a consideration of the public interests, and that those only are to be transferred from one class to a higher who have shewn themselves capable of rendering valuable services to it. This salutary principle is, however, in practice often overlooked, and promotion from class to class, as well as the annual rise within the class, is more commonly regulated by seniority than by merit."

The purport of what we have stated as to the manner in which the service treats those who have once been admitted into it, is

that, according to the present arrangements there is little or nothing in it of that professional stimulus which arises from fear on the one hand, or from hope and high chances on the other. Dismissal from the service being unknown, except in cases of flagrant misconduct; men once admitted into it are relieved from all care or responsibility, except that of keeping within the pale of ordinary honesty. The service itself undertaking the insurance of its members against destitution in ill health or in old age, by deducting annually from the salaries, one strong motive to prudence is withdrawn; though, as the superannuation fund is only for the benefit of the civil servants themselves, and does not include their wives or families, there may still in many cases remain other motives to prudence. Again, the fragmentary character of the service, the strict demarcation kept up in it between offices apparently allied, and the incapacity of change or self-adaptation in each office to suit circumstances, jointly operate to prevent men being placed where, by the mere force of natural disposition, they would work best, and have most interest in their work. Lastly, the advance of salaries within each class taking place as a matter of course, and by mere seniority, without reference to merit, and promotion from one class to another being generally regulated by the same principle of seniority, and but occasionally by merit, there is an absence in the civil service of all, or nearly all, those incentives to exertion which arise from free and eager professional competition.

We have shortly described the system of the civil service, and we have now to ask, How does this system work? To many it may seem superfluous to ask such a question. According to universal experience, and the general principles of human nature, it may be confidently asserted beforehand, and without any inquiry whatever, that such a system *must* work ill. The materials at first admitted into the civil service by such a system as is followed in making the original appointments—a system of nepotism, political favouritism, and sometimes actual political corruption, relieved only occasionally by an appointment on the ground of ascertained merit—must, of necessity, be of a quality below the average. The methods, again, pursued in the service itself, are of a kind necessarily to deteriorate the originally bad materials brought into it, instead of making the best of them. All this, we say, might be boldly asserted *à priori*, by any one capable of inferring effects from causes. The general mind is so constituted, however, that it requires evidence of another kind than this; and so far is such evidence from being deficient, that the only difficulty is to organize into any-

thing like shape and brevity the overwhelming abundance of it that lies ready to our hands.

And first, there is the evidence of competent *testimony*. Let us call a few witnesses out of a crowd that offer themselves. We cite first the evidence of the official Report on the Civil Service, prepared last year by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, and Sir Stafford Northcote, as the result of inquiries with which they had been charged, into the actual state of the chief government offices, and now reprinted in the Blue Book named at the head of our article. To this we append the independent testimony of other eminent men, obtained since the Report.

*Evidence of the Official Report by Sir Charles Trevelyan, Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury, and Sir Stafford Northcote.*—"It would be natural to expect that so important a profession would attract into its ranks the ablest and the most ambitious of the youth of the country; that the keenest emulation would prevail among those who had entered it; and that such as were endowed with superior qualifications, would rapidly rise to distinction and public eminence. Such, however, is by no means the case. Admission into the civil service is indeed eagerly sought after; but it is for the unambitious and the indolent or incapable that it is chiefly desired. Those whose abilities do not warrant an expectation that they will succeed in the open professions, where they must encounter the competition of their contemporaries, and those whom indolence of temperament or physical infirmities unfit for active exertions, are placed in the civil service, where they may obtain an honourable livelihood with little labour and no risk; where their success depends upon their simply avoiding any flagrant misconduct, and attending with moderate regularity to routine duties; and in which they are secured against the ordinary consequences of old age or failing health, by an arrangement which provides them with the means of supporting themselves after they have become incapacitated. It may be noticed, in particular, that the comparative lightness of the work, and the certainty of provision in case of retirement owing to bodily incapacity, furnish strong inducements to the parents and friends of sickly youths to endeavour to obtain for them employment in the service of the government; and the extent to which the public are consequently burdened, first with the salaries of officers who are obliged to absent themselves from their duties on account of ill health, and afterwards with their pensions when they retire on the same plea, would hardly be credited by those who have not had opportunities of observing the operation of the system. It is not our intention to suggest that all public servants entered the employment of the government with such views as these; but we apprehend that, as regards a large proportion of them, these motives more or less influenced those who acted for them in the choice of a profession; while, on the other hand, there are probably very few who have chosen this line of life with a view to

raising themselves to public eminence. The result naturally is, that the public service suffers both in internal efficiency and in public estimation. The character of the individual influences the mass; and it is thus that we often hear complaints of official delays, official evasions of difficulty, and official indisposition to improvement. There are, however, numerous honourable exceptions to these observations; and the *trustworthiness* of the entire body is impeached."—*Report appended to Blue Book*, pp. 4, 5.

*Evidence of Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., late Under Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, and now Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.*—"During my long connexion (the thirty-five years preceding 1847) with the colonial department, so many were the personal changes there, that, I think, two only of the members of that office who belonged to it on my arrival among them, remained there at the time of my departure. I thus became acquainted with a number of clerks in that establishment, very far exceeding the number borne on its roll at present or at any other given time. What I am about to say relates to the whole succession, and not exclusively to the body of which I took leave seven years ago. They were clearly distinguishable into three classes: the first a very small minority; the second being more numerous than the first; and the third exceeding the numbers of the other two united. With an occasional exception, they all had the education, the manners, the feelings, and the characteristic principles of gentlemen. But in respect of their fitness for the duties assigned to them, they differed as, in our annual Tripos at Cambridge, the 'wranglers' differ from the 'senior and junior optimes,' and these last from the 'οἱ πολλοί;' the first class having been so composed that it is difficult to speak of them truly without the appearance of exaggeration; the members of the second class having been meritorious public servants; and the third, or most numerous class, having been made up of persons of whose official character nothing but the obligation which you have imposed upon me would induce me to speak at all. In the narrow circle of the *first* of these classes were to be found, not, indeed, combined in any one of the members of it, but variously distributed through them all, qualities of which I can still never think without the highest admiration and respect; such as large capacity of mind, literary powers of rare excellence, sound scholarship, indomitable energy, mature experience in public affairs, and an absolute self-devotion to the public service. It comprised some men who must have risen to eminence in any field of open competition, and who, if born to more ample fortunes, might reasonably have aspired to hold the seals of the office in which they were serving as subordinates. The *second* of the three classes which I have mentioned, was composed of men who performed diligently, faithfully, and judiciously, the duties to which they were called; and those duties were, not rarely, such as belonged rather to ministers of state than to the clerks in the office of such a minister. The members of the *third* class—that is, the majority of the members of the Colonial Department, in my time, possessed



only in a low degree, and some of them in a degree incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions. . . . Neither have I any doubt as to the cause of these extreme disparities between the persons of whom the establishment of the office was composed. The members of that which I have designated the 'first class' were, nearly all, men who had been sought out and appointed on account of their well ascertained fitness for the public service. The members of that to which I have given the designation of the 'third class' were, without exception, men who had been appointed to gratify the political, the domestic, or the personal feelings of their patrons—that is, of the successive Secretaries of State. The members of the so-called 'second class' were chiefly, though not exclusively, indebted to such nepotism for their introduction into the department. . . . The members of the 'first,' and, in some cases, of the 'second' class, also joined us not as schoolboys, but in their early manhood, with their intellectual habits formed, and with a fund, more or less considerable, of literary or scientific knowledge. The members of what I have described as the 'third class,' usually entered the office at the age of eighteen or nineteen, coming directly from school, and bringing with them no greater store of information or maturity of mind than usually belongs to a boy in the fifth form at Eton, Westminster, or Rugby. What they so brought, they never afterwards increased by any private study. Finding themselves engaged in the actual business of life, they assumed that their preparation for it was complete; and (as far as I could judge) they never afterwards made or attempted any mental self-improvement. . . . It would be superfluous to point out in detail the injurious results of such a composition of one of the highest departments of the state. Among the less obvious consequences of it were, the necessity it imposed on the heads of the office of undertaking, in their own persons, an amount of labour to which neither their mental nor their bodily powers were really adequate; the needless and very inconvenient increase of the numbers borne on the clerical list; the frequent transference of many of their appropriate duties to ill-educated and ill-paid supernumeraries; and the not infrequent occurrence of mistakes and oversights so serious, as occasionally to imperil interests of high national importance. . . . In reliance on much uniform, concurrent, and credible evidence from others, and in reliance on what I myself knew and observed at the Board of Trade, I believe that the state of the Colonial Department, as I have described it, is no unfair example and illustration of the state of the other great departments of the government, as they existed during my personal connexion with the public service."—*Blue Book*, pp. 72–74.

*Evidence of Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., recently one of the Commissioners of the General Board of Health.*—"It will be found that only two of the public offices are chiefly composed of members of aristocratical families; the actual majority of the other offices being otherwise constituted. The fact is, that at present only a small proportion of the whole mass of patronage has been obtained by the repre-

representatives of the county constituencies, or by persons of high position, and that a larger and increasing proportion has been obtained for the constituencies of the smaller boroughs by persons of the lower condition. . . . It is a fact, really of most serious consequence, that this larger proportion of appointments has been given, not only to persons of lower condition, but to persons of education and qualifications greatly below the average of their own class. A secretary, complaining of the disadvantages of his service, related in illustration, that out of three clerks, sent to him from the usual sources, there was only one of whom any use whatsoever could be made, and that, of the other two, one came to take his place at the office leading a bull-dog by a string. I have been assured that, under another commission, out of eighty clerks supplied by the patronage secretary, there were not more than twelve who were worth their salt for the performance of service requiring only a sound common education. A retired officer, writing to me on this subject, of lively official interest, says, 'A faithful portrait of the parties who have procured appointments in public offices might well be considered as a scandalous misrepresentation. Many instances could be given of young men, the sons of respectable parents, who were found unable to read or write, and utterly ignorant of accounts. Two brothers, one almost imbecile, the other much below the average of intellect, long retained appointments, though never equal to higher work than the lowest description of copying. Another young man was found unable, on entering, to number the pages of a volume of official papers beyond 10. It used to be by no means uncommon to have a fine fashionably dressed young man introduced as the junior clerk: on trial, he turns out fit for nothing. The head of the department knows, from old experience, that a representation of this fact to higher quarters would merely draw down ill-will upon himself; the first official duty, therefore, with which the young man is charged, is to take a month's leave of absence, that he may endeavour to learn to write. Besides the imbecile who is below work, and the coxcomb who is above it, there are other kinds of unprofitable officers, including a large class who have ability enough, if they would apply. The public offices have been a resource for many an idle dissipated youth, with whom other occupations have been tried in vain. Such a person can be made little use of, whatever be his abilities, because he cannot be trusted. No one can tell to-day where he will be to-morrow. The ice is in a fine condition, and he skates for a couple of days; a review tempts him; a water party cannot be resisted; and after dancing all night he is not seen at the office next morning. In fact, causes of absence are endless. Incessant altercation takes place with his superiors, with little effect, for he knows they cannot degrade or dismiss him, as a merchant or a banker would do, and he is proof against fines and minor punishments. At last he is given up as utterly incorrigible. Instances also occur of good abilities and dispositions rendered powerless by unconquerable indolence.'—*Blue Book*, pp. 180, 181.

*Evidence of W. G. Anderson, Esq., Principal Clerk for Financial Business at the Treasury.*—[We quote this as proving, among other things, the inefficiency of the present plan of examinations and probation, even where such a plan, so far an improvement in itself, has been adopted.]—"The practice hitherto adopted has been to throw upon the executive officer at the head of each office the odium of rejecting the nominee of the Treasury, or of his immediate superior in office, and of justifying such rejection by the results of an examination, the extent of which is in a great measure left to his own discretion. The consequences of this practice are precisely those which might be expected. A disinclination to injure the prospects of a young man on the threshold of his career, and the desire to avoid the chance of a collision with his patrons, generally secure to every candidate of doubtful acquirements the most indulgent consideration of his deficiencies; and although he may be wanting in those qualifications which would give an assurance of his becoming in time fit for the higher duties of the department, his competency to perform the lowest quality of duty in the office to which he has been nominated will, in most cases, secure him against rejection. . . . I will mention a circumstance within my own experience which occurred in a large department of account, and which strikingly illustrates the consequences of a deficient examination. During the early period of my service, the commissioner at the head of a large department was desirous of introducing improvements in the mode of keeping the accounts of his office—improvements as urgently pressed upon his notice by the defective state of the accounts themselves, as by the increased demands of Parliament for information which his books could imperfectly supply. Having had some experience himself, before he was appointed to office, of the system by which commercial men reduce to order the large and varied operations of trade, he determined upon applying the principles of that system to the public accounts of his department; but, although he had a large establishment of clerks almost wholly employed in the business of accounts to select from, he could not find one who was sufficiently conversant with the scientific principles of accounts to carry out his plans of improvement. If the system which he proposed to introduce had been one of modern invention, or only partially known, such a result might have been accounted for, but it was one which for a long period has been in almost universal practice in this and other countries for all accounts of any magnitude, and which must have been co-existent with commerce itself. . . . It must not be supposed that the mischief of admitting ill-qualified persons into departments of account is limited to the inconvenience of a defective plan of account. *The security which the system itself ought to provide is supplied by creating departments of check, or by other complicated contrivances*, which, being further involved by legislation founded upon them, render the public accounts unintelligible to all but the few to whom they have become familiar by long practice. A stricter examination of persons admitted to clerkships would, moreover, be pro-

ductive of economy. Every person who has had experience in conducting a large office will admit that, if all were really efficient, not only would the business be better and more expeditiously done, but it would be probably executed by two-thirds of the number of clerks at present employed."—*Blue Book*, pp. 235, 236.

The sum and substance of all this evidence, and of much more to a similar effect that might be quoted, is that, in almost every respect, the public civil service of this country is *far below the standard of the most ordinary private service*—not such private service as is exhibited in the great model establishments, which are among the wonders of the metropolis, and other large commercial towns, but such private service, as even common easy-going firms find necessary to their prosperous existence. So widely is this known, that Mr. Chadwick states it as a fact, of which he has been informed, that experienced mercantile firms are reluctant to receive into their employment persons who have previously served in government offices; the heads of such firms being persuaded that the habits contracted in the government service are a positive disqualification for subsequent efficiency in ordinary business. It is accepted even among official people themselves, as an axiom, that "government does everything badly," and that wherever it is possible to have work done by private or contract service, it is wisest and most economical to have it so done. Sir Robert Peel himself, in discussing the proposal that government should take the railway system of the country into its hands, and so manage works of such vast national importance, on higher and more comprehensive principles than were likely to emerge from the conflicts of private greed, and hundreds of local companies, protested that anything was better than to place the conduct of affairs, which it was at all possible to manage otherwise, in "the torpid hands of government." Carried out to its logical consequences, the notion involved in this striking phrase, amounts to this, that the only reason for the existence of government at all, is, not that it performs work better than private enterprise, but that it undertakes, and in its own comparatively bungling manner discharges, certain important kinds of work which private enterprise never thinks of, and would necessarily leave undone. Such is the opinion now getting abroad; it is not necessary for us fully to discuss it here, or to propound any theory of the true functions of government; all that we remark is, that, in a great measure, the opinion in question may have its origin in experience of government as it is, and not in knowledge of government as it might be.

So much for the verdict of testimony and of floating opinion as to the working of our civil service as now constituted; but unfortunately—we had almost said *fortunately*, but the word

would seem ghastly in such a context—there is other and more palpable evidence still. There is the evidence of the recent and terrible break-down of British power in the eyes of the whole world. On the purely military causes of our disasters in the Crimea it is not our part to say anything here. But the civil system was notoriously concerned. All that machinery by which the connexion between the army abroad, and the nation at home was kept up, appertained to the civil service. The army going to the East was like the miner who descends into the pit; the civil service was like the man who remains above to hold and let out the rope. The pitman may perish by his own carelessness; but he may be the most practised pitman in the world, and yet his life may be sacrificed by the inattention or stupidity of the comrade on whom he depends. Some thirteen, out of about fifty departments in all, composing the civil service, were more or less put to trial in this Crimean enterprise. It was certainly a heavy strain upon them. If there were weak points, it was sure to find these out. But the result shewed that they were rotten all through, or, at least, that many of them were rotten. Of course, there is still the dispute how much of the blame as borne by these departments severally and jointly, lay with the “men” and how much with the “system,”—meaning by “system” that routine and division of responsibilities in each department, which hampered and bewildered the “men,” and that interlacing and mutual checking of the departments which hampered and bewildered them still more. We believe both were to blame. We believe there were “men” in each part of the business who, making all allowance for the system, were scandalously culpable, and ought to be punished for their individual acts and omissions. It is the necessity of the service, as now constituted, that it must have such “men” in it. We believe also that the “system” paralyzed the men, such as they were, and made them out-idiot themselves. The “system” is indeed in part determined by the quality of the “men.” As stated by Mr. Anderson in the passage quoted above from his evidence, the worse the *personnel* of any office or service, the more complicated and involved must be the system of checks and counterchecks devised for the regulation of that office or service. Where there is ability and honour there may be latitude and discretion; but forms are barriers against confusion and chicane. This ought to be borne in mind in speaking for or against routine. “Red tape” is an article not at all in favour at present; but the more confused an official is naturally, the more is it necessary to insist that he shall use red tape. But, this discussion apart, it remains true that, as tested by the strain of an enterprise of that kind which is believed most easy to our national genius—an enterprise of material organiza-

tion—our civil service has woefully failed. It is also true that the French civil service has not so failed in the same enterprise, or has not failed to nearly the same extent.

Hitherto we have attended only to the workings of the present constitution of the civil service in the matter of appointments and promotions,—as that constitution is found to affect the efficiency of the service itself. But another question remains. How do these arrangements, how does that system of appointments and promotions which prevails in the civil service, act reflexly upon British society and the British national character? This is an aspect of the general question to which too little attention has been paid. Yet this is perhaps the more important part of the inquiry. One of the very differences between Government and other bodies is that Government is bound as far as possible to give a secondary or educational character to all that it does—having regard not only to the success of its undertakings, but also to the educational effects upon the community at large of the methods it adopts in its undertakings. If, in carrying out an object however small, Government can collaterally set the seal of its approbation upon any struggling virtue, or foster any growing principle of good, or recommend and exemplify any improved habit in the conduct of business, this also ought to enter into its calculations. Government is in the centre of the nation; there it stands with all eyes directed towards it; where then, if not in its actions, shall the community look for that high style and tone which may be given to actions however common? The easy and economical attainment of the end in view ought, of course, to be studied by Government as well as by other agents and corporations; but along with this there ought to be a certain sentiment of the position, a certain æsthetic gesture and turn of the arm, in all that it does. Less now than in the days of antiquity do Governments build temples, set up statues, cause great pictures to be painted, and in other such ways express and cultivate for the community those feelings which transcend the merely useful or economic; but something of this function still remains for them. They may be artists in their own actions. A War splendidly conducted may be as good for the mind as the sight of a Gothic cathedral; the appointment of a deserving man to be a village postman may have as fine effects on the local sense of accuracy and beauty as the setting up of a new masterpiece by Dick Tinto over the door of the village inn.

Now, if civil appointments and their direct results are as we have represented them to be, can it be said that Government fulfils this part of its duty? If, where ability, vigour, punctuality, truth, and enlightened methods, would naturally be looked for, a people finds nothing but stupidity, weakness, delay,

meanness, and all that is lumbering and obsolete, how can it fail to be disgusted, and to have its sense of reverence shaken? The difficulty under which we are placed, of keeping the injunction "to reverence the powers that be," is certainly a great evil. It is a moral misfortune for a community to have a Government which it cannot thoroughly respect. Such a community has its sense of the fitness of things unhinged; it has lost its main external symbol of what is good and regular. If the only church clock in a parish keeps all sorts of hours, how shall the parishioners set their watches? It is not every one that can make out the time of day by the sun. It is even a pity, where there are many clocks, that the most conspicuous should be the least accurate.

Can any one pretend to say, that, in constructing itself on the principle of nepotism, or in permitting nepotism to assist in its construction more than necessarily must be, Government is fulfilling that educational duty, as regards the probable effect upon the intellectual and moral habits of the community, which ought collaterally to be studied in all its actions? We think not. For our part, we regard Nepotism as one of those things, the existing amount of which, so far as society is concerned, may most freely and most safely be diminished. Affection for one's relatives, and a desire to push them on in the world, are natural; and such characteristics in a man may even be to his credit. We say nothing against that. We are not attacking nepotism in itself as between uncle and nephew; we are only attacking it as between uncle and nephew on the one hand and society on the other. It may be all right and natural for an uncle to try to push his nephew on; but it may be as right for society to be on its guard against young gentlemen who rest their claims on being the nephews of their uncles. It may also be for the good of nephews in general to have their faith in the power of nephewship abated. When one remembers how many young gentlemen one meets at evening parties whose sole hopes in life seem to rest in that "uncle in the Tayezzhury" whom they expect to "do something faw" them, one cannot but think so. One cannot but think that it would be a service to these young gentlemen themselves to have this reliance taken away from them in sufficient time; and, considering their number, one would expect a perceptible increase of energy in society from such a disenchantment.

But the bad effects of nepotism, as acting in the government system, on the principles and morals of the community are as nothing compared with the bad effects which result from the universal and ingrained habit of conferring offices on grounds of political connexion. We have not words strong enough to ex-

press all we feel on this subject. The use of patronage for political purposes is, even in its purest forms, a species of corruption. Do not let us be mistaken. We know well the assertion so often made, that "government by party" is a necessity of modern times; and we are prepared in the main, to accept the statement as true. A dualism, a division into at least two parties, perpetually at war with each other, and generating motion out of their conflicts—such seems to be the universal form of political progress in States at all free. It was so in ancient times; it is so now. Aristocracy and Democracy, the Populus and the Plebs, Guelphs and Ghibellines, Whigs and Tories, Big-endians and Little-endians—such divisions always were, and always will be. Any number of men thrown by chance together and called upon to manage certain common affairs, will in the end split themselves into *two* parties with a line of demarcation between them. This is a fact in the natural history of the species. But it is to be regretted. The necessity of being or of seeming to be either a Whig or a Tory, is one of the misfortunes in the otherwise happy lot of being born a Briton. It is the right and the duty of every man to judge of events as they occur, and of measures as they are submitted to him; and he is a coward who fears to have an independent opinion. Solon made it a capital offence in a citizen to be neutral in any great public controversy. It will also so happen that certain men, from common intellectual tendencies and the like, will usually, without any prior intercourse, find themselves on the same side in their judgments of events, or in their votes on measures. This one may call legitimate Whiggism or Toryism. The names in such cases are but inductions from the facts. But when the order is reversed, when Whiggism and Toryism are made deductive, when previous judgments and previous votes are supposed to beget an obligation on future ones, when the very name of Whig or Tory becomes in itself a rule of thought or action, then one is inclined to regret that the names were ever invented. To have one's whole mental activity, one's outgoings and incomings, "conditioned," as the philosophers say, by this antithesis between Whiggism and Toryism; to have these two chairs, as it were, carried about with one wherever one moves, and officiously set down on the ground wherever one rests, and to be told that one must sit in the one or the other of them, if one is to be a reputable character—why, it is wretchedness and injury unparalleled! You are on the top of a mountain, gazing down and around on the scene it commands; you feel a tap on the shoulder, you turn round, and there is Society at your back with the everlasting two chairs, and the everlasting invitation to be seated in one of them. You



are in a picture gallery admiring a picture; there is Society at your back again with the same two chairs, and the question whether you will sit in the Tory chair or in the Whig chair while you look at the landscape. And so in everything that you say or do. It is in vain that one protests, and argues, and suggests the possibility of, in some cases,—being neutral. The two chairs are still brought round wherever you go, and it is at your peril if you do not sit on one of them. The social necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory has, in fact, extended itself into a constant condition of all individual thought, and all individual activity. It follows one into art, literature, the pulpit, and even into the seceries of meditation and self-communion. Have we not Whig and Tory novels, Whig and Tory dramas, Whig and Tory pictures? Nay, in such works, over and above the unconscious reproduction through the imagination, often in a most subtle manner, of the Whig and Tory prejudice that has been imbibed into the being from childhood, do we not often detect, what is far worse, a conscious restraint of the imagination by the fear of seeming untrue to the Whiggism or Toryism that one has socially professed? It is the same in our judgments of such works. We are looking at a picture; we like it; we hear that the painter is a Tory, and at once we like it less! A Tory critic, on the other hand, cannot be fair to a Whig poet; he will praise him too little because he does not like his Whiggism, or too much for fear of being misled by that dislike! In fact there are few of us who can take a walk in a frosty night, and look up to the stars, or sit in our rooms and look into our own hearts, otherwise than as Whigs or Tories. It has become, as it were, a law of our universal thinking that we shall view all things in this wretched alternation of black and white. The men are few and far between that have saved their souls free from this thralldom; and that, looking over the face of nature, can take in, as nature offers and has proportioned them, all the coloured beauties of the spectral beam, from red, through middle green and blue, to fading violet. And yet, as a glance among our contemporaries will tell us, these are our best and greatest men. We will not name names; but we do not know one truly great man of the present day of whom we can certainly say that he is systematically either a Whig or a Tory. They have decided opinions, decided tendencies; sometimes their mood, if translated into action, would harmonize with some individual Whig or Tory movement; sometimes it is so translated into action, and they vote and subscribe with an energy which would have saved their heads from Solon's law; but Whigs or Tories they are not. They will *not* sit invariably in the one, or invariably in the other, of the two chairs; and if officious

Society persists in bringing the chairs round after them wherever they go, it is well if they only shock common notions of consistency by sitting now on the one, now on the other, and now on both put together, and do not proceed to the extremity of breaking both chairs in a rage over Society's head.

Now it is surely a pity to do anything to increase, more than is absolutely necessary, the strength of this polarizing influence which exists already in British society, dividing it, like water under galvanic action, into two masses of opposite inclination and spirit. It is perhaps a law of human society at present that such a polarizing influence must exist, with all its baneful consequences. But its intensity may be abated. What need, for example, of allowing Whiggism or Toryism to rage in their mutual opposition beyond the field of the legislative? Would it not be enough if that natural division of society into parties which arises whenever society sets itself to the discussion of an event or a measure, were allowed to take effect in the election of the representative body, ceasing, as far as possible, as soon as the elections were over, and the opinions of the community for the time being were fairly boxed up in Parliament, there to take legislative shape? This would correspond very nearly with what we have called legitimate Whiggism or Toryism—that is, Whiggism or Toryism still ascertaining itself, still only *inductive*. Why carry the distinction beyond this? and why intensify and vitiate Whiggism or Toryism by making the difference also *deductive*? In other words, having secured that the Parliament for the time being shall represent the average proportions of Whiggism and Toryism then existing in the community, and having also done justice to the same distinction, so far as the ministerial or moveable joint linking the legislative to the executive is concerned, by providing that the party in the ascendant in the legislative shall form that joint, why form the *permanent* body of the executive on the same principle? Why make political opinions a ground for election to offices in the permanent civil service? The effect of such patronage on political grounds, is, as we have said, to intensify beyond its natural vigour that polarizing influence in society which distributes us into Whigs and Tories,—and so unnaturally to increase what is already a bad intellectual habit with each of us. It is putting a premium upon one-sidedness. It is a constant stimulus to prejudice, and to the intrusion of political feelings where they have no right to be. How unsightly, for instance, that daily spectacle of a candidate for a professorship of Logic, or Latin, or Astronomy, resting his hopes not on his merits in relation to the post, but on the accident of his party being out or in! And what masses of the Whiggism and Toryism now existing in society and choking

it up, would turn out if analysed, to be nothing else than the mixed result of a hankering after office, and a conviction, inherited or acquired, that its good things were to be attained most readily in the one route or in the other ! What a blessing to society to feel all this spurious Whiggism and Toryism dissolved out of it, so that only what was genuine should remain ! In all this, we say nothing of positive and wilful dishonesty, of the exchange of sides in order to gain more, or of the bribery which induces to such conduct. This is corruption in the popular sense ; but, in a higher sense, it is *all* corruption. Observe, too, how this corruption works round in a vicious circle, so as again to reach the legislative. Patronage is administered by the Treasury and by the ministry generally, with a direct view to keep up and increase "the party ;" by a judicious use of patronage a Tory ministry or a Whig ministry touches up the flagging Toryism or Whiggism of dubious constituencies against a coming election ; and thus it is a spurious and not a real Whiggism or Toryism that ruminates current questions, and, having ruminated them, chooses the national representatives. And so on for ever circulates the odious movement. One sees the evil in excess in such cases as that of France under Louis Philippe, where nearly all the electors were officials, and therefore at the beck of government ; but there are varieties of political patronage in the United States of America which illustrate the evil in still more glaring colours.

And now for the question of the Remedy. As to what that should be, there is, so far, an instinctive agreement. Let Merit be the sole title to office ! Let the principle of appointment by merit, already to a certain extent in use in the civil service, be applied rigidly and systematically throughout the whole of it ! Such is the remedy which all recommend. It is a very old principle. Socrates propounded it ; the Roman Senate believed it ; Charlemagne and Cromwell acted on it ; the universal voice of the populace, in its healthy moments in all ages, has clamoured for it. Burke, in last century, invoked the principle, and applied it with his splendid rhetoric to this very question of the improvement of the British Government. Young Chalmers, in the old Tory days when we were fighting against Buonaparte, and likely to be beaten by him, accompanied his pulpit fulminations against that foreign colossus, and his appeals to the patriotism of Fife-shire to be up and doing against him, with one unvarying tribute of admiration to the ruler of France on this very ground that, unlike our British rulers, he knew merit when he saw it, sought it out, and called it to his councils. Nor, since those days, have there been wanting men to keep this same notion alive

among us? Need we name in this connexion Mr. Carlyle, so much of whose fervid writing from first to last has been a commentary on this very text,—who has so recently expounded it in his two “Downing Street” pamphlets with most emphatic reference to the existing constitution of our government; and whose phrases of “King, Kenning, Able-man,” and the like, expressly embodying this doctrine, yet ring and thunder in our ears. It is one proof among others of the immense practical influence exerted by this writer, in spite of all the complaints made against him on account of the impractical character of his speculations, that the very movement for a reform in the civil service, which the Blue Book before us typifies, and which is now engaging all official minds, may be traced directly in large measure to him. He and others have already almost fatigued us with their theoretical expositions of that principle which it is now proposed to apply in practice—the principle of the right, of the fit. It is in this principle, variously expressed, that all are convinced beforehand that the remedy for what is wrong must lie. Nor is the conviction purely an exercise of faith. Already it has been found that precisely there and to that extent in which the principle of appointment by merit has been acted on in the present system of the civil service have the results been good. Sir James Stephen distinctly says, in the remarkable passage we have quoted from him, that the members of what he calls the “first class” of the civil servants he had known during his whole official experience—that small class which consisted of men so superior that he cannot yet think of them without admiration and respect—were “nearly all men who had been sought out and appointed on account of their well-ascertained fitness for the public service.” To a similar effect, and even more striking, is the following passage in the official report of Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote—

“We have before us the testimony of an eminent public officer, who was for many years connected with one of the chief departments of the state. He writes thus:—‘During my long acquaintance with the — office, I remember four, and only four instances of young men being introduced into it, on the ground of well ascertained fitness. I do not venture to mention names, but I confidently affirm, that the superiority of those four gentlemen to all the rest, was such, as to extort the acknowledgment of it from their rivals, and to win the high applause of each successive secretary of state.’”—*Report appended to Blue Book*, pp. 14, 15.

Why not apply universally a principle thus approved by the instinctive sense of all—preached by the most powerful and honest thinkers, that now live, or that have lived—and which to the full extent to which it has been tried, has been found to work well?

Curiously enough, the only dissent of importance that we have seen from the *principle* of such a change, (there are many who question its *practicability*,) is in the case of Sir James Stephen. We confess that it astonishes us. Sir James says, that, as nepotism and regard for political connexion exist throughout society, as they act in the church, in the law, and in other professions, as agencies for pushing men on, he does not see why they should not exist and act in the civil service. He says, that as the church, the army, and so on, are not constituted on the principle of merit, he does not see why the civil service should be so constituted. He suggests that as mediocrity and dulness exist, and are less able to take care of themselves than strength and brilliancy, even they have their rights—a principle in which we might agree with him, if he did not suggest also that their rights are to clerkships in the civil service! Such argument from such a man takes away our breath. Had he meant, by citing the analogous cases of the church and the army, satirically to insinuate the propriety of extending the proposed application of the principle of merit to a wider field than the civil service, that would have been intelligible! But to cite the excesses of patronage in the English Church as a reason for not seeking too eagerly to abate the similar excesses in the Civil Service, argues a mode of thinking, which, with all respect for a man so eminent, we can characterize only as a treason to philosophy and logic for the sake of a semblance of worldly moderation. We have too much of this moderation—the moderation of that type of mind, which having to grapple with complex facts, and to carry out principles through a resisting medium of practical difficulties, avoids the danger by stopping short and arresting the principles in mid-career, instead of meeting it by going on, and putting forth fresh strength of generalisation to subdue the greater mass of the opposing matter. For our part, in this case, we would rather seize the hint of that other analogy which the church and the army present, and aver boldly, with Mr. Chadwick, that for all purposes, direct and indirect, it would be a gain on the present system to make public offices saleable for hard cash, and to dispose of all the vacant judgeships, secretaryships, and clerkships, to the highest bidders, even though the fund thus accruing, instead of being saved for public purposes, were annually cast into the sea.

The vague principle of merit, it will be observed, has already, in the language of the preceding paragraph, taken a somewhat more precise shape—that of the principle of Fitness. “Well ascertained fitness,” is the phrase most affected in the Report; synonymous with which, and even better in some respects, is Bentham’s phrase, “official aptitude.” The distinction between

Fitness and Merit is not a merely verbal matter. It clears away much misapprehension and confusion. Those who advocate the appointment of men to office solely on the ground of merit, do not mean that offices shall be made the reward of *merit in general and of any kind*. Such a system would in itself be but a new form of corruption. And unfortunately, in our transition from the old system to a better, there seems too great a tendency to rest in this mongrel kind of recognition of merit. The notion among official patrons, and among the public at large, seems to be, that it is the right and proper concession to the new spirit, to look out for rising, or for risen, or for venerable men of science, or men of letters, or at least, for the sons of such, and, when places fall vacant, to thrust them into them. On such occasions there are rejoicings in all the papers, and the patron is applauded for his graceful tribute to science and learning. But the practice is an unsound one. The civil service is not a congeries of honorary pensions for past merits, nor a refuge for the distinguished destitute. In a country like ours, where the pensions and rewards for literary and scientific merit are so scanty, the tendency is to make it such; but the tendency is wrong. It may happen, indeed, that sometimes the claims of general merit and of special aptitude for a vacant post are found in the same person; and then gracefully enough the reward for the one may be given in the form of a position in which to shew the other. It would have been a graceful act of the government, for example, to have conferred the editorship of the *Gazette*, when it was vacant the other day, on Mr. Charles Knight. In the case of offices which are sinecures, too, it may be proper to appoint men on account of general merit;—though it would be better to cease to call them offices at all, and to view them as pensions. It may also happen that general merit, or merit in one walk, indicates a likelihood that a man will prove fit for a particular post; and this may be a reason for giving it to him. A man distinguished in literature, for example, may prove a good examiner, or a good secretary. In some cases there may be reason for thinking he will shew excellence as a man of business equal to that which he has shewn in literature; and in such cases his appointment may be proper. But it is proper not in so far as the man's past merit is in itself deserving of public reward, but in so far as it is *evidence* of fitness for the post given him. In this principle of accepting literary and other merit as *evidence* of aptness for office there would probably be an ample justification for a much larger admission of literary and scientific men into public offices than has hitherto been practised. On this principle alone Pitt was justified in making Burns an exciseman; but on this principle also he would have been justified if he had made

him something much higher. After all, therefore, the literary class need not fear the distinction between general merit and official aptitude. Yet the distinction is of importance. A man is not made Poet Laureate for his skill in engineering; neither ought he to be made a supervisor for having written farces, nor Registrar-General for a work on metaphysics, nor a chief accountant for eminent military services. In short, the true principle on which to select for office is that of fitness, and general merit ought to enter into the reckoning only as constituting evidence of fitness, or as a strong motive to appoint where fitness is already known. Of two men thought equally fit to be postmen, government should certainly dignify with the Queen's uniform the one who is the better scholar, even should it not seem clear, as it generally would, that his scholarship would tell on the rate and accuracy of his morning delivery.

But the principle of Fitness itself is susceptible of various interpretations. One form of the principle of Fitness is that which some, in their discussions of this question, have embodied in the words "*Detur digno*:" "Let it be given to a worthy man." This form of the principle, as distinct from that which we are about to state, may be called the *negative* form. It simply implies that pains shall be taken, in appointing to any office, to ascertain that the man has the appropriate qualifications for it. This may be done by direct inquiries about him among those who know him, by requiring him to produce certificates, or by subjecting him to such an examination as shall prove him capable of the post. Applied in practice, without any farther change in the present system, it would simply amount to a more stringent and thorough carrying out of the present plan of initial examinations and of probation adopted in some offices. It would leave the nominations, as before, to be made by the patrons on the grounds of nepotism, political connexion, and what not; it would only cause all the persons so appointed to pass into office through a porch so constructed as to throw back the incapables. Now this would, certainly, be in itself a great reform; and, supposing nepotism and political patronage to remain dominant, there is no one that would not be glad to see their sway so checked and tempered by a power of veto.

The majority of those who advocate a reform in the civil service, however, go farther. They prefer that form of the principle of Fitness which may be embodied in the phrase "*Detur digniori*,"—"Let it be given to the more worthy," or; better still, in the phrase "*Detur dignissimo*,"—"Let it be given to the most worthy that can be found." This, it will be seen, implies more than the other. It implies a raising of the standard of fitness up to the highest possible mark; it implies a search

for candidates, a comparison of their claims, and a choice of the one whose claims are greatest. The one principle only prescribes the appointment of a good man; the other, the appointment of the best man that can be got. The notion of *competition* is here introduced, and with it the notion of a much wider extension of that social range from which candidates are to be selected. In the one case government, as it were, sits at home, and only manipulates those candidates whom nepotism and political interest sends in to it; in the other, government casts a vigilant eye over as large an area of the population as it can, and either giving a preference to the nominees of nepotism and party interest or not, as it thinks proper, picks out the best men it can anywhere see.

"Either giving a preference to the nominees of nepotism and party interest or not, as it thinks proper!" These are words to be noted. They indicate a still farther and final difference on which those who agree with each other even up to the point of the *Detur dignissimo* principle, split and part company. Let us take Mr. Greg as the representative of the less extreme view of the manner in which this principle is to be brought to bear on our actual system. Probably a more energetic and able and eminent representative cannot be found. In his stirring and eloquent pamphlet, entitled "*The One Thing Needful*," Mr. Greg, after a powerful exposure of the evils of the present system as revealed by the experience of the Crimea, thus propounds the remedy:—

"The remedy is in our own hands. It is obvious. It is simple. It would be effectual. It is merely to adopt the principle, and to place practically in the hands of government, the power of *employing the services of the capable, and of dispensing with the services of the incapable, in any rank and in any department*. No one doubts that England contains scores of men competent to fill the offices of under secretaries of State and heads of every civil department, and so to fill them as to infuse new life into every nerve, new blood into every vein:—though perhaps these men may not be found among the usual scanty list of known and placarded candidates for office. No one doubts that the country abounds with men of admirable faculties for organization, for combination, for invention of resources, who would make the best commissariat officers in the world:—only they are not in the "*Civil Service*." No inducement has ever been held out to them to enter it; no power now exists at once to place them in their right position in it. No one doubts that our mercantile and railway establishments are full of young, well-trained, accurate, energetic clerks, who know their duties and perform them well—*who dare not make blunders or forget orders*—and who would be just the class of men we want for the routine work of the Treasury, the Admiralty,



or the War Office :—but these are just the men the “ Civil Service ” has never sought, and does not therefore now possess.

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*England is like the army at Sebastopol: we have everything we are dying for close at hand, only we cannot get at it.* We possess everything we want so sorely, only it is not exactly in the place where alone we have been accustomed to look for it. How, then, are we to get what we need? How are we to dispense with what encumbers us? No desperate or sweeping change is requisite. The simple adoption and enunciation of one sound principle will suffice—provided it be adopted *bond fide* and announced by deeds as well as words. There is no need, and as yet there is no wish, to proscribe the aristocracy—as the aristocracy has too long proscribed unconnected merit. There is no need, and perhaps there is no possibility, of proscribing influence in appointments or promotions, though political influence has been so scandalously abused, and the country has paid so dearly for that sin. Let promotion go by favour and connexion, if you must; but let favour itself be restricted to choose out of the able and the qualified alone; let connexion be allowed to promote competency, but never to protect or to retain imbecility or ignorance. Let nominations to the Civil Service as heretofore be shared by the Secretary of the Treasury among his Parliamentary supporters, if so the necessities of ‘government by party,’ and the imperfections of ‘our cherished institutions’ demand; but let ‘nomination’ be followed by acceptance only where the candidate can prove adequate intelligence, steadiness, and education.”

Certainly the reform Mr. Greg here demands and urges would be a great and splendid one; and did one see a chance of getting it, one might abandon all other schemes, accept this, and say no more. We have our doubts, however, whether this scheme, in which, according to Mr. Greg, “no sweeping or desperate change” is involved, and which is put forth by him and others as less chimerical and extreme than another which we shall shortly contrast with it, is not in reality more chimerical, more extreme, and more fantastic. In fact, our objection to it is that it is not a scheme at all, but only an aspiration. It is a plain and, we think, an irrefragable truth, that you cannot effect a social change by merely propounding a maxim. A new doctrine emphatically propounded will, in the end, work itself into the national or corporate consciousness, and so will come to affect the social or corporate procedure; but the only way in which direct political change can be effected is by embodying the principle of the proposed change in either a living man, with power to be its agent, or, failing that, in a form, a law, a symbol, or an institution. It seems to us that Mr. Greg only propounds a maxim. It seems to us that a precise measure of the worth of his suggestion, as a practical reform, would be the

effect produced by the reading of his own pamphlet. If the pamphlet can induce people to do as it recommends, well and good; if not, we are just where we were. All that Mr. Greg does towards showing how his doctrine might be applied in practice, besides suggesting that, as far as possible, the working heads of departments should be invested with the patronage, is to suggest a constitutional innovation which, he thinks, would serve the end in view. He suggests—and, if we remember aright, Mr. Carlyle made the same suggestion in one of his pamphlets on *Downing Street*—that it should be allowed to the Prime Minister for the time being to call to his aid, as under-secretaries, assistant-secretaries, or under any other name, a certain number of men, say twenty, of any kind he wants, from any class or quarter of the community, which men shall then have seats in the House, *ex officio*, without representing any constituencies. Such a plan he says would be the very substitute needed to supply the felt want in our system caused by the abolition of the old plan of nomination-boroughs. Now, we will not discuss this plan at present. It may be a good one or a bad one; but it is beyond our purpose. We are for the present assuming our legislative apparatus as it is; we are accepting Parliament as a means intended simply to ascertain the national will, and the composition of which, therefore, may very well be entirely representative; and we are discussing only how, this will being taken for granted, it is to be carried out by a pure and able executive. Two remarks, however, occur to us. In the first place, it strikes us that, efficient or not, Mr. Greg's proposal is not one likely to be accepted without infinite uproar, if even without revolution. If, therefore, his only means of reforming the executive service is by a change which will be esteemed a radical one in our whole constitution, and will have to be fought through half-a-dozen reform bill agitations, we do not see that this can be called a simple and easy means, or that it can have much to boast of in this respect over any other scheme that may be set against it. But, again, suppose it carried, we do not see that it would be effective. It is not clear that the way to purify existing patronage is to create so much new patronage. What is complained of is, that our Prime Minister, and his colleagues the other ministers, at present appoint incapable men to offices, on grounds of personal or political favouritism; and Mr. Greg proposes to remedy this by conferring the right of some twenty high additional appointments on the Prime Minister. But, as there is no provision in all this for any change in the quality of our Prime Ministers,—as they will still be men of the old kind—the only security that these twenty new appointments would not also be given on

grounds of favouritism, apart from merit, would lie either in the interest the prime minister would have in choosing good men to be so near to himself, or in some supposed tendency of power to become more pure in its exercise of patronage in proportion as it becomes more despotic. That there is some force in the first consideration we admit; and, indeed, we are disposed to think that all that is practically valuable in Mr. Greg's views, over and above the mere moral effect of their dissemination, lies in the suggestion, of which this is but a branch, that patronage will be more purely administered (more purely, at least, as regards the presence of the positive qualification of merit) if it is committed to those who, in each particular case, have most *interest* in the success of the choice. On the other question—that of the relative purity of despotism and ministerial government, as systems of rule—we refrain from entering, for reasons already stated. It seems to us that if we were disposed, with Mr. Greg, to recommend the introduction of a touch of the despotic into our British system of government, it would be as much with a view to its probable effects on the legislative as to its probable effects on the executive.

If, then, we have no faith in the possibility of realizing the *detur dignissimo* principle, by merely, with Mr. Greg, propounding the principle, urging it on the people and the official world, and readjusting patronage, so as to give it a greater chance of being acted on, how shall we realize it? One plan only remains—that of abolishing patronage, in the present sense, either throughout the service, or through as much of it as may be agreed upon, and disposing of all the appointments so included, according to the results of an express competitive trial of merit among the candidates who may present themselves; at the same time, devising means for securing the observance of the *detur dignissimo* principle, in the filling up of such appointments as it may be deemed right to exempt from such a scheme of express competitive trial, and also means for securing its observance in the promotion and general treatment of men after they are in the service.

Such, accordingly, is the plan which was brought out for public consideration under the auspices of the late government by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. As the result of their inquiries into the condition of our public offices, and of their own speculations and experience, these gentlemen prepared a Report, which was printed last year, and which, it was understood, was to form the basis of a scheme for the reform of the civil service, to be submitted to Parliament by Mr. Gladstone. Let us shortly indicate the propositions of this most interesting and momentous public document.

The first proposition towards the intended reform laid down in the report is, that, on the whole, it is better, as regards the bulk of the public service, to train young men up expressly for the service, than to take men in at any stage of life who have previously acquired experience in the other walks and professions. The higher staff appointments, it is suggested, might still be filled up, as hitherto, by men selected at any age from general society on account of their acknowledged excellence; but, on the whole, this should be the exception, and not the rule. The Civil Service, like the army or the church, ought to depend, in the main, on the supply of young men into it at a certain age—say between seventeen and twenty-five, according to the varying demands of different kinds of service. Various reasons are assigned for this—reasons of economy, as well as of regard for efficiency. Then, as to the mode in which these young men are to be admitted into the service—this is to be by an open competitive examination. It is recommended that a central Board of Examiners should be instituted, consisting of men of such mark and independence as to give their decisions weight, and invested with the command of all the necessary apparatus, central and local, for the complete discharge of their duties; in the hands of which board of examiners should be deposited the entire responsibility of determining who are fit to be admitted into the civil service. But they ought to exercise this patronage under all the force of a state obligation, and in a regular and prescribed manner. Periodically—every year or every half year—an estimate ought to be made of the number of vacancies in the civil service that have to be filled up. Public notification ought to be made of these throughout the country; and it ought to be announced that any persons whatsoever, of the required age, and subjects of her Majesty, who should be able to produce certificates of good health and of respectable character, should be at liberty to send in their names as candidates for the vacancies. Candidates should not be allowed to offer themselves for individual offices, but, generally, for *admission into the service*. A distinction might be made, however, between the lower kind of service, requiring lower qualifications—such as that in which postmen, inferior revenue officers, messengers, &c., are engaged; and the higher kind of service—such as that including all the clerkships. Candidates might have the option of offering themselves for the one or for the other. In either case, their admission or their rejection ought to depend on their success in a competitive examination, arranged so as to test their powers and acquirements. The periodical examinations for at least the lower class of offices might be conducted locally by examiners acting under

the direction of the Central Board—a method known by experience to be quite practicable. In the examinations for lower offices, the standard would naturally be that of a sound ordinary English education—involving reading, writing, arithmetic, and the elements of general knowledge; but even here any higher degree of accomplishment that might be found to exist among those offering themselves as candidates ought to be taken into the account. For offices of the higher class, the standard assumed ought to be that of the highest current education in the country—care being taken to embrace a variety of subjects wide enough to do justice to all varieties of taste and training, and to all parts of the country. Classics, mathematics, the physical sciences, the moral and political sciences, history, and modern languages, ought all to be included; and especial value should be assigned to an acquaintance with the literature, history, and laws of Great Britain, and to power in writing and speaking English. In both classes of examinations it would be an object, however, to test natural faculty as much as mere acquirement; and, so far as the examiners, by acting on hints given them by the Heads of Departments, could throw into the examinations ingredients calculated to bring out special aptitude for special offices, this also might be done. In all the examinations, the relative excellence of the candidates would be determined by the plan of proportionate values or marks, already so well known to all who have any practice in this kind of competition among young men. On each periodical examination, those candidates whom the examiners, after carefully summing up the marks, found best on the whole, should be declared to be entitled to the vacancies of that season. The manner of their distribution among the various departments might be determined in part by the examiners with a regard to their ascertained specialities, in part by their own choice; or the heads of departments might be allowed a right of selection. In any case the successful candidates should enter only as probationers; and only after having gone through a probation should they be confirmed in their offices. Once enrolled in any office, their advancement should still depend on their merit; which now, however, would be determined by their official superiors. Even their annual increase of salary should come not as a matter of course, but only on certificate of efficient service. Retiring pensions, or at least their amount, should also be conditional on certified value of service. Promotion should throughout be by merit as decided by regular records kept, or reports made in each office—the Head of a Department, on every vacancy, nominating one out of three or four, named to him by the proper subordinate, as most fit for the office, without regard to seniority. On a similar principle, by a system of common

record connecting the various offices, men might be transferred from one office to another, so as, by more extensive and varied official experience, to become fit for the higher staff-appointments. In cases, however, where Government should still reserve the power of going beyond the limits of the service for assistance, and selecting men of public eminence in other walks of life to fill places of trust and importance, the responsibility of such appointments must be left to Government itself. Examinations in such cases would be obviously inapplicable. The very nature of such appointments, however, would secure their being generally made with an express view to conspicuous merit of some kind or other, or even, under the new circumstances which would then obtain throughout the service, with a view to signal and undeniable qualification. For this also there would be a still greater security if the plan were adopted of giving a marked publicity to all extraordinary appointments by making them the subject of an annual Parliamentary return, and also by making it imperative that in every such case a record in detail of the grounds on which the appointment was made, should be minuted in official books open for the inspection of all concerned.

Such is an outline, omitting what is non-essential, of the plan for the Reorganization of the Civil Service, which, it is understood, Mr. Gladstone, on the part of the Government of Lord Aberdeen, was to submit to Parliament and the country, in accordance with a memorable promise to that effect, made in the Queen's speech on opening the Session of 1854. With a view to exhibit the proposed scheme of public examinations as it might be reduced to actual practice, there was appended to the report of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, a paper prepared by the Rev. B. Jowett of Balliol College, Oxford, stating that gentleman's opinions as to the subjects that ought to enter into the examination, the method of obtaining preliminary testimonials of character, and other arrangements. Unfortunately, owing in part to the all-engrossing interest of the country and of government in the Russian question and its results, and in part also to a shew of hostility to the proposed Reform evoked by its mere announcement, and that, too, in quarters where, one might have thought, it would have been hailed with enthusiasm, nothing could be done in the matter during last session, nor could it even be discussed in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone and his friends, however, did not give it up. Resolved at some future time to take the sense of Parliament on a measure of the kind described, they deemed it useful in the mean time to collect as large a mass of individual opinion as they could, respecting the propriety of such a measure, and respecting the shape to be given to it. For this purpose

copies of the Report of Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, and of Mr. Jowett's appended paper, were placed in the hands of a number of the most eminent official and academic men of the day, and they were requested to express their opinions on the subject to which these relate. Thirty-eight such opinions have been procured, and form the valuable and interesting Blue Book now before us.

We had intended to analyse these opinions one by one, so as to exhibit exactly the state of mind in official and academic circles on the subject of the proposed reform—the proportion of approval on the one hand, and of doubt and opposition on the other. We can only state the general result however. It is as follows: All admit the possibility of an improvement in the civil service, though some think the picture of its present defects greatly overcharged. One or two who appear strongly conservative, on the whole, say little or nothing as to the means of improvement; and the opinion of one gentleman—Mr. Waddington, Under Secretary of State for the Home Department—with respect to the proposed plan of competitive examinations, is a continuous and elaborate sneer. More respectful in their dissent from the principle of competitive examinations are a small but powerful body of some eight or nine—including Sir James Stephen; Sir G. C. Lewis, now Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Booth, Secretary of the Board of Trade; and Mr. Romilly, Chairman of the Board of Audit—who take their stand on the efficiency of a system of rejecting or minimum examinations, either conducted, as at present, by the chiefs of offices, or by a Central Board of Examiners. Some of these, however, are strongly in favour of the principle of merit alone in the regulation of *promotions*, and only oppose the principle of open competition for *appointments*, from a fear of its social consequences, or from an idea that real merit would not be so ascertained. There are, next, a few who, either approving of the principle of open competition for appointments, or not objecting to it, would like its application to be modified, and would rely rather on peculiar arrangements which they point out. Among these are—the Rev. Canon Moseley, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, who thinks that government, while following the plan of open competition so far, should still retain in large measure the right of calling eminent men into the service at any stage; Mr. Rowland Hill, of the Post Office, who has no doubt that the device of competitive examinations would be an improvement on the existing system, but thinks that the working heads of departments are the best judges of the kind of merit they want, and that, with a proper system of rejecting examinations they could pass muster; and Mr. Henry Cole, and

Dr. Lyon Playfair, who are for merging the question of a reform of the public service in the larger question of a reform of the entire educational system of the country. Finally, eighteen out of the thirty-eight give in an unqualified adhesion to the principles of the Report, and more especially to the principle of appointment by open competitive examinations, each explaining his adhesion in his own way, and with differences of practical suggestion and detail. This body includes the majority of those gentlemen connected with the higher education of the country who have given their opinions—as, for example, Professors Thompson of Cambridge and Graves of Dublin, the Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Jeune of Oxford, Dr. Jelf of King's College, London, and Dr. Vaughan, Master of Harrow. But it also includes a number of men of high note in the official world—as Mr. John G. Shaw Lefevre, C.B., Clerk-Assistant to the House of Peers; Mr. William Spottiswoode, the Queen's Printer; Lieutenant-Colonel Larcom, Under Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. Alfred Power, Chief Commissioner of the Poor Laws for Ireland; Mr. John Stuart Mill of the India House, well known by his independent labours in philosophy and literature; Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., and Mr. John Wood, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, who has the reputation of being one of the first official men of the country. These men speak of the proposed scheme in the highest terms. Mr. John Mill says, "The proposal to select candidates for the civil service of government by a competitive examination appears to me to be *one of those great public improvements the adoption of which would form an era in history.*" And Mr. Chadwick, whose paper, extending to the length of a treatise of nearly a hundred pages, goes deeper and more comprehensively into the subject of patronage in its social relations than any of the others, and contains a mass of original observations and suggestions such as we have rarely seen accumulated in such a paper before, is, with all his minuteness of detail, and all his own added weight of matter, quite as emphatic. This paper, in fact, starts principles in advance of the Report, and points to ulterior reforms which the Report does not directly contemplate.

On the whole, we must say, taking quantity and quality together, that the preponderance of testimony is overwhelmingly in favour of the principles of the Report. The opposition of such men as Sir James Stephen and Sir George Lewis to the principle of admission into the service by open competitive examinations is a formidable fact: but not only is this opposition adequately balanced, but, as it appears to us, there is not one argument of any strength adduced in the papers of these gentlemen that is not crushed by other papers of the series. That



the weight of academic testimony should be in favour of the competitive scheme might seem natural ; but as we see, there is no want of official testimony on the same side. Or, if any want of this kind should have been felt, an important event almost coincident in date with the publication of the Blue Book has more than supplied that want. We allude to the adoption by the Directors of the East India Company, in conjunction with the Board of Control, of a scheme for the admission of candidates into the Indian civil service, prepared by Mr. Macaulay, Lord Ashburton, and two other commissioners at the Company's request, and fundamentally the same as the scheme proposed for the civil service of Government by Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. By a single act, splendid for its suddenness and completeness, if for nothing else, this great Company, whose practical wisdom will not be denied, and whose care in the choice of its servants has always been celebrated, has renounced its patronage, and has declared that in future all vacancies in the Indian civil service, (involving a life-long independence and a chance of fame and fortune for about forty persons annually,) shall be filled up from among those young men, of whatever rank or condition, who shall have distinguished themselves most in an open competitive examination extending over the following subjects, though not necessarily including them all,—English composition and English literature and history ; Mathematics, pure and applied ; the languages, literature and history of Greece and Rome ; the languages, literature and history of France, Germany, and Italy ; the Natural Sciences, including Chemistry and Natural History ; the Moral and Political sciences ; and the Sanscrit and Arabic languages. The ascertained best at such an examination every year are to be admitted as probationers ; their actual appointments to be determined by a second and more special examination, within two years afterwards, in Jurisprudence, Political Economy, and some one vernacular language of India. This change comes into force in July next, so that unless Downing Street and Great Britain are unusually quick, Leadenhall Street and Hindostan are in advance of them.

For ourselves, all our sympathies and all our convictions are in the direction of this greatest movement of the age. So anxious are we in behalf of the movement as a whole, that we would willingly take it in any shape, and postpone all our opinions as to the precise shape that had best be given to it, until the general question had been irrevocably carried against the mass of brute apathy, and of interested or peevish opposition which we see arrayed against it, and the victorious combatants were left free to discuss detailed arrangements among themselves. As, however, precision in such a case may be neces-

sary to success, and as, in fact, much of the popular opposition to the movement is founded on misconception, we shall throw our views, in conclusion, into a schematic form.

L. And, first, as to the question of Principle. With the Report, with Mr Greg, and with all who have taken any efficient stand on the philosophy of this subject from the beginning of time till now, we regard the principle of *detur dignissimo* as absolute, ultimate, and not rationally questionable. If any one denies that the civil offices of the country ought to be conferred on the very best men that can be got to take them (which means on the very "fittest" men) we see no common ground on which to argue with him. If any one, even Sir James Stephen, says that, as a matter of principle, it is right that the Civil Service should have in it men more stupid or a greater number of stupid men than it finds itself constrained to have in spite of every effort that can be made to the contrary, we can only shut our mouths and wonder. This new doctrine of the right of stupidity, as such, and of feebleness as such, to a certain share of public posts and emoluments, seems to us not a whit more rational than would be the doctrine of the right of dishonesty to a similar provision. But, in truth, it is useless to point out the logical absurdities of an assertion which, though stated in the language of theory, is merely the expression of a felt practical difficulty. Sir James Stephen cannot have meant to say that, in principle, the civil service *ought* to have a certain proportion of men in it below the average of what it could get; he can only have meant to say that, in point of fact, of the men it could get, or could ever hope to get, a certain proportion *must* be below the average. This, indeed, he urges separately as if it had all the dignity of a separate argument. It is nonsense, he and others say, to speak of getting the best men for the civil service! The best men—the university wranglers, for example, will not go into that service as it is at present constituted. Such men have higher prizes in view than the obscure drudgery of official life, commencing at £90 a year, with the remote chance of £600 or £1000 a year after twenty or thirty years of service, can present to them. The idea of systematically getting the best intellects of the country into the public service, is therefore absurd. Now here again there is confusion of thought. The principle, *detur dignissimo*, does not imply that offices must necessarily be conferred on absolutely the best men that exist in the country, but only on the best men that can be got to take them. Expectations may differ as to the kind of men that would accept offices in the civil service; views may also differ as to the propriety of making it worth while for the ablest men of the age to follow this career; but these are matters beside the real point, which is, that the ablest men that *can* be got for

places ought to have them. It is on this, and this alone, that the advocates of the principle of merit take their stand—the question of the degree of talent that can be got being a mere question of fact. To argue then, against the principle of giving office to the fittest men by saying that the fittest men will not take office, is a fallacy of words unworthy of the merest tyro in logic.—A fallacy of a similar kind is the statement that, if the principle of greatest attainable merit is acted on, offices will be filled by men too good for them. It is possible, it is said, to have too fine instruments; and it would not do to have a Sir Isaac Newton working as a copying clerk, or a Milton in disguise carrying a post-bag. We are sorry to see all this obtaining a place in the written opinions of men who ought to know better. Not only is it an unworthy pandering to a mode of thinking of which we have had too much of late years—that mode of thinking which makes a bugbear of what is called “over-education,” and represents the efficiency of business as depending on the maintenance of ignorance; it is also, in itself, a complication of bad reasoning. By our very definition of “worthiness,” we imply “fitness;” and that which is here dreaded as “over ability” for an office, is in reality only one form of “inability.” At all events, surely it is not “over ability” from which we are now suffering. Practically, we may go on for a good while to come, appointing the ablest men we can get to the civil service, without much fear of a break down from an excess of intellect. Yet, curiously enough, the only argument possessing the slightest plausibility that we have seen urged against the principle of admitting the best attainable talent into the service of government, turns on some such fear as this. Seeing that, according to some, it is an inherent tendency of all governments, as such, to be generally on the wrong side of things, to be generally illiberal, adverse to progress, and the like, is it not to be dreaded that the more ability that is thrown into the government service, the more difficulty will a country have in carrying on the war against its government? Now, certainly, if we admit the premises of this argument; if we regard governments, so to speak, as institutions whose function is negative or detrimental rather than positive; if we regard them as a sort of enemy’s camps stationed in the centre of communities, and against which communities are always to be carrying on war—then there is force in the argument. We do not enter on this large question, however. We would only suggest whether it is not possible that the reason why governments have hitherto had the character of being “enemy’s camps,” may partly be this very fact, that the principle of getting the best attainable talent into government offices has not been attended to. Stupidity in the place of power must necessarily be an “enemy’s camp,” as long as the world

lasts; and what we think the most disastrous fact in the present state of things is, that stupidity *should* be in the place of power, or even in the place where power is supposed to reside. The very virtue of the new movement is, that, if it has any success, it will tend to destroy this wretched notion, that governments must necessarily be "enemy's camps," good only to be warred against. Besides, if what Sir James Stephen says is true, there is little fear that all the genius of the country will ever be concentrated in the government service. There will still be intellect enough in non-official circles to carry on the opposition, and beat, beard, and outwit the government.

II. The question of principle being settled, and it being agreed, that, so far as theory goes, it is desirable that the civil service of the country should be conducted by the highest talent that can be got into it, all the rest of the controversy turns on the question of means or practicability. In the actual circumstances of the country, what is the best means of systematically applying the principle of *detur dignissimo* throughout the civil service? Not to beat about the bush, one may fairly say, at this stage, that this whole question of means in general, resolves itself into the special question of *the means of procuring evidence*. "Let the best attainable talent, the greatest attainable fitness, in every case be placed in office,"—such is the principle; "How shall we know when we have the greatest attainable talent; on what evidence shall we be sure that we have got at the fittest attainable man?"—such is the question of practice. In point of fact, however, this question distributes itself into several.

(1.) *The necessity or propriety of resorting at all to the plan of open competitive examinations.* Let it be remembered, that it is agreed that the fittest attainable man should in every instance be appointed to a vacant office, and that the question is now solely as to the means of finding out the fittest attainable man. Now, if we suppose an omniscient, and also thoroughly just prime minister—a man, who, though sitting at the centre of affairs, knew thoroughly and intimately, by personal familiarity, every individual of all the millions composing the empire; knew his faculties, his acquirements, his failings; and also was resolved and able to act with strict impartiality—there would be no difficulty. The problem of the right man in the right place would be solved at once;—it would be a mere question of coach hire. Such a mode of solution being purely ideal, however, we must be content with the best possible approximation we can make to it. Now what is that approximation? The present plan of leaving the nominations universally in the hands of Government is certainly not it. Were Government never so willing to be just, it cannot select the best men, because it is not omniscient. If never so impartial, it could only select the best men within its range of vision;

and these might be far from being the best men attainable. Government might act fairly in nominating a young man living in Duke Street, St. James's, to a vacant post; and yet at that very moment there might be a superior young man who would have taken the office, living in the High Street of Islington, or in the wilds of Cumberland or Perthshire. Obviously, in short, if we are really to act on the principle of selecting the most fit, an opportunity must be given for all who think themselves fit to come forward. In other words, instead of leaving Government to select the fittest of those casually presented to them, there ought to be a public notification to the whole country, that such and such men are wanted, and that the fittest of those who present themselves will be selected. The answer to such a summons clears away one portion of the duty, for, when the summons has been answered, there is no doubt as to who are the *attainable* men. They lie collected, so to speak, into a mass; and the only remaining task is that of selection of the *fittest*. This selection, however, is, in reality, a work of the examination of evidence. To all intents and purposes the man of whose fitness the surest evidence can be obtained is to be accepted as the fittest. Government may itself, if it chooses, conduct the work of examining the evidence; or the working heads of departments may individually do so. Considering the moral influences at work, however, to incapacitate ministers, or even the heads of departments for the impartial discharge of this duty, and considering also that, in the proposed circumstances, the work of examination would in itself be a business of large dimensions requiring time and care, it is certainly better, if, indeed, it is not absolutely necessary, that, in the majority of cases, the work should be deputed to a Board expressly charged with this class of duties. But even with regard to this Board of Examiners, and the cases that may be left to its control, there is still the question of the kind of evidence on which they ought to rely. Only two alternatives seem to present themselves. The Board of Examiners may be merely for the examination of testimonials, and for the investigation of the claims of candidates by inquiries instituted among those to whom they are known; or its function may be to summon the candidates into its own presence, and, with or without the formality of preliminary testimonials on certain points, subject them to an examination so arranged as then and there to bring out their relative degrees of fitness. Something may be said on behalf of the former plan; but, on the whole, there are serious objections to it, in comparison with the other. The plan of testimonials is vitiated, for example, by the fact, that it throws one back on an incalculable element—that of the public laxity in granting testimonials. Experience in this respect is decisive; and were it

proposed to devolve on the Board the labour of checking testimonials by private inquiries as to their validity in each case, the amount of such labour would cause the whole plan to break down. Besides, the plan would be unfair, for many who might deserve testimonials might, from the geographical or social accident of not having been near a person of the testimonial-giving class, have none to produce. A Reformed National School System might do much to remedy this, by enabling our youth to grow up, as it were, with a graduated series of school certificates in their hands; but, in the meantime, if we are to have fair open competition, it must be according to a plan in which testimonials shall play but a secondary part. Attestation of good health from a medical man, and of respectable character from some civic authority, is about the utmost that can be required. The rest the Examiners must decide for themselves by means adapted for the purpose; and the only conceivable means of this kind is a competitive examination calculated to bring out the relative degrees of general faculty, acquirement, and special business aptitude possessed by the candidates.

The plan of appointment by competitive examination to all initial posts in the service, that is to say, throughout all that portion of the civil service on which it is deemed desirable that the offices should be filled by young men destined to be trained in the service—has, therefore, our full approbation. We think the proposal to this effect made in the Report one of the greatest reforms ever offered to the country. We think it a great reform as regards the service itself, promising a vast increase of efficiency, a great saving of the national wealth and enhancement of the national power and comfort. But its indirect effects seem to us its greatest recommendation. The purification of political morals and of the legislative which it would effect, by removing causes of corruption, seems to us worth any sacrifice. Then again its effects, as a stimulus to all the educational institutions of the country, and as an influence tending to bring them into unison, seem incalculable. Schools and colleges all over the country would have their powers tested in a new manner; there would be a premium upon educational improvements; the Scottish system would vie with the English system and take hints from it, and *vice versâ*; and lagging localities, sterile in officials, would have to hang their heads in shame, or justify their sterility in such products, by pointing to products of another kind. Finally, the present intensity of that miserable polarizing influence which divides British society into the two factions of Whigs and Tories, and, penetrating into the thoughts and characters of individuals, obliges them unconsciously to make the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism an *à priori* law of their lives and form of their entire mental activity, would be

sensibly diminished ; Whiggism and Toryism would assume more nearly their true limits as inductive expressions of facts ; and in lieu of the alternative of Whiggism or Toryism as an ever present form of thought, there would be substituted, to some extent, the far more ennobling influence of unlimited emulation with others in general and onward culture.

Observe, in all this, we have said nothing as to the nature of the proposed examination. That is still an open question. The Report uses the phrase a "competitive *literary* examination ;" but the extent to which the examination ought to be what is called a "literary" one, might very well be the subject of separate debate. There is no reason why, if necessary, the examination should not include the best arrangements that can be devised for bringing out business aptitude, or even the moral peculiarities of courage, energy, endurance, and the like. The Board of Examiners, instructed by government, or by the heads of departments, might throw many ingredients into the examination calculated to reveal constitutional idiosyncrasies. It is useless to deny, however, that, in the main, the examination must be a scholastic or literary one,—somewhat after the scheme proposed by Mr. Jowett, or that adopted by the East India Company. For our part, we would accept such a scheme, and trust to its improvement as experience tested it. We see faults both in Mr. Jowett's scheme and in that adopted for the India service. We think that the natural sciences have been assigned too low a value in the latter ; and that in neither is there a sufficient recognition of the value of the speculative, metaphysical, or philosophical sciences, as tests of *faculty*, apart from acquirement. At the same time we believe that if once either of these schemes were put in practice, so as to permit the necessary adjustment to it, it would work well. The ordinary objections—that the plan is Chinese, and that it would fill the service with men of book-learning instead of good men of business—seem to us unworthy of notice. Chinese ! What do we know of China, to speak so confidently of the effects on Chinese society of a Chinese institution ? Men of book-learning instead of men of business ! Pray, who are the persons to be examined ? They are young men just entering on life, and about to commence business. What do you desire to have certified about such persons ? Not certainly their *being* business men, but only the probability of their *becoming* such. Now, say what we like, the best evidence that can be got of this is tested intellectual ability in general, or even *scholastic ability*. Ask any teacher, and he will tell you that his best pupils in the work of their classes, are also all but invariably those who would be the best in any capacity in which they could be tried. The notion that dunces at school turn out the best men in after life, and *vice versa*, is simply not true.

Nelson passed an examination with the highest credit; and Wellington would have passed any examination, if he had known that he must pass it. But why reason at all on the subject? Have we so very splendid a system at present that nothing short of absolute perfection will please our highnesses? \*

(2.) *Limits of the plan of appointments by competitive examinations.* We have said that, both for the interests of the service itself, and also for the sake of the reflex effects on society, it would be an immense good if admission into the service were, in the majority of instances, to be regulated by competitive examinations open to all the young men of the country. We have now, however, to state that, according to our view, such a plan has its limits. In the first place, it need apply only to first admissions into the service; the rise of persons after their admission being justly enough determined by what is called promotion, that is, by changes among themselves, and this promotion not requiring to be by competitive examinations in order to be fair. In the second place, the plan of competitive examinations need not apply even to all first admissions, but only to admissions of unknown and untried young men into the commencing posts of the graduated parts of the service; a considerable number of high or special offices being still reserved, as at present, under the name of staff appointments, to be disposed of in another manner. Are not these limitations, however, inconsistent with our main principle *detur dignissimo*? Sir George Lewis, amongst others, seems to think so; for he dwells much on the supposed necessity which the advocates of the plan of open competition are under of not pushing it to its last results. If the plan is good, he says, why not apply it universally? why not choose judges and all the highest State officers by the method of open competitive examinations? This may seem specious; but the answer is plain enough. We may adhere to our *principle* and yet find it necessary to vary our *plan*. What we seek in all cases is evidence of the greatest attainable fitness; but this evidence is not always to be obtained in the same manner. In the case of the first admission into the service, where the object is to get out of the whole country those men *hitherto untried*, who will probably turn out the best public servants when trained, a plan of open competitive examinations, testing general faculty and acquirement, is the only fair one that is also practicable. But it is different with the higher offices in the service. In the case of most of these, previous

\* In thus giving in our adhesion to the plan of competitive examinations of young candidates for public employment, conducted periodically by a Board of Examiners, we reserve the question of what might be done by a reformed system of national education to bring the ablest young men of the whole country under the direct eye of government from the first, and so to render any express examination at the door of Downing Street unnecessary, or nearly so.



official training becomes in itself one most important element of fitness ; so that it is fair to limit the competition to those who are notoriously so circumstanced that they alone can be assumed to possess this element of fitness. In very few instances, for example, could a fresh competitive examination yield better evidence on which to ground a *promotion* than already exists. The original examination on admission has certified general talent and accomplishment ; if it is desired that this shall be kept up or added to, very easy devices may secure that ; but the preponderating consideration now must be special official fitness, and in this the whole past career of service has been one continuous examination. And so, also, with an important difference in what are called *staff appointments*. With Canon Moseley, we think that the Report does not by any means make a sufficient reservation under this head. With that gentleman, whose arguments on the subject seem to us most sound, we think that this is by far the weakest point of the Report. The Report, though it makes mention of staff appointments and supposes their continuance, seems decidedly to wish that the present proportion of such appointments in the service were rather lessened than increased, so as to bring the higher offices as well as the lower within the rule of promotion. In other words, while proposing to recruit the service freely at the bottom from among the young men of the country between the ages of 17 and 25, the Report seems to desire to have as few admissions as possible above that period of life, so as to keep the service quite close, or nearly so, through all intermediate stages, and at the top. Now, with Mr. Moseley we think this a great mistake. We are for ventilating the service at all stages, and especially at the top. By far the greater proportion of the higher offices, we admit, must be filled by promotion within the service itself ; but, on many accounts, the system of occasional interpolations or staff appointments ought to be kept up. It would be unfair and unwise to make the interval between 17 and 25 the sole period of eligibility into the civil service, seeing that though most of the differences between man and man are developed by that time, it is not universally so, and men may begin to give evidence of unusual fitness for office much later in life. Moreover, even if it were not so, other reasons could plead for a freer communication between the service throughout its whole extent and the world without. The tendency of a close service is to breed up men of ability perhaps, but of a narrow bureaucratic type of intellect, out of sympathy with surrounding society, and dead to its ideas and aspirations. Often in order to carry out an administrative improvement it is essential (as in the case of Mr. Rowland Hill and the Post-office) to fetch into the service some stranger, representing rather the wants of the people, and the general inventiveness

of the age meditating these wants, than the mere official sense of what is practicable. We are for a large reserve, therefore, of direct power to import men into special offices of the service at any stage. In such cases it is quite possible that the selection may take place with strict reference to the greatest attainable fitness, and yet without any competitive examination. The persons eligible for such posts are already known; their past career has already been one long trial and definition of their merits; and the sole work that remains for those who have to appoint, is to choose the best man out of a certain limited number. For this, personal inquiry, or the examination of testimonials, will generally be all that is necessary.

(3) and (4.) *Security for promotion by merit and for appointments by merit, in those cases where the plan of competitive examination is inapplicable.* In the main, we have said, promotions and that class of appointments called special or staff appointments, must be left to be regulated, otherwise than by competitive examinations. Still it is essential that the *datur dignissimo* principle shall be observed with regard to them too; and the question is, what forms can be devised for securing, as far as possible, the observance of this principle. One means, then, of contributing to this security is that of placing the right of promotions, and also of staff appointments, in the hands of those who have the greatest interest in appointing fit men, and the greatest knowledge of the precise qualifications that compose fitness. In the matter of promotions, therefore, besides the formal recognition of the principle of merit instead of that of seniority, some changes might be made with advantage, to the effect of giving the working Heads of Departments, as recommended by Mr. Rowland Hill, more control over their respective offices. With regard to staff appointments something of the same kind might take place; though naturally the central government will always retain the right of nomination to the highest of these in its own hands. There will still, however, in spite of any such redistribution of this right of patronage that can be effected, remain a considerable influence of nepotism and political party spirit to be guarded against. How is this to be done? Only in one way that we can see; and that is by a systematic development and enforcement of the principle of *registration or recordation* alluded to by various gentlemen who have given evidence on the subject, and expounded at large by Mr. Chadwick. Let it be made imperative that every public office shall keep a daily register of its business, in which all the time of each person employed in the office is accounted for with the same regularity as the expenditure of money is accounted for; let these registers or records be open to inspection; let the head of a department, when making a promotion, be required to minute in detail the

reasons of the promotion ; let transfer from office to office be regulated by a plan of common record embracing the various departments of the service at one view ; let every minister, when appointing to a staff or special office, be required in a similar manner to record the grounds of the appointment in writing ; and let means be adopted for periodically inviting parliamentary scrutiny to all these records and registers. By such means we should probably attain to as great a degree of purity in the matter of promotions and staff appointments as we can hope to attain by any means whatever.

Let us recapitulate, with more precise reference to figures, the results of the preceding observations. According to the census of 1851, there were 53,678 persons forming the actual Civil Service of Great Britain and Ireland. Of these 53,678 persons, 14,531 come under the category of "artificers and labourers." Probably a uniform system of contract with private firms might relieve government of all care or responsibility in appointments and promotions relating to this class of men. There would remain 39,147 persons constituting the Government Service. Probably a further reduction might be made. Some are of opinion that a great mass of the work now done by messengers, letter carriers, subordinate revenue officers, and even inferior clerks, might be done also by a system of contract. After the most remorseless application of the systems of contract or day-pay or piece-work, however, there must still remain about 16,000 persons who must be kept together as government servants, and requiring a definite and permanent organization. Taking the ratio of vacancies to be that of four per cent. per annum, which is about the fair computation, there would, in the service, even as thus reduced, occur about 840 vacancies annually, necessitating a corresponding number of appointments and promotions. The proposal accordingly is, that in future, the majority of these *vacancies* shall be filled up by open competitive examinations from among the young men of the country ; and that the corresponding *promotions* shall be determined within the service, no longer by seniority, but by ascertained merit. A certain portion of the vacancies are to come under a distinct category as staff appointments, and are to be filled up by direct ministerial nomination, under better guarantees than now exist for purity in the exercise of patronage. Persons intimately acquainted in detail with the structure of the service, might be able to indicate numerically what would be a fair and proper proportion of staff appointments to the rest of the service. This point we have not the means of adequately discussing ; and we can only state our conviction that the proportion of staff appointments ought, for many reasons, to be considerable.

ART. V.—*The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, Illustrated by the Correspondence of his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents.* By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, Esq., M.A. In 3 vols. London, 1854.

WE owe an apology to our readers of every class, for having allowed so many years to pass away without making them acquainted with the life and inventions of one of their greatest benefactors. There is no individual now living and enjoying life, who does not share in the benefits which James Watt has conferred on society. Science, indeed, neglected though it be, by an ignorant and thankless community, has always been, and must ever be, the greatest benefactor of mankind; and the science of steam has now become the sovereign power which rules over the material and the moving world. From man's birth to his death, and even before the one event, and after the other, he is indebted to the locomotive king. The wise man is hurried from his distant abode to preside at his birth; and his mortal remains are transported to their remotest resting-place, consecrated by the recollections of his early days. The first dress which swathes his infant limbs, and the last drapery which enwraps his lifeless frame, are woven by the power of steam. The first drop of water which quenches the thirst of the child, and the last which allays the fever of his deathbed, are raised and purified by the same beneficent power. By the foot of mechanism is trodden the wine-grape, to cheer man's heart. By its hand is ground the farina that is to nourish him; and moulded the dough, the staff of his life. The scholar's alphabet, the poor man's Bible, the daily gazette, the idler's romance, and the page of wisdom, the elements of man's moral and intellectual growth, are all the cheapened products of steam. At its bidding, too, the materials of civilisation quit the bowels of the earth—its coal, its iron, its silver, and its gold. The instruments of peace—the loom, the ship, and the plough—are all fashioned by its cunning hand; and even the dread engines of war, the machinery of death and destruction, owe their paternity to the same universal power.

But the blessings of steam power, expansive like the element itself, are not confined to individuals, nor to insulated communities. No alpine range stops its progress, no ocean depths intercept its tide. It encircles the globe like the serene vapour of the azure sky; and it sheds upon every land, even the darkest and most benighted, the auroral tints of civilisation. It has brought together the islander of the ocean and the indweller of the continent. The negro of the tropics and the stunted occupants

of the frozen north, have fraternized with the white man of the temperate zone; and, by its aid, we are now girdling the earth with channels of thought and of speech, to hold daily converse with the remotest of our race.

To what extent we owe these great social inventions to James Watt, will appear from the following pages. To what extent they have been developed by individual enterprise and skill, will be learned from their respective histories. How greatly they have been discountenanced and obstructed by the supineness, and ignorance, and infatuation of modern governments, and especially of our own, will be seen in the life of Watt, and in the history of his inventions.

It is a curious fact in the annals of English science, that the biographies of our most distinguished men have been written by the perpetual secretaries of the French Academy of Sciences. For upwards of 100 years, the only life of Newton was that of Fontenelle; and at this moment, the only life of Sir William Herschel is that of Arago. The lives of Priestley, Cavendish, and Sir Joseph Banks, were from the pen of Cuvier; and, till now, the life of James Watt and the history of his inventions, were known to his countrymen only through the historical éloges of Arago. This interesting biography was read at a public sitting of the Academy of Sciences in December 1834; and a translation of it, with copious notes and an appendix, was published in 1839, by James Muirhead, Esq. The work of M. Arago excited great interest, both by the eloquence with which it was written, and the just appreciation which it contained of the genius and inventions of Mr. Watt; but a fuller biography of so great a man was still wanting, in which the history of his inventions should be given in detail, and the events of his life delineated by one who had access to all the requisite materials, and who was acquainted with the institutions under which he lived, and with those usages and laws which contributed either to fetter or develop his genius.\*

This important task was fortunately undertaken by his relative, Mr. Muirhead, who has produced a work of the deepest interest and the highest value—interesting, peculiarly, in its biographical details, and valuable, as containing an accurate description of Mr. Watt's inventions, and a faithful history of the difficulties which he had to surmount, and of the victories which he gained.

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\* We owe to Lord Brougham a brief but very interesting sketch of the Life and Inventions of Mr. Watt, which was published in his *Lives of the Philosophers of George III.*, and which has just been reprinted in the first volume of the works of that distinguished philosopher and statesman, now in the course of publication, by Messrs. Griffin and Company.

The first volume of this work, embellished with a portrait of Mr. Watt, contains an introductory memoir of him, occupying nearly 300 pages, with extracts from his correspondence, illustrated with numerous fac-simile woodcuts. The second volume, with a portrait of Matthew Boulton, is occupied wholly with the remainder of his very interesting correspondence. The third volume contains the letters-patent, and specifications of Mr. Watt's inventions, illustrated by thirty-four plates, with an appendix, containing an account of the trials of his patents, when contested in the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and various illustrative documents.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the 19th January 1736. His great-grandfather was a farmer in Aberdeenshire, who perished in one of the battles of Montrose; and his father, James Watt, was a ship-chandler, supplying vessels with nautical apparatus and stores, a builder and a merchant. He was an active member of the Town Council of Greenock, and died in 1782 in the 84th year of his age. James Watt, the-eldest of his two sons, was born with a very feeble constitution, and from this cause he received the principal part of his early education from his parents, though he occasionally attended the public school. Confined to his room during a great part of the year, the sickly boy had the free choice of his amusements, and his tastes and faculties were thus unrestrained in their development. When only six years of age, he was one day found stretched on the floor, and drawing with chalk the diagram of a geometrical problem which he had been trying to solve. Having been provided with a number of tools, our young mechanic used them with singular address in repairing the toys of his companions, and making new ones of his own, and before long they were employed in constructing a small electrical machine with which he astonished the circle of friends, both old and young, who took an interest in his progress. When sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea-table, she was annoyed at his idleness. "Take a book," she said, "or do something useful,—you have done nothing for the last hour but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?" The poor boy had been making experiments on the condensation of steam, now holding a cup, and now a silver spoon over the issuing vapour, and catching and collecting the drops into which it fell. He had at this time obtained the first glimpses of that bright idea which, after making his own fortune, has made the fortune of thousands—the condensation of steam in a separate vessel!

While in search of health on the picturesque banks of Loch Lomond, and among the magnificent mountains which surround

it, our scientific invalid was led to study the plants and minerals which lay profusely in his path, while in the Highland cottage he listened with a different interest to the traditions and ballads and superstitions of its occupants. On his return to Greenock the severer sciences were the subjects of his study. Chemistry and chemical experiments occupied much of his time, and in the "*Mathematical Elements of Physics confirmed by Experiments, and Introductory to the Newtonian Philosophy*, by S. Gravesande, Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics at Leyden," he found an inexhaustible supply of knowledge in every branch of natural philosophy. The sciences of medicine and surgery, the natural study of the invalid, occupied much of his attention, and so eagerly did he pursue them, that "he was one day caught, in the act of carrying into his room for dissection, the head of a child who had died of an unknown disease."

Thus initiated into the most fascinating of the sciences, and exhibiting so ardent a taste for literature and poetry, the reader will be surprised to find that he chose none of those professions for which he was so well prepared, and for which he had shewn so decided a partiality. The mechanical passion, that must for a while have been in abeyance, obtained a mastery over science, literature and medicine, and the sickly youth, whose mind had not yet "got up its steam," sought for its gratification in the humble profession of a mathematical instrument maker. He accordingly set out for London on the 7th June 1755, under the care of Captain Marr, a relation of his own. They performed the journey, riding on the same horses, in *twelve days*, the unfledged engineer little dreaming that by his aid the same distance would, in the next century, be performed in *twelve hours*. After several fruitless attempts to find a master to instruct him, he made an arrangement with Mr. John Morgan, mathematical instrument maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill, a very excellent man, who agreed to give him a year's instruction for twenty guineas and his labour, during that period. In this dark abode, where the sun was recognised only by its reflected light, he learned in twelve months to make brass scales, Hadley's quadrants, azimuth compasses, theodolites, and sectors with French joints, one of the most difficult pieces of work in the trade.

As soon as his engagement with Mr. Morgan terminated, which it did in August 1756, he returned on horseback to Scotland, full of professional knowledge, and supplied with tools for the prosecution of his business. In the month of October he went to Glasgow to repair some astronomical instruments which had been injured in their voyage from Jamaica, and which had been bequeathed by Mr. Macfarlane to the University. Having thus earned the good opinion of that learned body, which could then

count among its members the distinguished names of Adam Smith, Joseph Black, and Dr. Robert Simson, Mr. Watt resolved to settle as a mathematical instrument maker in Glasgow, but being neither the son of a Burgess, nor an apprentice to any craft, he was prohibited from setting up even the humblest workshop within the limits of the burgh. The victim of corporation rules, however, found an asylum in the College, where he was provided with a work-shop, and appointed "mathematical instrument maker to the University." In this quiet locality, Mr. Watt practised his profession for several years, constructing Hadley's quadrants and other instruments, till those lights burst upon his mind which speedily led him to fortune and to fame.

Among the most distinguished students who then adorned the University of Glasgow, was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh. The Macfarlane Observatory was then being built, and the fine instruments which were to furnish it were under the charge of Mr. Watt. Mr. Robison, who was passionately devoted to astronomy and mechanical philosophy, longed for Mr. Watt's acquaintance, and having been taken to his shop, in 1758, by Dr. Simson and Dr. Dick, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, an intimate friendship arose between the two young philosophers. Expecting to see only a workman, Mr. Robison was surprised to find a philosopher, and though he thought himself "a good proficient in his favourite study," he was mortified to find Mr. Watt so much his superior. In 1759 Mr. Robison left College, became a midshipman for four years, and was present in some of the most remarkable actions of the war.\* Having suffered much from a seafaring life, Mr. Robison was obliged to quit his profession, and resume his academical habits in Glasgow. His acquaintance with Mr. Watt was then renewed; and he has given us the following interesting account of the little academy that assembled in Mr. Watt's house. "All the young lads," says he, "that were any way remarkable for scientific predilections, were acquaintances of Mr. Watt, and his parlour was a *rendezvous* for all of this description. Whenever any puzzle came in the way of any of us, we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew he would not quit it, till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it. No matter in what line—languages, antiquity, natural history, nay, poetry, criticism and works of taste; as to anything in the line of engineering, whether civil or military, he was at home,

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\* An interesting anecdote of Mr. Robison and General Wolfe will be found in this Journal, vol. xix. p. 494, note.



and a ready instructor. Hardly any projects, such as canals, deepening the river, surveys, or the like, were undertaken in the neighbourhood without consulting Mr. Watt; and he was even importuned to take the charge of some considerable works of this kind, though they were such as he had not the smallest experience in."

It was in one of the conversations in this academic parlour, that Mr. Watt's attention was first turned to steam-engines. Dr. Robison had thrown out the idea of applying them to wheel-carriages, and to other purposes; but as he had been called to St. Petersburg to occupy an important position in that city, no steps were taken to realize the valuable suggestion. The seed, however, was sown in Mr. Watt's mind, and it sprang up with its green leaf in 1761 and 1762, when the recollection of the idea induced him not only to make some experiments on the subject, but to construct a model of the machinery. Mr. Robison had suggested, that on applying the steam-engine to wheel-carriages, it would be most convenient to place the cylinder with its open end downwards, to avoid the necessity of using a working beam.\* In consequence," continues Mr. Watt, "I began a model with two cylinders of tinplate, to act alternately by means of rack motions upon two pinions attached to the axis of the wheels of the carriage; but the model being slightly and inaccurately made, did not answer expectation. New difficulties presented themselves. Both Robison and myself had other avocations which were necessary to be attended to; and neither of us having then any idea of the true principles of the machine, the scheme was dropped."

The experiments made by Mr. Watt in 1761-2, were performed in a Papin's digester, which he converted into a species of steam-engine, by fixing upon it a syringe one-third of an inch in diameter, having a solid piston and a cock for admitting and shutting off the steam, and also for making a communication from the inside of the syringe to the open air. When a free passage was thus made between the digester and syringe, the steam entered the syringe, and raised the piston, loaded with a weight of fifteen pounds. When the piston was raised to its proper height, the communication with the digester was shut, and that with the atmosphere opened, the steam escaped, and the weight descended. These operations were repeated; and though in this extempore apparatus the cock was turned by hand, yet he saw how it could be done by the machine itself, and how it could be made to work with perfect regularity.

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\* Mr. Robison had previously published this suggestion, illustrated by a rough woodcut of the inverted cylinder, in *The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, for November 1757, vol. xxiv., pp. 229-231.

Although Mr. Watt relinquished the idea of constructing such a steam-engine, owing to the danger of bursting the boiler, the difficulty of making the joints tight, and the loss of much of the steam from there being no vacuum to assist the piston in its descent, he nevertheless described it in the specification of his patent for 1769, and afterwards in that of 1784, along with a method of employing it in moving wheel carriages.

Mr. Watt's professional avocations prevented him from prosecuting these experiments, and but for an accident, he might never have resumed them. Among the apparatus of the natural philosophy class, there was a pretty model of Newcomen's steam engine, which Professor Anderson sent to Mr. Watt to be repaired. With the knowledge which he had acquired from Desaguliers and Belidor, he repaired it "as a mere mechanician." It was for a while a "fine play thing" in the hands of himself and Mr. Robison, but it soon became an object of serious study; and Mr. Watt was surprised to find that though the boiler appeared to be large enough, it could not supply the necessary quantity of steam. It produced no more than what gave a few strokes. The fire was blown, and the water made to boil more violently, but in place of continuing the motion by a more plentiful supply of steam, it stopped the machine altogether. Mr. Watt was not long in finding out the causes of this defect in the model. He saw that a large quantity of steam was wasted, and that the engine could only be improved by increasing the production of the steam, and diminishing its waste. He improved the boiler by making it of wood and placing the fire within it. He made his cylinder of baked wood soaked in linseed oil; but after these and other precautions had been taken, he found that more than three-fourths of the admitted steam was condensed and wasted during the ascent of the piston.

Mr. Watt's next attempt was to obtain a more perfect vacuum by injecting into the cylinder a greater quantity of water, but having found that this occasioned a disproportionate waste of steam, he ascribed the result to the fact that water boiled in vacuo at temperatures below 100° Fahr. Hence he inferred that at greater temperatures, the water in the cylinder would produce steam which would in part resist the pressure of the atmosphere. Under these circumstances, he ascertained by experiment the temperature at which water boils under different pressures greater than that of the atmosphere; and he was also led to observe the remarkable fact explicable by Dr. Black's doctrine of latent heat, that water converted into steam can heat six times its own weight of well water to 212°, or till it can condense no more steam. With these data he came to the conclusion, that in order to obtain the greatest mechanical power from steam, it

was in the first place necessary that the cylinder should be maintained always as hot as the steam which entered it; and in the second place, that when the steam was condensed, the water of which it was composed and the injected water itself should be cooled down to 100° or lower. The method of obtaining these results did not immediately occur to him; but in the spring of 1765, he found that the great object of his research could be accomplished *by condensing the steam in a separate vessel*. Dr. Robison has given such an interesting account of his interview with Mr. Watt after he had made this great discovery, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

"I came," he says, "into Mr. Watt's parlour, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered upon conversation on what we had been speaking of at last meeting,—something about steam. All the while Mr. Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me and said, briskly, 'You need not *flash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall be boiling hot;—ay, and hot water injected if I please.' So saying, Mr. Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under the table with his foot. I put a question to him about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather dryly. I did not press him for a further explanation at that time, knowing that I offended him a few days before by blabbing a pretty contrivance which he had hit on for turning the cocks of the engine. I had mentioned this in presence of an engine-builder, who was going to erect one for a friend of mine; and this having come to Mr. Watt's ears, he found fault with it.

"I was very anxious, however, to learn what Mr. Watt had contrived, but was obliged to go to the country in the evening. A gentleman, who was going to the same house, said, that he would give me a place in his carriage, and desired me to wait for him on the walk by the river side. I went thither and found Mr. Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. Watt's, walking with another gentleman, (Mr. Craig, architect.) Mr. Brown immediately accosted me with, 'Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?' 'Yes.' 'He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?' 'Yes,' said I, 'very fine spirits.' 'Gad,' says Mr. Brown, 'the condenser's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder.' The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once. I did all I could to encourage the conversation, but was much embarrassed. I durst not appear ignorant of the apparatus, lest Mr. Brown should find that he communicated more than he ought to have done. I could only learn that there was a vessel, called a condenser, which communicated with the cylinder, and that this condenser was immersed in

cold water, and had a pump to clear it of the water which was formed in it. I also learned that the great difficulty was to make the piston tight, and that leather and felt had been tried, and were found quite unable to stand the heat."

Having discovered the great principle of separate condensation, Mr. Watt applied, in 1768, for letters-patent for his "Method of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel in fire engines." It passed the seals in January 1769, and his specification was enrolled in Chancery on the following April. It contained the description of three great inventions. *First*, Of the steam-engine, with all his improvements; *secondly*, of the high-pressure engine already mentioned; and *thirdly*, of the rotatory steam-engine, in which the steam vessel has the form of hollow rings or circular channels, with proper inlets and outlets for the steam.

During the time that his patent was passing the seals, and even earlier, arrangements were going on with Dr. Roebuck\* respecting the formation of a copartnery for the manufacturing of the new fire-engines, as they were then called. Mr. Boulton had expressed a wish to have a share in the concern, and Mr. Watt, who was very desirous that he should engage in it, wrote to him on the 20th October 1768, in order to acquaint him with the arrangements he had made with Mr. Roebuck. Before he had brought the theory of the fire-engine to its present state, Mr. Watt had involved himself in a considerable debt. In 1765, a friend who was to have bought a share in the patent died, and at that time Dr. Roebuck agreed to take his debts upon him, and to lay out whatever money was necessary either for experiments, or for securing the invention. The debts and expenses had amounted to £1200, and as Dr. Roebuck, from his other engagements,† could not pay much attention to the executive part of the concern, while Mr. Watt himself, "from his natural inactivity and want of health and resolution, was incapable of it," he was delighted with the idea of having Mr. Boulton as a partner, and begged Dr. Roebuck to make him an offer of a third of the concern, he paying the half of the cost and "whatever he

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\* "Dr. Roebuck was the grandfather of J. A. Roebuck, M.P. for Sheffield, who, descended from him on the one side, and from the Tickells on the other, may be said to unite in himself rare claims to hereditary distinction; but who is probably destined to exalt the names of his family still higher by his own virtues."—Lord Brougham's *Lives of Philosophers*, Edit. 55, vol. i. p. 41. Lord Brougham states in a note, that the maternal grandfather of Mr. Roebuck, M.P., was the author of "Anticipation," and grandson of Addison's friend the poet.

† Dr. Roebuck at this time rented the extensive coal and salt works belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, at Kinniel near Borrowstonness, and in order to satisfy him respecting his invention, Mr. Watt fitted up, in the offices of Kinniel House, one of his engines with an 18-inch cylinder, with which various experiments were made as described in their correspondence.

might think the risk he has run deserves, which last he leaves to himself." Mr. Watt added that, "if he should not choose to engage on these terms, they could make him an offer when the whole was more perfect."

In the month of November Mr. Watt was busily occupied with his specification, which he had written out two or three times without being satisfied with it. In December 1768 he had finished a complete model of his reciprocating engine, and on the 22d of that month Dr. Roebuck writes to him "that he would be sorry to risk the property of the engine," and begs Mr. Watt to write by the first post to his friend to take out the patent, as he can spare the money without inconvenience. Mr. Boulton had returned no answer to Dr. Roebuck's offer, which was considerably different from what Mr. Watt led him to expect;\* and at last, in February 1769, Mr. Boulton declines to engage in the concern, as he could not go to Scotland, nor Dr. Roebuck to England, and as "he was saturated with undertakings." He "lives in hopes, however, that they should hit upon some scheme or other that might associate them in his part of the world, which would render it still more agreeable to him than it is, by the acquisition of such a neighbour."

At this time Mr. Watt and his friends were alarmed by the intelligence that a linen draper of the name of Moore had taken out a patent "for drawing chaises, &c., by steam." Mr. Watt wrote to his friend Dr. Small, "that if he did not use *his* engine to drive his chaises, he could not drive them by steam." "If he does," he adds, "I will stop him. I suppose by the rapidity of his progress and puffing he is too volatile to be dangerous. . . . Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing. Here I work five or more years contriving an engine, and Mr. Moore hears of it, is more *éveillé*, gets three patents at once, publishes himself in the newspapers, hires 2000 men, sets them to work for the whole world in Sir George's Fields, gets a fortune at once, and prosecutes me for using my own invention! . . . You talk to me about coming to England, just as if I was an Indian that had nothing to remove but my person. Why do we encumber ourselves with anything else?"

Though he had declined a share in the copartnery, Mr. Boulton required one or more engines for his own use, and when Mr. Watt learned this, he pressed his friend Dr. Small to "negotiate the following affair" with Mr. Boulton:—

"If Mr. Boulton will make a model of it of twenty inches diameter at least, I will give him my advice, and as much assistance as I can.

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\* Mr. Roebuck had offered him a share of the property only as far as respects the counties of Warwick, Stafford and Derby.

He shall have liberty to erect one of any size for his own use, or if he should choose more, the terms will be easy, and I shall consider myself as much obliged to him. If it should answer, and he should not think himself repaid for his trouble by the use of it, he shall make and use it until he is paid. If this is agreeable to him let me know, and I will propose it to the Doctor, and doubt not of his consent. I wish Mr. Boulton and you had entered into some negotiation with the Doctor about coming in as partners. I am assured it is now too late; for the nearer it approaches to certainty he (Dr. Roebuck) grows more tenacious of it. For my part I still think as I did, that it would be for our mutual advantage. His expectations are solely from the reciprocator. Possibly he may be tempted to part with the half of the circulator to you. This I say of myself. Mr. Boulton asked if the circulator was contrived since our agreement; it was, but it is a part of the scheme, and was virtually included in it. . . . I am resolved, unless those things I have brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, *if I can resist it*, to invent no more. Indeed I am not near so capable as I once was.\* I find I am not the same person I was four years ago, when I invented the fire engine, and foresaw even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time pressed on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great was wanting; in acquiring it I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burden of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. . . . I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me, I will lay aside the burden I cannot carry."—Vol. i. p. 55.

In the preceding details, and especially in the preceding letter, we obtain a view of the cruel infancy of invention,—of the first sufferings of a man of genius, whom Providence has raised up as a benefactor to his country and his species. Though not a pauper, the possessor of genius is always poor. He can maintain himself and his family by the profession of his choice; but in the depths of his ever active mind, he has descried some social want to be supplied, some object of philosophy to be attained, or some lofty pursuit to which he instinctively turns. He tries his intellectual strength, and he feels that he has the mission, and the power, to attain the object to which he aspires. He proceeds: he elaborates a great invention, or perfects a great discovery, and a wasted frame, an empty purse, and, perchance, a starving family, measure the labour which he has expended. Success now justifies his exertions, and hope cheers

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\* Mr. Watt was now only thirty-three years of age.

him with the prospect of reward. In Mr. Watt's case, the two philosophers of Glasgow, among the most distinguished men of the age—Dr. Robison and Dr. Black—admire his invention, and testify to its national value; but they can do nothing to help the inventor. He has expended £1200 in bringing it to perfection, and in securing a fallacious protection from a fallacious statute; but without funds to organize an establishment for the manufacture of his fire-engine, it slumbers an unfledged idea, cramped in models, or shrouded in diagrams. Had a foreigner seen the inventor in this dilemma, he would have asked if there was no representative of the city to tell the Board of Trade, or of Admiralty, of the valuable prize within their reach, or indicate to the adviser of the crown that he might add to his own reputation and that of his sovereign, were he, like the Colberts of another age and another land, to become the patron of genius. We would have whispered to the foreigner, that city representatives knew nothing of steam-engines,—that the President of the Board of Trade knew little,—that the First Lord of the Admiralty knew less, and that the Prime Minister himself knew less than them all, and might perhaps have considered a fire-engine as an infernal machine to upset the monarchy!

In the European community, however, there were then sovereigns who did not extort fees for their servants out of the purse of genius, who had no Attorney-general to rob the inventor at his entrance into the Patent-office, and no attendant sharks to devour him before his exit. There were, and still are, sovereigns, who despatch invitations to collect wise men as the best ornaments of their thrones, and gather from every land useful inventions for the benefit of their people. When the sovereign of England and his minister were not cognizant of the existence of the Scottish philosophers, the Empress of Russia was inviting Mr. Robison and Mr. Watt to fill lucrative places in her capital. Mr. Robison obeyed the summons: but Mr. Watt loved his country better than his country loved him, and resolved to die, as he had lived, in England.

In this state of anxiety and uncertainty, Mr. Watt goes on improving his fire-engine, but with no prospect of bringing it advantageously into the market. Capital and enterprise are both wanting; and Mr. Roebuck, possessing two-thirds of the patent, and anxious as he was for Mr. Watt's success and his own, could not embark in so gigantic an undertaking. He clung, however, to the property, as promising to be of great value; and it was with some difficulty that Mr. Watt induced him to have a personal interview with Mr. Boulton, in reference to the offer which he had made. Mr. Watt placed the most unlimited confidence in the honesty of Mr. Roebuck. "He has

been to me," he says in a letter to Dr. Small, "a most sincere and generous friend, and is a truly worthy man. As for myself I shall say nothing, but that if you three can agree among yourselves, you may appoint me what share you please, and shall find me willing to do my best to advance the good of the whole; or if this should not succeed, to do any other thing I can, to make you all amends, only reserving to myself the liberty of grumbling." In writing to Dr. Roebuck under these feelings, he presses upon him, by various arguments, the great advantages that would accrue to himself by the admission of Mr. Boulton into the concern; and though the firm at Birmingham had just embarked in another scheme which required all the money they could spare, they were induced to accept of Dr. Roebuck's offer. Mr. Boulton purchases one of the two-thirds of Dr. Roebuck's share for a sum not less than £1000, "as you (Mr. Boulton), after the experiments of the engine shall be completed, shall think just and reasonable; and twelve months from this date you are to take your final resolution." Mr. Watt was delighted with this arrangement, and thought he saw in it a termination to his disappointments, and the accomplishment of his plans.

Deriving nothing from his invention, either before or after the passing of his patent, Mr. Watt was obliged to maintain himself and his family by exercising his talents as a surveyor and engineer. He had given up his shop and his profession as a mathematical instrument maker in 1768, and had found a congenial employment in surveying the Forth and Clyde Canal, and in making plans of the river Clyde for the purpose of improving its navigation.\* "This," he says, "I would not have meddled with had I been certain of being able to bring the engine to bear; but I cannot, in an uncertainty, refuse every piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire engines, because they must have taken my attention so up as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which, God knows, may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavour to make myself square with the world, if I can, though I much fear I never shall."

The arrangement with Mr. Boulton dissipated these fears, and Mr. Watt continued in the exercise of his profession as a

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\* Mr. Watt was employed, in 1770, by the Trustees of the Annexed Estates in surveying a canal from Perth to Coupar-Angus, and also in some surveys of lesser canals.



civil-engineer, devoting all his leisure to the great desideratum of saving steam by preventing its waste in the cylinder. The experimental engine at Kinniel was subjected to every new idea, and in Mr. Watt's correspondence with Dr. Small, we are put in possession of the different inventions, illustrated by diagrams, by which he brought it into the condition at which he aimed. This correspondence, so fortunately preserved, possesses a peculiar interest. Mr. Watt apologizes for the devotion of his time to canal making. He cannot, however, refuse the offer of persons "who have a much higher idea of his abilities than they merit." He finds it a hard life to be "bustling and bargaining with mankind." His superintendence of 150 men, and tyros of undertakers, occupies his time, "the remainder of which is taken up by headaches and other bad health." "He is growing gray without having made any provision for his wife and children;" and though thus distracted, he longs "to have another touch at the engine," just as Sir Isaac Newton, when distracted by the affairs of the Mint, resolved "to have another stroke at the moon."

While Mr. Watt is thus labouring with his theodolite, Messrs. Boulton and Small are busy with the construction of one of his engines, called the circulator, with the view of applying it to the propulsion of canal boats; but even this part of their plans was frustrated. The Coalbrookdale Ironmasters sent unsound castings, which they could not use. An eminent caster at Bilston was accordingly employed, and they now counted upon the application of the circulator without a condenser to "above 150 boats now employed on these new waveless canals." A new canal was projected at Birmingham, in which the water to supply the locks was to be raised by fire engines, and Mr. Watt was urged to have his reciprocator ready for that purpose. Mr. Watt warns his friends of the difficulties they will meet with in their scheme of constructing the circulator, and applying it to boats, and at the same time gives them the means of surmounting them. He approves of their dispensing with the condenser, provided they make the boiler strong enough to bear a pressure of thirty feet of water, and *he suggests the use of a spiral oar (of which he gives a drawing) to be applied to the boats in place of two wheels.*

New prospects open up to our engineers. In addition to the expectation of impelling canal boats, they receive intelligence that four or five copper mines in Cornwall are about to be abandoned from the high price of coal. The York Building Company, too, are waiting for the reciprocator, and a mining company in Derbyshire desires to know when Mr. Watt is to be in England.

Difficulties, however, attend the completion of the circulator. The buyers of fire engines hearing that "no engine has yet been made on Mr. Watt's principles, doubt whether any could be made;" and Mr. Boulton, laid prostrate with a fever for five weeks, is unfit for business. A crisis among the manufacturers in Scotland takes place, and Dr. Roebuck, the possessor of one-third of Mr. Watt's patent, becomes bankrupt. Mr. Watt's debts consequently, which Dr. Roebuck was to pay as the price of his shares, fall back upon himself, and Mr. Watt has little expectation of receiving any help from the settlement of his affairs. His only hope is that the Doctor will make some arrangement with Mr. Boulton; but this hope is again blasted by a letter from Dr. Small. "Unless, he says, we can concert some plan of pushing this affair with a very small capital, I begin to fear in the present state of commercial matters, let the merit of either engine prove what it will, that we shall not be able to do justice to you or your inventions. Everybody seems to tremble for the approaching Christmas, and everybody finds it absolutely necessary to be provided against larger demands than usual." Mr. Watt is advised to "reconcile himself to engineering in the vulgar manner," and it is suggested that he should come to Birmingham "to be employed in canals there."

Hitherto Dr. Roebuck clung to his property in the patent as a reasonable means of relieving him from his difficulties; but nearly five years of the patent had expired, and he is now willing to dispose of the whole or the greater part of it. Mr. Watt intimates this to Dr. Small, and urges him to induce Mr. Boulton to take *at least* half the property into their hands. He proposes to spend some time with them in winter, and seems disposed to take employment in England. He is unwilling "to continue a slave to his present hateful employment," for which he thinks he has no other qualification than that of honesty, which reproaches him for keeping it so long; and in the following interesting account of himself, he indicates to his friends the nature of the work which he is willing to accept in England.

"Remember, in recommending me to business, that what I can promise to perform is to make an accurate survey and faithful report of anything in the engineer way; to direct the course of canals; to lay out the ground, and to measure the cubic yards to cut or to be cut; to assist in bargaining for the price of work, to direct how it ought to be executed, and to give my opinion of the execution to the managers from time to time. But I can upon no account have anything to do with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts, nor would I choose to be so bound up to one object that I could not occasionally

serve such friends as might employ me in smaller matters. Remember also I have no great experience, and am not enterprising, seldom choosing to attempt things that are both great and new. I am not a man of regularity in business, and have bad health. Take care not to give anybody a better opinion of me than I deserve; it will hurt me in the end."

Liberal and unselfish as were Mr. Watt's proposals to Dr. Small, they did not prove successful. Beside the money difficulties, Dr. Small tells him there is another which is insuperable at present. "It is impossible," he adds, "for Mr. Boulton or me, or any other honest man to purchase, especially from two particular friends, what has no market price, and at a time when they might be inclined to part with the commodity at an under value." Along with these not very satisfactory reasons for declining the purchase, Dr. Small tells his friend that the boiler for the concentrator is not yet ready;—that it is promised next week, and that he and Mr. Boulton propose to unite these things under Mr. Watt's direction. Mr. Watt is resigned to this intelligence, admires the delicacy of his friends, promises to trouble them no more till he sees them, when they "must expect another onset unless they positively say that they do not think it practicable or profitable." He is willing to serve them in any way they choose to employ him—to execute a survey—to draw a plan—or to contrive a machine. His correspondent, Dr. Small, becomes poetical—he complains of an *ennui mortel*. He has about ten capital points in philosophy, all capable of procuring fame, and two of procuring fortune, but he cannot resolve to prosecute them. He "shall soon be *pulvis et umbra*, and fold his arms in sleep," yet he is inventing micrometers and improving telescopes and microscopes. Mr. Watt, in the interregnum of fire-engines, is inventing dividing machines for dividing an inch into 1000 parts on glass, and two problems, one trigonometrical for clearing the observed distance of the moon of refraction and parallax, another instrumental by means of a sector, which, if of three feet radius, will solve the problem to ten seconds—and he is solving another more essential to himself, which is to determine what force is necessary to *dredge up a cubic yard of mud under any given depth of water*.

Before Mr. Watt embarked in his new employment at Birmingham, Dr. Small, the victim of ennui, proposes to stand for a vacant chair in the College of Edinburgh, and while the two friends, each contemplating a change of position, are corresponding about their views, a new light breaks upon the gloom which had settled upon both their spirits. Dr. Roebuck's creditors were to meet on the 2d April 1773, and Mr. Boulton, a creditor to the

extent of £630, authorize Mr. Watt to make any arrangement with them he pleases in reference to the debt and the patent right. Mr. Watt having received the thousand pounds in return for two-thirds of his patent, generously relieves Dr. Roebuck of all the other sums which he was bound to pay, and purchases for Mr. Boulton, for £630, the amount of the debt due to him, Dr. Roebuck's share in the patent, it being agreed that Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton shall fix "what part of the annual free profits shall be given to the Doctor in case of success." Mr. Watt's grand object was now attained. He was virtually a partner with Boulton and Small, and he saw in the distance the realization of all his views. But alas! his evil genius again thwarted him. Mr. Boulton, though he had given the fullest powers to Mr. Watt, declined to ratify the bargain on the ground that Dr. Roebuck's creditors were the parties that were entitled to the reserved share in the annual profits, and consequently to interfere in the copartnery. Mr. Watt saw the difficulty, and made various proposals to remove it, but none of them seemed to satisfy Mr. Boulton. In this state of perplexity a severe domestic affliction befell Mr. Watt. On the 24th September 1773, when he was engaged in the survey of the Caledonian Canal, Mrs. Watt, to whom he had been married only nine years, and by whom he had a family of two sons and two daughters, died in giving birth to a still-born son. In communicating the event to his friend, he says, "You are happy, Small, who have no such connexion. Yet the misfortune might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that grief must have its period, but I have much to suffer first. I grieve for myself, not for my friend; for if probity, charity, and duty to her family can entitle her to a better state, she enjoys it. I am left to mourn."

Mr. Boulton remains silent on the subject of the copartnery, and Dr. Small and Mr. Watt correspond about their minor inventions—Mr. Watt about his micrometers and drawing machine, and the Doctor about his patent for steeple and other clocks. The two men of genius, notwithstanding their inventive powers, are far from happy.

"This ennui of yours," says Mr. Watt, "is vilely infectious. I believe, like the plague, it can come by post. It has seized upon me. I am not melancholy, but I have lost much of my attachment to the world, even to my own devices. Man's life must be spent, you say, in labour or ennui; mine is spent in both. I long much to see you, to hear your nonsenses and to communicate my own; but so many things are in the way, and I am so poor that I know not when it can be.

"I am heart sick of the country; I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most, I grow the longer the stupider. My memory fails me so as often to forget occurrences of the very current dates. For myself, condemned to a life of business, nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble to hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with."

Mr. Watt's whole gains during the preceding year did not exceed £200, and there were so many disagreeable circumstances attending his profession, that he resolved to change his abode, and either to try England *or endeavour to get some lucrative place abroad.* The fire engines are no more heard of. The circulator even, that was to have been ready long before this, is no longer talked of. The patent copartnery arrangement also slumbers, and Dr. Small has no better comfort for his friend than to advise him to "puff his drawing machine in the newspapers," or write a book upon steam. Thus terminates the year 1773; and 1774 commences with a sagacious letter from Dr. James Hutton, the celebrated geologist. "May the new year," he says, "be fertile to you in lucky events, *but no new inventions.* Invention is too great a work to be well paid for in a state where *the general system is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest done.* No man should invent but those that live by the public; they may do it through gratitude, and those who from pride choose to leave a legacy to the public. *Every other man should only invent as much as he can easily consume himself and serve his friends.*" In the spring of 1774 Mr. Watt at last undertakes his journey to Birmingham, to enter upon a new occupation, and to endeavour to bring his friends into compliance with his views. He takes with him as testimonials copies of his reports and plans of the Caledonian and other canals, and his dividing machines and other inventions; and he hopes to have, as the companions of his journey, the celebrated Dr. Black, and the no less celebrated Dr. Hutton, "the famous fossil philosopher."

The correspondence with Dr. Small has now terminated. This very distinguished individual, whose letters to Mr. Watt are full of talent, died on the 25th February 1775, amid the tears of the brilliant circle with which Birmingham was at that time adorned—the Boultons, the Watts, the Keirs, the Darwins, the Days, the Galtons, the Witherings, and the Priestleys.

"Cold contemplation leant her aching head,  
On human woe her steady eye she turned,  
Waved her meek hand, and sigh'd for science dead;  
For science, virtue, and for Small she mourn'd."

DARWIN.

In strains equally full of grief Mr. Day mourned the loss of his accomplished friend,—

“O gentle bosom! O unsullied mind!  
O friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!  
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,  
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!”\*

Dr. Small, and the distinguished friends who now mourned his loss, were in the practice of meeting monthly at each other's houses, under the name of the *Lunar Society*, at the time of full moon, in order that they might have the benefit of its light on returning to their homes.† At these dinner parties the profoundest topics were discussed between the hours of two and eight o'clock, and some of the brilliant lights of the present day can be traced backwards to their birth at these convivial meetings.

We have already mentioned, that Mr. Watt was, in 1773, invited by Mr. Robison to Russia, to occupy some important station at St. Petersburg. When he became at a later period “heart sick of his country,” and longed “for some lucrative place abroad,” he no doubt regretted that he had declined the invitation of his friend. In the spring of 1775, however, the invitation was renewed in a different form, and from a different quarter. The Russian ambassador—the purveyor of genius and inventions for his country—had been informed of Mr. Watt and his fire engines, when Lord North, the British premier, had never heard the name of the one, or known the value of the other. What, indeed, had he to do with either? It was his function to keep himself in place. The steam-engine could not grapple with corruption, or tear up the rank weeds with which faction entangles the foot of power. An office with a salary of £1000 a year, and involving “duties suited to his own inclinations and acquirements,” was offered to Mr. Watt by the Imperial Government. The loss of Dr. Small had fortunately opened the eyes of Mr. Boulton, and he could not afford to part with Mr. Watt. In the same letter‡ in which he announces to Mr. Watt the death of Dr. Small, he tells him that “his going to Russia staggers him. The precariousness of your health, the dangers of so long a journey or voyage, and my own deprivation of consolation, render me a little uncomfortable, but I wish to assist and advise you for the best, without regard to self.” Mr. Boulton himself had sounded the praises of Mr. Watt to the scientific ambassador, and he was therefore entitled to the merit of the act, or was responsible for its consequences.

Nor was the prospect of losing Mr. Watt less alarming to his literary friends. Dr. Darwin exclaims from Lichfield,§ “Lord,

\* Keir's *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Day*, p. 93, 1791.

† Mr. Muirhead has given an interesting notice of this literary and scientific club, vol. i. p. clix.

‡ February 25, 1775.

§ March 29, 1775.

how frightened I was when I heard a Russian bear had laid hold of you, and was dragging you to Russia! Pray, don't go if you can help it. Russia is the den of Cacus: you see the footstep of many beasts going thither, but of few returning. I hope your fire engines will keep you here." Other friends interposed with louder notes of alarm. The ill-usage of Captain Perry, who, in the time of Peter the Great, had been driven from Russia without his pay, was the most appropriate of the bugbears presented to Mr. Watt, but he did not now require to be "frightened from his propriety," for his prospects had brightened up never again to be absolutely darkened.

The patent had now only *eight* years to run, and the scheme of petitioning parliament for a prolongation of it, was now keenly adopted by Mr. Watt and his friends. He writes to his father that his fire-engine is now going on, that it answers much better than any other, and that he expects it will be beneficial to him. With such expectations, he resolved to decline the offer from Russia, and to stake his all on the contingency of obtaining an act of parliament. What the consequences of this resolution were to Mr. Watt, his future history will shew; and the reader will judge for himself, and from Watt's own letters, how far his final success was a compensation for the toils and anxieties by which it was achieved. What the consequences were to England and to civilized society, may be seen in the workshops, the railways, and the steam-ships of the world. In contemplating such a picture of social progress, may we not ask, what would have been the consequences to Mr. Watt, to England, and to society, had Mr. Watt become a Russian subject;—an article of export, on which the legislature had imposed no prohibitory duty; a contribution of genius to other nations, which England has at all times liberally made? With regard to Mr. Watt personally, the question is not difficult to answer. He would have escaped from the piracy of his inventions, from the martyrdom of an English patent, from the heart-breaking anxieties of a suitor for justice; and he would have risen to wealth, and rank, and honour, under an autocrat, doubtless, but amid a people where humble merit has always been courted and prized. It is more difficult to estimate what England would have lost, and what society would have suffered. The arts which now enrich British industry, and fill the treasury of the state, and stamp our island as the benefactor of the world,—these arts nursed in Russia by Mr. Watt's genius, might have taken root on the continent, and left England shorn of her manufacturing and commercial greatness. If the steam-boat, invented and tabooed in Scotland, was allowed to take its flight across the Atlantic and to come to maturity in the New World

before its adoption in the Old, is it not fair to suppose, that the fire-engines of Mr. Watt, transported to Russia, would have come to maturity in that and other continental states, and might have there brought to their present state of perfection all the mechanical arts, before it found a patron and a home in England? Thus should we either have lagged behind our rivals in other lands, or found it difficult to contend with them in that race of manufacturing and commercial industry, in which the patriotism of Mr. Watt has placed us so far before them.

The inventor of the fire-engine is now established at Birmingham, the partner of Mr. Boulton, under a contract for twenty-five years, by which he is to have one-third of the property and profits, Mr. Boulton paying all the expenses of the Act of Parliament and experiments, and advancing all the stock, while Mr. Watt was to make drawings and surveys. Mr. Boulton announces that they are "on the eve of a fortune." Applications for engines, even from foreign countries, are numerous; and "if they had a hundred wheels (circulators) ready made, a hundred small engines and twenty large ones, he could readily dispose of them." Rivals, however, are in the field. Smeaton and other eminent engineers talk of great improvements, and it is therefore necessary not only to get a prolongation of their patent, but to invent new improvements, and render their engines superior to others that may be brought into the market. In May 1775, Mr. Watt informs his father that he has obtained an Act of Parliament vesting the property of his fire-engines in him and his assigns for twenty-five years; "and that it was opposed by the most powerful people in the House of Commons." Mr. Arago was anxious "to discover to what class in society belonged the parliamentary personages" of whom Mr. Watt here speaks, "who refused to the man of genius a small portion of the riches which he was about to create." When the name of Burke was mentioned, his astonishment was indescribable. Mr. Arago did not know, what Mr. Muirhead has since told us, that Burke opposed the prolongation of the patent from a *sense* of duty to a constituent!—that modification of the sense of smell by which statesmen find it more lucrative to legislate for one individual than for the community.

But whatever were the grounds of opposition which he had to encounter in Parliament, Mr. Watt had now gained the object of his ambition, a wealthy, an honest, and a diligent partner, with an Act of the legislature to support them. He had now to perfect the engine; and with the aid of Mr. Wilkinson, who had introduced a new method of boring large iron cylinders, he was enabled to construct fire engines with cylinders fifty inches in diameter, and to introduce those important improvements by which he prevented any escape of heat from the cylinder.



In the discharge of his duties Mr. Watt was obliged to be absent for long periods in the mining districts of Cornwall pushing his fire engine into notice, obtaining orders, extending connexions, superintending the erection of new engines, mending old ones, attending the meetings of mining adventurers, and discussing with coarse and illiterate minds subjects of which he alone was cognizant. Speaking of the first engine he erected in Cornwall he says, "at present the velocity, magnitude, violence, and horrible noise of the engine gave universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine, made it work gently and make less noise; but Mr. — cannot sleep unless it runs quite furious, so I have left it to the engine-man. And by the by, the noise serves to convey great ideas of the power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." Among people so ignorant, where *the engine-men actually eat the grease* of the engine, Mr. Watt was not happy, even though "he was distracted with multiplicity of orders." His troubles increased with his business. He could not get intelligent clerks, and it was difficult to procure castings of the metal work which he had designed. Headaches and despondency supervened, "the natural consequence," as he says, "of staking everything on the cast of a die, as was every project that is not sanctioned by repeated success." Hence it was his anxious "prayer for peace of mind and delivery from Cornwall." But in the midst of this anxiety and labour his inventive powers were always at work, whether he was basking in the sunshine of society at Birmingham, or groaning amid the Cornish Mountains, or lying sleepless, as he often did, on his uneasy couch.

It had now become a question of great interest with Boulton and Watt how they were to obtain the profit of their labour and their enterprise. Should it be by the sale of their engines, as might naturally have been supposed, or from the advantages which their engines procured for their purchasers? They resolved to adopt the latter of these plans, and to exact only from their customers the value of *one third of the fuel saved by the use of their patent*. The engine was to be erected by any qualified workman, from plans furnished by the patentees, who were themselves to execute at a stipulated price all the valves and all other parts that required nice execution. They were to see the whole put together in a working condition,—to keep what was their own work in repair for one year, and to give a guarantee that the engine thus constructed should raise at least 20,000 cubic feet of water twenty-four feet high with every cwt. of coals. The amount of saving in fuel was to be estimated from a comparison between

the new engine and the engine of their employers, or any other in Scotland, and the third of this sum, counted in money, was to be the remuneration for the patent license, drawings, and other outlays.

The liberality of these terms brought in many customers. The first engine was made for Bedworth in 1776, and between that year and 1780 several large engines were erected in Cornwall, and one at Niort in Brittany;\* and previous to 1780 they were used in the water works of London and Paris. Wherever these engines were erected their great value was recognised, and the amount of saving in fuel surpassed even the expectations of the patentees. In the Chace water mine it was so great even in 1778, that the proprietors redeemed the payment of one-third of their annual savings for £700 per annum.† In the Poldice mine the patentees were to receive in 1781 £1500 annually, and from the Wheal Virgin mine £2500, indicating an annual saving in the one case of £4500, and in the other of £7500. These very advantages, however, soon became the germs of discontent. The purchasers never considered that they were not called upon to pay much, unless they had gained much; and many of them were not unwilling to find reasons for violating the obligations by which they were bound. In some cases where capital had been expended in the erection of Newcomen's engines, their proprietors were naturally unwilling to lay them aside, and requested permission from the patentees to use the separate condenser, at that time the leading part of Mr. Watt's improvements. Mr. Smeaton, who had acted with the utmost candour and friendship, applied for the same privilege in 1778, and Mr. Watt, who had previously given the subject much consideration, was ready with a satisfactory reply. He had made an experiment on an engine at Soho to see what would be the effect of applying his condenser, and he found "that though it would enable the old engines to go a little deeper," yet it would have led to the introduction of inferior engines injurious to their reputation, and would not have yielded such profits as would have been satisfactory either to the patentees or the adventurers.

However just and reasonable this explanation was, it was not likely to satisfy those who had to pay annually a large sum, without the conviction that they had got corresponding returns. The purchasers were entitled to use any steam engine without

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\* In 1778 Messrs. Boulton and Watt obtained an exclusive privilege from the King of France to make and sell their engines in that country.

† This engine, with a cylinder of sixty-three inches in diameter, performed the work which had baffled two common engines, one of sixty-six and the other of sixty-four inches, and inspired such confidence that many mines that had been abandoned were again set to work. Five of Mr. Watt's engines were now at work in Cornwall, and eight in contemplation.

the separate condenser, and we have no doubt that the law would have compelled the patentees to furnish separate condensers, or to give licenses for the use of them, at a reasonable rate. The proprietors of mines did not make this attempt; but they got up the notion that Mr. Watt had obtained a patent for an *Idea* or *Principle*, not embodied in a material piece of mechanism, as the patent law requires; and fortified by this notion, which was backed by legal opinions, they conspired to get rid of their obligations to the patentees.\*

Mr. Watt, however, who had foreseen the storm, was doubly prepared for its advent. He was provided with proof that his invention was not an unembodied spirit, which the wealth of Cornwall, and the gentlemen of the wig and the long-robe could exorcise; but a substantial reality which had raised water, and crushed minerals, and filled with solid gold the coffers of the conspirators. He was prepared also with more formidable weapons which the ingenuity of the lawyers could not wrest from him, even if a jury had failed to find that there was no substance in his ideas. Between the year 1775 and 1785 he secured, by five several patents, a number of separate inventions of the greatest ingenuity and the highest value, all of them made subsequently to the invention of the separate condenser. In 1781 he took out his second patent for several methods of producing rotative motions from reciprocating ones, among which was the beautiful one of the sun and the planet wheel, which was applied to many engines, but which is subject to wear, and to be broken under great strains. On this account the crank is more frequently used, though it requires a fly-wheel four times the weight if fixed upon the first axis. In 1783 Mr. Watt took out his third patent "for certain new improvements upon steam or fire engines, for raising water and other mechanical purposes, and certain new pieces of mechanism applicable to the same." In the specification of this patent Mr. Watt describes "his expansive steam engine with six different contrivances for equalizing the power of the double stroke steam engine, in which the steam is alternately applied to press on each side of the piston, while a vacuum is formed on the other; and a new compound engine or method connecting together the cylinders and condensers of two or more distinct engines, so as to make the steam which has been employed to press on the piston of the first, act expansively on the piston of the second, and

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\* Mr. Watt writes to Mr. Boulton on the 31st of October 1780, "that in place of the Act of Parliament, which is such a grievance to the Cornish adventurers, he would willingly have taken £7000, and made the invention free to all men; but neither Parliament nor any body else would then give me that sum; though, by-the-by, I should not have put much of it in my pocket, yet I should have been much richer than I am now."

thus derive an additional power to act either alternately or conjointly with that of the first cylinder; *fourth*, the application of toothed racks and sectors to the ends of the piston or pump rack, and to the arches of the working beams, instead of chains; *fifth*, a new reciprocating semirotative engine, and a new rotative engine or steam wheel."\*

These new inventions would have given the Soho engines a superiority over all others, even if the separate condenser had been abandoned; but Mr. Watt still saw defects, and resolved to amend them. He therefore took out in 1784 a fourth patent, "For certain new improvements upon fire and steam engines, and upon machines worked and moved by the same." In the specification of this patent, he describes a new rotative engine, in which the steam-vessel placed in a dense fluid revolves upon a pivot, from the resistance produced by the steam issuing against the fluid. He describes, also, three varieties of the beautiful piece of mechanism called the *parallel motion*, for making the piston and other rods move perpendicularly, or in other straight lines. He specifies, also, methods of applying the steam-engine to work pumps, or alternate machinery, by making the rods balance each other;—a method of applying the engine to move mills which have many wheels to move round in concert;—a method of applying them to work heavy hammers or stampers;—a new construction and mode of opening valves;—an improved working gear; and finally, a portable steam-engine and machinery for moving wheel-carriages. Mr. Watt's last patent was taken out in 1785, for improved methods of constructing furnaces and fire-places for various purposes, and in which the smoke is greatly prevented or consumed.

When thus prepared for all the contingencies of legal warfare, hostilities commenced on the part of the Cornish miners in 1792. Engines with separate condensers were erected in several places in defiance of the patent; and Messrs. Boulton and Watt had no alternative but to prosecute the parties. One of these, a person of the name of Bull, had been a stoker in the service of the patentees, and having been promoted to the situation of an assistant engine tender, he had acquired that knowledge of their mechanism which enabled him to imitate their engines. The case against Bull was tried at the Court of Common Pleas, on the 22d June, 1793, before Lord Chief Justice Eyre and a special jury. Among the witnesses for the plaintiffs were De Luc, Herschel, Robison, Lind, Murdoch, Rennie, and Ramsden; and when the counsel for the defenders rose to reply to the evidence, the jury

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\* Mr. Watt's notes on Art. Steam Engines in Robison's *Mechanical Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 150.

expressed themselves satisfied, and gave a verdict for the plaintiffs, subject to the opinion of the court as to the validity of the patent. By this decision, the originality and value of Mr. Watt's inventions were established; and, what was of essential importance, that a mechanic of ordinary intelligence could, by the specification, construct fire-engines on the principles protected by the patent. The case against Hornblower and Maberly had a similar result.

The great question, however, of the validity of the patent still remained. The Lord Chief Justice had given no clue to his opinion; and among the conflicting views of lawyers and mechanics, even Mr. Watt could not with confidence anticipate the result. Great interests, interests, too, that were not legitimate, were at stake; and philosophers, engineers, and mechanics of all kinds, looked forward with anxiety to the impending trial. The two questions which the jury was called upon to decide were, 1st, Whether the patent was good in law, and was continued by the act of parliament; and 2d, Whether the specification in point of law supported the patent? On the 16th May, 1797, the case was tried before the Judges Heath, Buller, Rooke, and Eyre, in the Court of Common Pleas. Heath and Buller, who were against the validity of the patent, rested their opinions on the statute, and dismissed from their minds all consideration of the merit of the invention, or of its value to the public. They held that Mr. Watt took out his patent for "*using, exercising, and vending, his newly invented method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in Fire-engines, and that in his specification he described certain principles as his method of lessening that consumption.*" The mode of condensation, they said, was not specified, nor the ratio of the condenser to the cylinder. No drawing or model of the new engine was lodged with the specification. The Act of Parliament, they maintained, was still more vague than the specification, stating merely that the patent was granted for making and vending certain engines, and granting for twenty-five years the privilege of constructing and vending the said engines. Hence they came to the conclusion that *the Act gave Mr. Watt nothing, because it gave him only the right of making and vending the engines described in his patent, that patent having actually described no engine whatever.* The Lord Chief Justice Eyre and Judge Rooke took the opposite view of the question. The sufficiency of the specification without drawings was proved by witnesses, some of whom had actually constructed them, while there were certain *blockheads who swore with perfect veracity that they could not do it?* Professor Robison's testimony on this point had a peculiar interest. When he had the direction of the Imperial

Academy of Marine at St. Petersburg, expensive windmills were used to draw the water out of the docks. Professor Robison proposed a steam engine, and in discussing the merits of Mr. Watt's with *Æpinus*, a distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, and Mr. Model, apothecary to the court, and a first-rate chemist, he found that Mr. Model "thoroughly understood Boulton and Watt's method with much less information than is given in the specification."

The judges being equally divided, the question came to be heard as a case in error in the Court of King's Bench. It was accordingly argued in that court in 1798; but "as it involved," in Lord Kenyon's opinion, "some points of great novelty, nicety, and importance to the law," the court ordered it to be argued again in 1799. The counsel for Hornblower and Maberly was Sergeant Le Blanc, and for Messrs. Boulton and Watt, Mr. Rous. The court gave an *unanimous* decision in favour of the pursuers, and heavy damages and costs were recovered from the defendants. The invention was thus declared to be the subject of a patent, and the right of the patentee, as prolonged by the Act of Parliament, a valid right.

Great as this victory was, when considered as the triumph of genius and of science over pirates who possessed neither, it was in reference to the future of very little importance. The prolonged patent terminated in 1800, two years only after the decision was given, and Mr. Watt's own patents were of such value as to ensure to his firm and their successors a pre-eminence over all the manufacturers of steam engines. Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton, the fathers of the modern steam engine, were far advanced in life, and cheerfully resigned the cares and fatigues of business to their sons, Messrs. James Watt, Matthew Robison Boulton, and Gregory Watt, all men of distinguished talents and capacity for business, by whom it was carried on for forty years with the aid of highly qualified assistants, among whom Mr. William Murdoch\* of Old Cumnock in Ayrshire was the most distinguished.

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\* Mr Murdoch was the first person who applied the gas from coal to economical purposes, and he had also the merit of having made the first locomotive engine for drawing carriages on the construction in Mr. Watt's patent. In 1787 it was actually applied to drive a small waggon round a room at Redruth in Cornwall where he then lived. In 1802, on the peace of Amiens, he lighted up with gas the front of the manufactory at Soho. He afterwards introduced it in 1808 into some cotton mills at Manchester. The writer of this article saw it in that year illuminating the drawing-room of Mr. Lee, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Phillips and Lee, in whose manufactory gas was first used. The Royal Society adjudged to Mr. Murdoch the Rumford medals for 1808, and on that occasion the writer of this article had the pleasure of dining with him at the Royal Society Club along with Cavendish, Herschel, Maskelyne, Dalrymple, and others. The rough hilarity of

From this history of Mr. Watt's greatest inventions, and of the difficulties which he encountered in the protection of his property, we must now return to give some account of some of the other valuable contributions which he made to science and the arts. That Mr. Watt was the first discoverer of the composition of water we have shown at great length in a previous article to which we must refer the reader.\* Since that article was written Lord Jeffrey has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*† an able and elaborate essay in support of the same views, and Mr. Muirhead with some reason adduces the names of Davy, Henry, Arago, Brougham, Dumas, Berzelius, Jeffrey, Liebig, and Faraday, as deciding in favour of the priority of Watt over Cavendish; while on the other side he ranges those of Harcourt, Peacock, Whewell, and Wilson, names well known and highly esteemed, but not carrying with them the same weight in a chemical question as those of their opponents.

Mr. Watt's mechanical genius displayed itself in a variety of inventions. In the year 1765 he invented a machine for drawing in perspective.‡ About fifty or eighty of these instruments were made by Mr. Watt and sent to various parts of the world. A London optician of some celebrity, Mr. George Adams, sen., "copied and made them for sale, putting his own name upon them," as Mr. Watt himself testifies from having seen the piracy. None of the instruments are in the possession of Mr. Watt's friends, with the exception of one made with his own hands, and not very complete, which he presented to Sir David Brewster in 1813.

In the year 1770 or 1771, Mr. Watt invented and constructed two new and ingenious micrometers for measuring distances, which he found of great use in his survey of different canals in Scotland. One of them was a telescope with a pair of fixed parallel wires, the tenth of an inch distant. Having determined experimentally the number of chains to which the separation of the wires corresponded at a given distance, he obtained a scale by

the engineer was strongly contrasted with the retiring modesty and aristocratic reserve of Cavendish, and in some passages of wit and banter, Murdoch triumphed over the great hydrographer, Captain Dalrymple, who produced from a large pocket of the great coat in which he sat at table, a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, more choice, or more harmless, perhaps, than what the tavern afforded. Though Murdoch was not a partner of the Soho firm, he enjoyed a fixed salary of £1000 per annum from 1810 to 1830, when he retired. He died in November 1839, and his remains were deposited in Handsworth Church, close to those of Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton. There is a fine portrait of Mr. Murdoch in the hall of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which he was a member.

\* See this *Journal* for January 1847, vol. vi. p. 473.

† *Edinburgh Review*, January 1848, vol. lxxxvii. p. 67.

‡ This instrument is described with drawings in Mr. Muirhead's memoir, vol. i. p. cxi.

means of which, marked upon a rod twelve feet long carried by an assistant, he was able to measure distances "within less than one-hundredth part of the whole distance, a degree of accuracy which could be increased by using a higher magnifying power or a better telescope." In this process there was nothing new, but in his other micrometer he varied the angular distance of the pair of fixed wires by making an object-glass move between the eye-glass and object-glass of the telescope. This contrivance would have enabled Mr. Watt to dispense with his assistant when the distances were considerable; but he made only a rough model of the instrument, and never completed it. In 1813 a patent was taken out by Sir David Brewster for various telescopic micrometers for measuring distances, among which was the method of varying the angle subtended by two wires by the motion of a second object-glass; but as Mr. Watt never published any description of his invention, the patent right for the exclusive use of this method was not affected by it. The idea, however, had been long before described by M. de la Hire, who did not know that it had been previously published by Roemer. In Sir David Brewster's patent he described a better form of the instrument, in which the two images were separated by the motion of a divided object-glass; and the angular distances engraven on the tube. He specified also micrometrical telescopes, without any additional lens, one of them by separating the two parts of the achromatic eye-piece, a method which has been brought forward since the date of his patent by Dr. Kitchenner and a professor at Moscow, under the name of the *Pancratic eye-piece*,—the other, which is applicable to Gregorian and Cassegrainian telescopes, and in which the angular distance of a pair of wires is changed simply by a motion of the eye-piece, the adjustment to distinct vision being effected by the motion of the small mirror. Mr. Watt invented also a prismatic micrometer, and an ingenious machine for drying linen by steam, of which he had never published any account.\* In the year 1816, however, he gave descriptions and drawings of all these inventions to Sir David Brewster to be published in any way he thought proper, and they have accordingly appeared in different works.

In the year 1780 Mr. Watt took out a patent for a new press for copying letters. Mr. Boulton and Mr. Keir were his partners, the former paying for the patent, and the latter taking charge of the concern. In this invention the ink is forced through thin paper so as to appear on the other side. The colour is improved by wetting the paper with an astringent which is deprived of its

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\* See the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, vol. xviii. p. 384.



colour, and the operation is so conducted as not to injure the original letter. Mr. Watt invented also an ingenious flexible water-pipe, suggested by the formation of a lobster's tail, for conducting water across the Clyde to Glasgow;—a method of constructing lighthouses of iron, which he described to the writer of this article, and a new method of heating apartments by pipes containing steam, which he himself actually used.

Had Mr. Watt enjoyed the degree of health which is necessary to the continuous exercise of the inventive faculties, society and the arts would have owed him still more than they do. He contrived an arithmetical machine which could perform the processes of multiplication and division; but he could not find time to complete it, leaving to Mr. Babbage the undivided merit of having invented and constructed his difference engine for computing tables for various purposes, and of having invented an analytical engine capable of performing operations of the most wonderful kind.\* He devoted himself, however, more particularly to the construction of a machine for copying and reducing all kinds of sculpture and statuary. The idea of this machine was suggested to him by a turning lathe (*tour à médailles*) which he had seen in Paris in 1802 for copying medals and other things in bas relief. In 1808 he seems to have made considerable progress in the construction of this machine, for which Professor Young of Glasgow could find no more euphonious name than that of the *Glyptic Machine*. In May 1809, he tells the Professor that he has now made the *Glyptic Machine Polyglyptic*; and he had soon after this finished a large head of Locke in yellow wood, and a small head of Adam Smith in ivory. He afterwards succeeded in executing busts in alabaster and marble, and had brought the machinery to such a degree of perfection that he had in 1818 prepared drawings and descriptions of its different parts, with the view of applying for a patent. Mr. Muirhead has given us a very interesting chapter on the subject of this sculpture machine, but he has not mentioned the reason why Mr. Watt did not proceed to secure his right to it by patent. We had an opportunity when at Heathfield in 1818, of seeing some specimens of the work which Mr. Watt had executed with it, and he then told us that a neighbour of his who could have had no knowledge of his invention, had made considerable progress in the construction of a similar machine. This gentleman offered to take out a joint patent with Mr. Watt; but he had suffered so much from former patents, that he was unwilling at his advanced age to embark in any new concern. The public have

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. xv. p. 553.

thus been deprived of the luxury of possessing at a cheap rate accurate copies of the finest productions of the sculptor.

We have already seen that Mr. Watt and his distinguished friends not only saw in the distance the steam-ships and the railways of the present day, but paved the way for their introduction by actual inventions. He invented the screw propeller. In September 1786 he had a steam carriage "of some size under hand;" and, as we have stated, Mr. Murdoch constructed a working model which performed the circuit of one of his rooms. Mr. Edgeworth, one of the most ingenious men of his day, tells Mr. Watt in 1813, that "*he always thought that steam would become the universal lord, and that we should in time scorn post-horses. An iron railway would be a cheaper thing than a road on the common construction.*"

Having now followed Mr. Watt as a successful inventor, a distinguished philosopher, and a benefactor to his country, we must retrace our steps and study his history as exhibited in the domestic and social circle, amid the cares, the vicissitudes and the trials of our common nature.

In the summer of 1764, when Mr. Watt had invented his separate condenser, and saw in the remote distance some prospect of being able to support a family, he married his cousin Miss Miller, by whom he had four children, a son and three daughters. One daughter, who married a Mr. Miller of Glasgow, died early, leaving a son and two daughters, who are now all dead. Mr. Watt's only son by this marriage, the late Mr. James Watt of Aston Hall, died unmarried in 1848. When Mr. Watt was engaged in the survey of the Caledonian Canal, he was recalled by the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his wife; and he had the misfortune of finding, on his return to Glasgow, that she had died after giving birth to a still-born child. Mr. Watt was inconsolable at the loss of a companion whose buoyant spirits often cheered and sustained him in his desponding moments. "Never despair," she wrote to him; "if the steam-engine will not do, something else will." When his arrangements with Mr. Boulton called him to England, the engrossing pursuits in which he was engaged prevented him from attending to the interests of his family, and he therefore contracted a second marriage with Miss Macgregor of Glasgow, who, with the instructions of his son-in-law, first practised Berthollet's celebrated process of employing oxymuriatic acid in bleaching. The issue of this marriage was a son, Gregory, and a daughter, both of whom died at an early age. Mrs. Watt survived her husband, and died at a very advanced age in 1832. Although Gregory Watt was a partner in the new firm established in 1800, he took little share in the management of the concern,

and devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits, in which he promised to distinguish himself. Chemistry and geology were two of his favourite studies, and in the midst of these he was carried off, we believe, by a pulmonary affection, on the 16th October 1804, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.\* Mr. Watt felt this calamity very deeply. "We have lost a son," he said, in writing to a relative, "who would have done honour to any family in any country." "One stimulus to exertion is taken away, and I have lost my relish for my usual avocations."

Mr. James Watt, his only surviving child, who conducted with Mr. Boulton the affairs of the Soho Works till his death in 1848, was a man of vigorous intellect and independent character. In 1792 or 1793, when he was a very young man, he paid a visit to Paris, and was smitten with that enthusiasm for liberty which had misled so many men of grave habits and more advanced age. Mr. Wordsworth the poet arrived in Paris soon after Mr. Watt, and in company with another Englishman of the name of Thomas Cooper, they were in the habit of associating with many of the men who attained to an unenviable pre-eminence in revolutionary crime. Danton and Robespierre having quarrelled previous to the 10th of August, at one of the political clubs, resolved to settle their differences by a duel. Mr. Watt went out as second to one of the combatants, and succeeded in reconciling them, "by representing how injurious it would be to the cause of liberty if either of them should fall."†

Mr. Watt and his friend Cooper exhibited their political zeal on another occasion, and in a still more disagreeable manner. In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 4th of March 1792, Burke, when speaking on Mr. Sheridan's motion on the existence of seditious practices in England, accused the two Englishmen of having presented an address to the Assembly, and of having carried the British colours in a revolutionary procession. A band of soldiers, who had been tried and condemned to the galleys by a court-martial, were released in contempt of the Assembly then sitting, brought to Paris, and paraded in triumph through the hall. "On this detestable occasion," says Burke, "Mr. Cooper and Mr. Watt carried the British colours. They received the fraternizing kiss. They went from the hall of the Assembly to the hall of the Jacobins,

\* Mr. Muirhead makes an apology for his brief notice of Gregory Watt, by holding out the hope, which we trust he will realize, of publishing an account of his Life, with his *Literary Remains*.

† See *Life of Southey*, vol. vi. p. 209. This fact was mentioned to Southey by Mr. James Watt himself.

where they kissed the bloody cheek of Marat ; the iron cheek of Pluto instead of Proserpine.”\*

The atrocities which were soon afterwards perpetrated in the name of liberty cured our young enthusiasts of their revolutionary zeal, and led them to assuage, as far as they could, the violence of contending factions. Robespierre, who had seen this change in their conduct, insinuated in one of his speeches, at the Jacobin Club, that Watt and Cooper were emissaries of Mr. Pitt. “Mr. Watt, with the same fearlessness with which he had previously supported a cause which he imagined to be just, took an instant opportunity of confronting that monster in his own arena—he indignantly sprang on the tribune, from which, by main force, he ejected the truculent orator, and, in a brief but impassioned harangue, and delivered in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency and an excellent accent, completely silenced his formidable antagonist, carrying with him the feelings of the rest of the audience, who expressed their sense of his honest British spirit in a loud burst of applause.”† Such disrespect to one of the heroes of the Revolution was not likely to pass unpunished. Mr. Watt soon learned that his life was in immediate danger, and leaving Paris without a passport, he had some difficulty in making his way southward into Italy.

After considerable progress had been made in steam navigation both in America by Mr. Fulton,‡ and in Scotland by Henry Bell on the Clyde, Mr. James Watt took a great interest in its extension. In 1814 he purchased the *Caledonia*, a vessel of 100 tons, with an engine of 32 horses power, and having replaced her defective machinery by two new engines of 14 horses power each, he went over in her to Holland, and ascended the Rhine as far as Coblenz. The *Caledonia* left Margate on the 14th October 1817, crossing the Channel at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  knots. In her voyage to Cologne from Rotterdam she occupied only 48h. 52m., clearing her way against the impetuous waters of the Rhine,—now the wonder—and now the horror of the natives. After Mr. James Watt’s return in 1818 he made 250 experiments with the *Caledonia* on the Thames, which enabled him to adopt many material improvements in the construction of marine engines, of which, up to 1854, no fewer than 319 of 17,438 nominal and 52,314 real horse power were manufactured at Soho.

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\* *Speeches of Edmund Burke*, vol. iv. p. 124, edit. 1846, as cited by Mr. Muirhead.

† Vol i. p. cclxii.

‡ Mr. Fulton ordered his first engine from Soho on the 6th August 1803. It was one of 19 horses power, and was finished in 1805, Mr. Fulton undertaking the paddle machinery and the subordinate parts.

"The memory of JAMES WATT," says Mr. Muirhead, "will be worthily perpetuated in the British navy by the fine screw steam man-of-war of that name, of 90 guns, which was launched at Pembroke Dock Yard in 1853, and fitted with Soho engines (of 700 horse power.) And as we write we are informed that engines are now preparing, at the same great manufactory, for a vessel which is to be 700 feet in length, of the enormous capacity of 22,000 tons, and to be propelled by no less a power than that of from 2000 to 3000 horses."\*

Although Mr. Watt's life seems to have been one of toil and disappointment, and darkened by more than the usual allotment of domestic sorrow, many spots of azure were seen among its most lowering clouds, and even bursts of sunshine broke forth to guide and to cheer him. To have been associated with such friends as those with whom he had daily intercourse—with men of noble and generous natures, and philosophers and scholars of lofty attainments, was in itself a gift from above sufficient to compensate for many evils. Nor was it at Birmingham only where his genius was appreciated. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784, and of the Royal Society of London in 1785. In consequence of his discovery of the composition of water, and the publication of his paper on that subject in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," he became acquainted with the leading members of the Royal Society, and enjoyed the festive meetings, at which its members forget for a while that they are philosophers. In August 1785 Mr. Cavendish visited Birmingham and Soho, and while inspecting the engine establishment he had an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Watt himself. Mr. Watt went to London some months after this, and gives the following account of his reception:—

"When I was in London I was received very kindly by Mr. Cavendish and Dr. Blagden, and my old friend Smeaton, who has now recovered his health and seems hearty. I dined at a turtle feast with them and the select club of the Royal Society; and never saw turtle eaten with greater sobriety and temperance or more good fellowship. I dined also at Mr. Cavendish's, who lives very elegantly, and gave us a good English dinner. Among other company we had the famous Peter Camper the anatomist, once Professor at Franeker, a fresh gigantic man of sixty-four, that never had sickness in his life except once. He is to come here before leaving England."†

In the metropolis of France, so illustrious as it has ever been

\* This, we presume, is the gigantic iron steamer now erecting at Millwall on the Thames, by Messrs. Scott Russel and Company.

† Camper paid this visit on the 3d November 1785, and was described by Mr. Watt as "a fine old fellow." Notwithstanding his gigantic frame and constant health, he died four years afterwards, while Mr. Watt, with his sickly constitution, survived him thirty years.

by its band of philosophers and savans, Mr. Watt was received with equal distinction. In 1786, on the invitation of the French government, he accompanied Mr. Boulton to Paris in order to decide upon the proposals which were made to them for erecting steam engines under an exclusive privilege, and on the best way of renewing the gigantic lumbering machine at Marly, which, as has been jocularly remarked, *had made so much noise in the world*. In sending this invitation to Mr. Boulton, Mr. Watt proposed "that they should first wait upon Mr. Pitt and let him know their errand thither, that the tongue of slander may be silenced, and all undue suspicion removed, *and ourselves rendered more valuable in his eyes because others desire to have us.*" It does not appear that Mr. Pitt was consulted on this occasion, but Mr. Watt writes to his son that they had a most flattering reception from the French Ministry who were willing to employ them, but that they had absolutely refused to engage in any manufactures as contrary to the interests of their country. They had agreed, however, to give a general opinion on the machine at Marly after the Academy of Sciences had decided on the 400 proposals which had been laid before them on the subject. During their visit to Paris, the expenses of which were liberally paid by the government, they made the acquaintance of Lavoisier, Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Prony, Fourcroy, Hassenfratz, Delessert, and others, and with several of these individuals Mr. Watt long maintained a friendly correspondence. It was on this occasion that Berthollet exhibited to the English engineers and others his beautiful process of bleaching with the oxymuriatic acid, and one which, if protected by patent, would have made the fortune of its discoverer. When Messrs. Watt and Boulton returned to England they mentioned to Mr. Pitt, then First Minister of the Crown, the great value of Berthollet's invention, in order to obtain for him either a Parliamentary reward or an exclusive privilege in Great Britain. The arts of peace, however, had no value in Mr. Pitt's eyes, and Mr. Berthollet was obliged to abandon the idea of making his discovery of any value to him in this country. In the hands of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Watt's father-in-law, and of Messrs. Henry & Co. in Manchester, the process was most successful. One bleacher in Manchester bleached at the rate of 1000 pieces of muslin (of thirty yards each) every day, and the goods were only three days in hand till they were completely finished.

In 1787 Mr. Watt had the honour of explaining his steam-engine to the King and Queen, at Mr. Whitbread's brewery, which at that time paid annually for excise duties the sum of £54,000. He was much pleased with the affability of the Royal pair, who, many years afterwards, had made arrangements for visiting his establishment at Soho. Notwithstanding the King's

blindness he persisted in his intention, lest the Queen and Princesses should be disappointed; but his medical advisers prevailed upon him to give it up. Mr. Muirhead informs us that "the great engineer's intercourse with crowned heads did not terminate here; for in 1814 we find him in company with the Emperor of Russia and his sister, at Messrs. Huddart and Co.'s celebrated rope-work, and found them, as he expresses it, 'very pleasant, affable people.'"

Among the events of Mr. Watt's life there is one which has almost entered the region of poetry, by having been told, though not very correctly, in the life of Sir Walter Scott. The following is Mr. Watt's own account of it:—

"You will have heard," says he, in a letter to Mr. Muirhead, "of our exploit with the robbers. We had been informed of their intention by the watchman, whom they had endeavoured to corrupt, and watched for them three nights, on which they only tried keys and examined the premises, which by our wise law is no felony; and had we apprehended them they would soon have been let loose upon the public, and we could not have rested in safety. We were therefore obliged to let them commit the robbery, and on their coming out fell upon them by guns, pistols, bayonets, and cutlasses. Some of them resisted and were badly wounded; others fled; one was caught on the top of a house; one fell from a house-eaves fifteen feet high; another got clean over and off, with, as it is said, a broken arm, and some shots in him. We took four out of the five; but the little devil made his escape. Our young men were commanders-in-chief, and laid their plans very well; but one of our guards came not soon enough to their station by which the escape took place, though by a way deemed impracticable."

In the spring of 1803, Mr. Watt paid another visit to Paris, where he remained five weeks, having been kindly received by his old friends La Place, Berthollet, and Monge, who had become senators. Mr. Watt's acquirements then became well known to the members of the Institute, and in 1808 he was elected a corresponding member of that body. This honour was highly valued by Mr. Watt, whose claims to this species of distinction, though he was now in the seventy-third year of his age, had not been recognised by any of the other leading academies in Europe. The French academicians had become personally acquainted with the great learning and ingenuity of their friend, and when a vacancy took place in 1814, he was elected one of the Eight Foreign Associates of the Institute, the highest honour which that distinguished body can confer.

Having received so much kindness in his early life from the University of Glasgow, Mr. Watt was desirous of leaving to that body some memorial of his gratitude. In order to promote

the study of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, he gave £300 to the College, the annual interest of which, amounting to £10, was to be given as a prize for the best essay on any subject in Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydraulics, and Hydrostatics, or Chemistry. At a later date, in the year 1816, he gave a donation to the town of Greenock to purchase scientific books for the use of the mathematical school of the place, and thus lay the foundation of a scientific library. The inhabitants of Greenock seconded his wishes, and by the munificence of his son Mr. James Watt, a large and handsome building has been erected for the library, and adorned with a marble statue of its distinguished founder, presented by his townsmen.

With the exception of his paper on the Composition of Water, published in the Philosophical Transactions, Mr. Watt was not the author of any separate and independent work. In the year 1813, when Sir David Brewster had been requested to superintend the publication of Professor Robison's Mechanical Philosophy, he was fortunate enough to induce Mr. Watt to revise the Treatise on Steam and the Steam-Engine, which the Professor had drawn up for the Encyclopædia Britannica. Mr. Watt, who undertook the task with some reluctance, began to it in December 1813, and in announcing its completion in the following June, he says in a letter to the Editor, "It has been a heavy job to me; and had I been aware how much so it would have proved, I doubt whether I should have undertaken it." The treatise, however, was not actually completed till the year 1817, from causes over which neither Mr. Watt nor the Editor had any control.\* Although the great improvements which had been made upon the steam-engine since Dr. Robison's article was written, made it desirable that considerable additions should be made to it, yet Mr. Watt undertook only the revision of the article, intending merely to correct errors, and supply some of the more prominent defects. He was led, however, by the delay which we have mentioned, to compose those important additions on the history, the principles, and the construction of the steam-engine, which render the treatise a valuable contribution to science.

Before Mr. Watt had completed this his last and greatest literary work, he was seized with erysipelas in his legs and arms, but he soon recovered his usual health, and in the years 1817

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\* "In order to render this work as much as possible a system of Mechanical Philosophy, I was anxious that it should contain a complete Treatise on Astronomy. The short articles on Astronomy, &c., which Dr. Robison had written for the Encyclopædia Britannica, were unfit to supply this desideratum. I found it necessary, therefore, to delay the work till 1820, when the copyright of his System of Astronomy had expired."—*Preface of the Editor.*



and 1818, in the first of which he visited Scotland, he enjoyed a degree of health both of mind and body, which could scarcely have been expected at an age so advanced, and with a constitution so feeble. A change, however, became perceptible at the commencement of 1819, and in the early part of the summer, symptoms appeared which alarmed his family and his medical attendants. Mr. Watt himself felt that this was to be his last illness, and he met it with devout resignation. "In contemplation," says Mr. Muirhead, "of this solemn event, he calmly conversed on that and other subjects with those around him, and expressed his gratitude to the Giver of all Good, who had so signally prospered the work of his hands, and blessed him with length of days and riches and honour." With such feelings he expired tranquilly at Heathfield, on the 19th of August 1819, in the 84th year of his age. His remains were deposited in the parish church of Handsworth, near those of Mr. Boulton; and over his tomb his only surviving and affectionate son erected an elegant Gothic chapel, in the centre of which is placed a beautiful marble bust of him from the chisel of Sir Francis Chantrey. A colossal statue of bronze by the same artist, resting on a pedestal of granite, has been erected in Glasgow, and a marble bust in one of the halls of the College.

In the year 1824, it was proposed to Government to obtain from Parliament a grant of money, for the erection of a national monument to Mr. Watt. There was no precedent, it was alleged, for such a grant, and Government might be embarrassed by similar claims. Mr. Watt's inventions had no precedent,—and a similar claim, which has not emerged since his day, would have been a boon to the world. Private liberality, however, supplied what the nation had refused, and a colossal statue of Carrara marble by Chantrey, now adorns the recesses of Westminster Abbey.

Although Arago's Historical Eloge of Mr. Watt, with the Notes of Mr. Muirhead, contained very copious details respecting his life and inventions, yet we have been enabled in the preceding Article, to combine with these much new and highly interesting information from the correspondence which fills more than one volume of the work. In consequence of Mr. Watt having invented a copying-press, he kept copies of all his letters, which Mr. Muirhead has substantially given to the public. Were we disposed to make any criticism on this part of the work, we would express a regret, which we have repeatedly felt in its perusal, that passages have been omitted, probably of a domestic kind, which we should have wished to have seen. As a relative of the family, Mr. Muirhead was more likely than any other editor to withhold those expressions of personal feeling,

and those warm and affectionate sentiments associated with home, which mingle more or less with every correspondence; but still we would express the desire, that in another edition some of these blanks may be supplied. We are not acquainted with any correspondence so truly remarkable as this. In the ordinary diaries of great men, and even in those where the post-humous volume is made a confessional, without the inquisition of a priest, the narrator addresses himself directly to posterity: We learn only what he wishes to teach, and see him only as he wishes to be seen—in all cases as a saint; in some as a profligate. But in perusing Mr. Watt's correspondence, we read his character,—we witness the deepest issues of his heart;—we follow him through all the phases of his daily life;—we grieve with him in his afflictions and disappointments;—we trace the rise and progress of his inventions,—and we denounce, in utterances not heard by human ears, the heartlessness of public men, who, to use the fine expression of Lord Halifax, in reference to his patronage of Newton, refused to supply the oil for a lamp that gave so much light. If there ever was a time in the history of England when such utterances, hitherto breathed in private, are likely to become loud and articulate, and when the sentiment of Halifax so long and so timidly suppressed, is likely to stir the English mind, it is in the present day, and at the present hour. England now stands at the bar of civilisation, impeached by her own citizens for neglect of duties, or their perfunctory discharge, which render empires prosperous in peace, or glorious in war. National disaster in war is the offspring of national parsimony in peace; and what Dr. Hutton told Mr. Watt in 1776, is now an article of general belief, deserving the attention of statesmen and legislators, “that Invention is too great a work to be well paid for in a state like ours, where the *general system is to be best paid for what is easiest done.*” When a nation has sunk so low, that the Solomons of the present day can “see under the sun that there is neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill,” it is more than time that “wisdom should cry out, and utter her voice in her chief places of concourse;” that she should “find out the knowledge of worthy inventions,” and demand from the representatives of power, that “the remembrance of the wise shall be more than that of the fool for ever.”

ÆT. VI.—*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A. Author of "Travels in the East," "Infirmities of Genius," &c., &c. 3 Vols. London, 1855.

THERE is nothing about which critics are wont to blunder more than about what they call "book-making." It is no small thing to make a book. Many who can *write* books can not *make* them. A skilful "book-maker," indeed, is a person to be encouraged and extolled. The nomenclature is not rightly that of reprobation and contempt. And yet when a man has failed to make a book, it is the fashion to stigmatize him as a "book-maker," as though book-making were the easiest thing in the world, success in which is to be accounted a reproach.

In truth, it may be said of book-making, as Mr. Carlyle said of needle-work, that the saddest thing of all is that, whilst of distracted puckering and blotching there is more than enough, of genuine work worthy to be so called there is scarcely any to be had. There is paper and there is print; an editor's name on the title-page—a lord's perhaps, or a cabinet-minister's—and there is much readable matter within the covers; but the gross result, with all its distracted puckering and botching, is not a book. It is a thing of some sort, but not to be called a book. A book has been required, perhaps intended; but it has not been produced. A house is not made by throwing down so many thousands of bricks, higgledy-piggledy, upon a grass-plat; nor is a garden to be made by emptying out so many drawersful of seeds and cuttings, with promiscuous liberality. In either case the result, doubtless, is something. But that something is not a house or a garden; and the same process cannot make a book.

Many qualities, not very common in themselves among literary men, and very rare in combination, are required to make an expert book-maker. Many chests-ful of papers are placed before him, and he is required to convert them into a certain number of volumes. The materials of a book—of a good book—are there. But to convert these materials into a book, it is necessary that the maker should possess in himself much more than the chests contain. He must have patience to peruse all the papers submitted to him; judgment to select; method to arrange them. He must have a thorough knowledge of the subject to be treated of, or he will not know how to peruse, how to select, or how to arrange. He must possess, too, certain antagonistic qualities—qualities to hold each other in check. He must be genial and yet severe. He must have a warm heart, and yet a cool head.

He must be appreciative and yet exclusive—sympathetical and yet obdurate—prodigal and yet chary. If he be not thus diversely gifted, he will accept or he will reject in excess. His book will have too much in it or too little. It will be clumsily obese, or weakly attenuated. Even of order—Heaven's and the book-maker's "first law"—there may be too much. Method must sometimes be jogged by impulse, and arrangement stimulated into occasional errors of discursiveness. The book-maker must know, indeed, like the Apostle, how to want and how to abound. The very qualities which contribute most to fit him for his office, will essentially unfit him for it, if not held in just control.

The besetting infirmity of authors is egotism. It is necessary above all things that a book-maker should not be an egotist. We do not mean by this that he should not talk about himself. There is egotism, in its utmost intensification, where the personal pronoun is never used. We mean, that he must not shape his work in the mould of his own personal feelings and predilections. He must continually bear in mind that the audience to which he addresses himself is not composed of so many copies of himself—that the passages in letters or journals which make the strongest impression on his own mind may not make the same impression on others—that their interest may be derived rather from certain idiosyncrasies or associations of his own than from any general attractiveness inherent in the selections themselves. It would be curious and instructive to give copies of precisely the same papers to two or more workmen, with instructions to each to select from them materials for certain volumes, of biography, for example, and to shape the materials so selected into a book. That from the hands of these different craftsmen would come books so unlike each other as scarcely to seem to have been constructed from the same materials—hardly, perhaps, to relate to the same subject, is not to be doubted. Each writer would probably have been thinking more about himself than about his audience, and have coloured his subject from the prevailing hues of his own mind. When a literary workman deals with the writings of others—when it is his vocation to construct from pre-existing materials, in which he has none other than an acquired property, the temptation to egotism comes upon him in its most subtle, insidious, and unsuspected shape, and is proportionately irresistible.

For these and other reasons, into which the requirements of time and space forbid us to enter, we hold that the vocation of a book-maker, rightly considered, is one by no means to be lightly regarded or contemptuously described. To make a book, as we have said, is no small thing. The evil is, that so many work-

men attempt to make books and fail. In this category we are afraid that we must include the Editor of the "*Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*." It is a mistake to call it "a book-making affair." There is no book-making in it. Dr. Madden has given us three amusing volumes about almost everybody under the sun. The work is a mixture of the Magazine and the Biographical Dictionary. It would be almost impossible to read it through from beginning to end. And yet, doubtless, it has been read, and will be read, by a vast number of people—and many parts twice over. You may begin your studies where you like. There is no particular reason why any part of the book is in any particular place. You never know what volume you are reading—whether you are at the beginning or the end of the work. Wherever you may chance to be, the book may as well end in the next chapter as in any other; and when you do come to the end, you feel that such is the plan, or the no-plan, of the work, that you may just as well be carried on through three, or even six more volumes. Until you are accustomed to the mode of treatment, you are startled at times—but you soon cease to be surprised at meeting anything in any place; and you dip into it, as you would into a scrap-book.

"The task I have undertaken," says Dr. Madden, "is to illustrate the literary life of Lady Blessington." He does not profess to offer the public a regular biography of that accomplished lady. It would be unjust, therefore, to condemn him for failing to accomplish what he has not even attempted. The book purports to be "*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*." And this it is; and much more than this. The three handsome volumes before us contain the *Literary Lives and Correspondence* of all Lady Blessington's friends; and a good number of lives, too, which are not literary. All Gore House, in its palmyest days, is emptied into the streets; and we find ourselves continually exclaiming, as one celebrity after another issues from the portals of the Kensingtonian mansion, "Who would have thought of seeing you here?" Some meet us with sheaves of letters under their arms, and detain us for a while, whilst we dip into their correspondence. Others, carrying only their hats in their hands, make their bows and pass on in silence. Dr. Madden tells us more than once, that the best literary society of the times was to be found assembled in Lady Blessington's salons. Tastes and opinions may differ upon this point; but it is not to be doubted that many very distinguished men were to be seen there, and that a large number of these were correspondents, more or less, of the fascinating hostess. It was, therefore, within the legitimate scope of such a work as

this to intersperse it with slight sketches of the principal habitués of Gore House, and to illustrate it with specimens of their correspondence. But there is a total want of proportion and perspective in the work. The accessories are magnified to the dimensions of the principal figures. What other book-makers would throw into a note, Dr. Madden parades in all the importance of large "pica," as a part of his text. Whole chapters from such erudite and rare works as Mr. Willis's "Pencilings by the Way," are interpolated with a prodigal hand; and we are treated to biographical notices of such little known people, *inter alios*, as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Miss Landon, and Lord Brougham. It is a better book than Mr. Patmore's "Friends and Acquaintance," because its morality is more endurable, and its impertinence less; but it resembles in many respects that objectionable work, and might have been published under the same title.

Indeed, the volumes now before us, in spite of all that has been said, and much more that might be said against them, impress us with a favourable opinion of the writer. There is a candour, a sincerity about them, which seem to indicate that he is an honest, well-intentioned, kind-hearted man. With a strong national propensity to blunder, he seems to unite an earnest desire to speak the truth; and with all his Irish generosity, there is mingled a strong sense of what is due to morality and religion, which will not suffer him to gloss over what is evil, or to call things by their wrong names. He often perplexes us; sometimes astonishes us; frequently raises a smile at his expense; but he never excites our indignation. And when we remember that Dr. Madden's subject was a difficult one; that too much toleration brought to bear upon it would have been as offensive as too little, we are bound to give him credit for the manner in which he has kept clear of either extreme. A writer of infinite tact and great artistic skill might have failed to accomplish what the present writer, who is no artist, and who has little tact, has achieved by the unaided force of his own honesty and sincerity of purpose. There is no cant in these volumes; and there is no laxity. Even in the literary life of Lady Blessington, it was necessary to advert to matters notorious both in English and continental society, which have imparted an ill odour to her name; but only when it was necessary, has he touched upon these painful topics, and then in language neither of specious apology, nor un pitying condemnation.

The volumes, too, have another recommendation: they are infinitely more amusing than many a better book. That people like to read about their friends and acquaintance—about "Every one in turn and no one long," is a fact of which publishers, at

least, are sufficiently cognizant. The gossip is generally the saleable. But gossiping books relating to cotemporary celebrities, are often mischievous and ill-natured. There appears to us to be little mischief and no ill-nature in these volumes. Lady Blessington, as we have said, had an extensive correspondence, principally with living writers; and Dr. Madden has published, with permission, we believe, a considerable number of letters addressed to her ladyship by Dickens, Bulwer, and others, whom the public are ever curious to see in the undress of familiar epistolary intercourse. They are, for the most part, lively, entertaining letters, the publication of which can do no harm to the writers or to any one else. For our own parts, knowing that many very clever men ordinarily write very indifferent letters, our chief wonder is that the greater part of this varied correspondence is so readable and so good.

That so recommended, the "Literary Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington" should have had many readers, can excite no surprise. We observe that Dr. Madden has advertised a new edition of his work, and has invited aid and assistance from all quarters to render the new issue more complete than the old. Perhaps he will thank us, therefore, for calling his attention to a few errors, which are, however, so patent, that we should think they could hardly escape the editor's eye a second time, or even the publisher's or printer's. Dr. Madden has something to say about almost every one whose name is mentioned in his volumes. If he names a statesman, howsoever well known, he must tell us what have been his public acts; if he names an author, what are his works. There would be something rather ludicrous in these efforts to acquaint the world with what we should have thought every one had known before, if Dr. Madden's numerous lapses had not assured us that even men who have a large literary and political acquaintance, may have a very imperfect knowledge of the *facinora* of those with whom they are in continual intercourse. We cannot afford space to notice all the errors which we have marked in the course of our desultory progresses through these three volumes; but it may be of service to the editor, should others have failed to render him this assistance, to have his attention called to the following inaccuracies.

To begin with the Statesmen—

In vol. iii. page 7 mention is made of Lord Wellesley, who is described as "the conqueror of Tippoo Sahib and the Nizam." Lord Wellesley, however, did not conquer, but protect the Nizam. The Nizam helped him to conquer Tippoo.

At page 43 of the same volume, another Indian statesman, Lord Auckland, is said to have been "appointed *Lieutenant-Governor* of India in 1835, and *recalled* in 1841." He was not

Lieutenant-Governor, but Governor-General of India; and he was not recalled, but remained in India an additional year at the request of the Home Government.

In the same volume, page 481, it is said that Mr. Monckton Milnes was "a strenuous supporter of the late Lord George Bentinck, and ally of Mr. D'Israeli." We have a notion, however, that he does not belong to that party at all. He speaks and votes in favour of liberal measures; and was offered a lordship of the Treasury under the present Government. With the domestic history of Mr. Milnes the editor seems to be no better acquainted. He says that this accomplished, kind-hearted gentleman was married "in the *past year* to the Hon. Miss Crewe." The "*past year*" means 1854, or at all events 1853, but Mr. Milnes was married in 1851.

Two pages later, we are informed that Mr. Henry Reeve "*a few years ago* held an office in the Privy Council." Is he not Registrar still?

Of Sir Henry Bulwer it is said, (vol. iii. page 64,) that "he has contributed much to reviews, magazines, and annuals; and one of his earliest *anonymous* productions, a life of Lord Byron, prefixed to the Paris edition of the poet's works in English, exhibited a great deal of tact and literary talent." The life of Lord Byron, prefixed to Baudry's edition (there are two Paris editions) of the poet's works bears Henry Bulwer's name on the title-page.

In this very edition, by the way, may be found the lines, "I heard thy fate without a tear," given by Dr. Madden in his second volume, and said "not to be found in the poet's collected works."

In vol. iii. page 487, there is a notice of Mr. Albert Smith, in which it is said, that "he studied medicine in London and Paris, and *abandoned the profession about* 1818 for that of literature." If this be true Mr. Smith must have practised medicine before he cut his teeth.

In the list of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's works (vol. iii. page 487) we find recorded "St. Giles' and St. James'." But Mr. Ainsworth has earned so many laurels of his own that there is no need to snatch for him one from Mr. Jerrold's brow.

Among Mr. D'Israeli's works we find the "*Wondrous Lady of Alroy*;" and Sir Bulwer Lytton is said to be the author of a book called "*Day and Night*," which we do not remember to have seen. The second title of one of his romances (Lucretia,) was "*The Children of Night*."

In the brief account of the death of Miss Rosa Bathurst, at Rome, there are two errors. It is said that "the groom of Miss Bathurst had been sent back to Lord Aylmer's," &c. It was



ner more prejudicial to their object than the facts which the writer has hesitated to supply.

And in this particular case, we do not scruple to express our belief, that Lady Blessington's memory would suffer less by a plain statement of the fact than by any shadowy hints or obscure inuendos. Margaret Farmer, separated from a brutal husband, to whom she had been in utter helplessness given over like a bale of merchandise, and having no moral strength to sustain her trial, accepted the protection of a man to whom she was at least sincerely attached. We shall not characterize the offence. Any inquiry into its magnitude would involve the consideration of larger questions than can be thus incidentally discussed. The reader has been made acquainted with the antecedents of the crime. It may be proper to add—if Mr. Landor's declaration has not already made the reader acquainted with the fact—that on the death of her husband, Mrs. Farmer, disregarding for a time the offer of a more splendid alliance, was eager to be united in marriage with the man who had so long been her companion, fallen as were then his fortunes and poor as was his estate; and that it was only when this desire was denied to her, that she consented to become Countess of Blessington.

Captain Farmer died towards the close of 1817, and four months afterwards, in February 1818, Mrs. Farmer, now a widow by law, as she had long been by nature, married the Irish Earl. He was then a widower at the suitable age of thirty-five—a kind-hearted, extravagant, weak man, with all sorts of eccentricities about him. He had a taste for fine clothes, fine furniture, and fine women; and as an auxiliary to all these propensities, an additional one for theatricals. His besetting infirmity was vanity. He did foolish things that he might be talked about by foolish people. In this at least he was not disappointed. People talked, but they soon ceased to marvel. It was nothing strange that Lord Blessington, having a few years before married his own mistress, should now marry his friend's. There would have been something heroic in this contempt of conventionality, if he had not been an Earl with £30,000 a year. But a coronet and such a rent-roll will gloss over even greater eccentricities than this.

And so, says Dr. Madden, "the Blessingtons' splendid mansion in St. James' Square in a short time became the rendezvous of the élite of London celebrities of all kinds of distinction; the first literati, statesmen, artists, eminent men of all professions, in a short time became habitual visitors at the abode of the new-married Lord and Lady."

We take the truth of this for granted, desiring that it should

be true. If it were our design to deduce from the work before us illustrations of important questions of social morality, we should dwell upon the error committed by those who, not content with the certainty of a decorous or even a virtuous present, must exact as a condition of admission to their acquaintance, the further certainty of a decorous and a virtuous past. If a woman, from a condition almost invariably followed by a further descent, rises into the respectability of a virtuous wife, ought we not to drop a tear of pity upon the record of the past, and blot it out from our memories for ever. We are for ever talking about Reformatories and Penitentiaries and such like asylums for the erring. Would it not be better to begin by opening an asylum for the penitent and the reformed in our own hearts, and then to subscribe for the brick and mortar? Charitable buildings are excellent things, but charitable thoughts are better. Are we never to wipe out the plague-marks from the door, though the inmate has been restored to health, and the taint of the pestilence has departed?

Dr. Madden tells us that Lord and Lady Blessington were visited by the great and gifted of the land. Whether this brilliant society was composed wholly or chiefly of one sex does not appear. We suspect that it was; we hope, for the credit of society, that it was not. The position of a beautiful and gifted woman, as the centre of a brilliant circle of men, is not a fortunate one. A something which no single word accurately describes, is sure to be contracted there. What at this epoch of her career Margaret Blessington most needed to render her, in all the relations of life, a noble specimen of womanhood, was next to a judicious husband, which she had not, the countenance and the friendship of some honoured members of her own sex. But with a husband lacking every solid quality, the chief desire of whose life was that everything belonging to him should be admired; and with a circle of male friends ever exhaling the incense of that particular kind of flattery which clever and pretty women of no very defined social position attract to themselves; everything seems to have been against her at the turning-point of her career. That surrounded by circumstances so little formed to develop the better part of her nature, so many good qualities still struggled successfully to assert themselves—that amidst so many corrupting influences she was so little corrupted—is, let us hope, a proof that her tendencies were towards the good and the pure; that there was a will to resist evil, which amidst happier environments might have made her as much a pattern to one sex as she was the admiration of the other;—

“What’s done ye partly may compute,  
But know not what’s resisted.”

After three years of this splendid London life, Lord Blessington grew thoroughly weary of its excitements. The salons of St. James' which called him master, and the brilliant gatherings of fashion and talent which called him host, had ceased to have any attraction for him. He yearned after something new; and bethought himself of trying the effect of foreign travel in recruiting his exhausted powers of enjoyment. So he broke up his London establishment and started for the continent, travelling of course *en prince*, and seeking not only a sensation for himself, but to be the cause of sensations in others. In August 1822, the Blessingtons, accompanied by Miss Mary Anne Power, the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, and Mr. Charles James Matthews, the only son of the celebrated comedian, set out on a Continental tour, and made their arrangements for an intended sojourn of some years in the South of Europe.

The literary fruit of this journey was the "Idler in Italy"—the best perhaps, because the most genuine of Lady Blessington's works—and the "Conversations with Lord Byron." It is natural that the poet should have excited a lively interest in the lady's mind, no less by the force of his genius than by the circumstances of his life. On reaching Genoa, where Byron was residing, on the last day of March 1823, Lady Blessington wrote in her journal, "And am I, indeed, in the same town with Byron! And to-morrow I may perchance behold him!" The morrow—not an auspicious day—came, and the heart's desire of the lady was gratified. She saw the poet; but seeing him, she was disappointed. It is said that she obtained admittance to him, in the first instance by a ruse, when her husband and a friend were paying him a morning visit. Jealous of all such intrusion, seeking ever to avoid the impertinent curiosity of English tourists, and having a wholesome horror of "blue-stockings" of every grade, Byron seems at first to have taken refuge in flippancy, and to have rendered himself purposely uninteresting in the lady's eyes. But subsequent intercourse—the necessity of attack and defence being over—made them think better of each other. Something of friendship grew up between them—a friendship beneficial in its effects upon the minds of them both. We have it on Mr. Moore's authority, "that one of the most important services conferred upon Lord Byron by Lady Blessington during this intimacy, was that half-reviving of his old regard for his wife, and the check which she contrived to place upon the composition of *Don Juan*, and upon the continuation of its most glaring immoralities." "He spoke of *Ada*," continues the biographer of Lord Byron; "'her mother,' he said, 'has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine.' Lady Blessington told

him that if he so loved his child, he should never write a line that could bring a blush of shame to her cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye; and he said, 'you are right. I never remembered this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work, (*Don Juan*,) written to beguile hours of tristesse and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold upon her affections. I will write no more of it. Would that I had never written a line.' In this gentler mood, with old love, old times, and the tenderest love that human heart can know, all conducing to soothe his pride and his dislike of Lady Byron, he learnt that a near friend of her Ladyship was in Genoa, and he requested Lady Blessington to procure for him, through this friend, a portrait of his wife." There is more of the same kind in the life of Lord Byron to shew that the intercourse between these two unfortunate and much-censured persons generated the best emotions of the human heart, and that its salutary influences, not only upon the feelings, but upon the conduct of the misguided poet, were not of an evanescent character.

The Blessingtons sojourned for some years in Italy, and then betook themselves to France. In both countries, the lady made many friends. Her beauty, her vivacity, her kindliness of heart, and her literary enthusiasm, rendered her an object of strong personal regard to the many distinguished men of all nations who were attracted, in the first instance, by the splendid hospitality of the Irish earl. A new state of things, however, was now approaching. On the 23d of May, 1829, Lord Blessington, whilst riding out in the *Champs Elysées*, was suddenly stricken down by apoplexy, and was carried home only to die.

By the will of the deceased earl, Lady Blessington was left an annuity of £2000. The will was an eccentric and an unprincipled one. But to render it intelligible to the reader, something more must be said about the Blessington family circle than we have yet mentioned. By his first marriage, Lord Blessington had a son and a daughter. The son, Lord Mountjoy, died in infancy during his father's lifetime; and it was upon the occasion of his death that the earl made that extraordinary distribution of his fortune which was attended in the sequel with so much misery and so much crime.

Ever since the year 1822, there had been attached to the suite of the Blessingtons a young French count named Alfred D'Orsay. He was just of age at that date, with a face and figure worthy of Apollo, and the lustre of many graces and accomplishments upon him. The son of one of Napoleon's generals, he had been early trained to arms; and, but for the downfall of the empire, would, doubtless, have become a dis-

tinguished soldier. Brave, chivalrous, of a commanding presence, adroit in all athletic exercises, and a noble horseman, he seemed destined to win his spurs upon the battle-fields of Europe. But he was a boy when the fall of Napoleon dispelled his dreams of military renown, and opened out another future before him. Instead of a leader of legions, he became a leader of fashion; instead of a soldier, an artist. In society, his success was great; but he was not a *spoilable* person. Admired as he was by women, he was even more popular among men. He was emphatically "a good fellow." Frank, open, cheerful, good-tempered, he was a man whom everybody liked; and liking soon ripened into love. For, beneath all these outward graces, there was much of kindliness, generosity, sympathy—impulses of a warm and a gentle heart. His talents, too, were such as to attract attention even in the most brilliant salons of the English and French capitals; and people said that, in the regions of art, D'Orsay with proper cultivation might, either as a painter or a sculptor, have taken a foremost place among the celebrities of Europe.

With this accomplished young Frenchman it would seem that the Blessingtons first formed an acquaintance in 1822, before their departure from England, and that he was invited to accompany them on their travels through France and Italy. "During their journey and prolonged sojourn in the latter country," says Dr. Madden, "the companionable qualities, and that peculiar power of making himself agreeable, which he possessed to a degree almost unequalled, so endeared him to his English friends that a union was *at length* proposed by Lord Blessington between the Count and one of his daughters, both of whom were in Ireland with Lady Harriet Gardiner, the sister of Lord Blessington." But the little words which we have italicised hardly represent the real state of the case. The Blessingtons started on their Continental tour in September 1822; but before the month of June 1823 Lord Blessington had obtained not only the consent of the Count D'Orsay to the proposed marriage, but the sanction also of Count D'Orsay's father. On the 2d of June\* he added a codicil to his will, bequeathing the whole of his estates (with certain reservations) to Count D'Orsay, on condition of his marrying one of the Earl's daughters. There were two,—the elder illegitimate, the younger legitimate,—and the latter, Lady Harriet Gardiner, then scarcely eleven years of age, was selected as the instrument and the victim of this cruel arrangement,—“an arrangement,” says Dr. Madden, “at

\* This is the date prefixed to the document, at page 120, vol. i.; but in the same page Dr. Madden says, “On the 22d of June 1823, Lord Blessington made a codicil to his will,” &c. &c.

once imprudent, unnatural, and wanting in all the consideration that ought to have been expected at the hand of a father for the children of a deceased wife." "Partial insanity," adds the biographer, "might explain the anomalies that present themselves in the course taken by Lord Blessington in regard to these children; and my firm conviction, the result of my own observation is, that at the period in question, when this will was made, Lord Blessington could not be said to be in a state of perfect sanity of mind, but on the contrary was labouring under a particular kind of insanity, manifested by an infatuation and infirmity of mind in his conduct with respect to his family affairs, though quite sane on every other subject, which unfitted him to dispose of his children at that juncture, and had assumed a more decided appearance of monomania after that disposal was made."

The precise meaning of these words we are unable to fathom. The presumption is, that Lord Blessington was anxious to render existing family arrangements as little harmless in themselves, and as little destructive of his own peace of mind as possible; and that he thought the sacrifice of a child for whom he cared little was not too high a price to pay for the desired *barrier*. In the absence of any other solution of what appears such unnatural conduct on the part of the Earl, the majority of readers, rightly or wrongly, will yield to the above presumption. But whether it was fear of D'Orsay, or love of D'Orsay, or neither, the poor child, Lady Harriet, was to be sacrificed. If the Frenchman chose her sister she was to lose her fortune; if herself, she was to be married to him with or without her consent. She *was* married to him in December 1827,\* when she was little more than fifteen years old. And the result, as far as the poor child was concerned, was more than twenty years of "Clouded Happiness." The D'Orsays, it would appear, lived together during Lord Blessington's lifetime, as a part of his family, and for a short time after his decease. But they separated in 1831, and in Lady Harriet D'Orsay's own touching words, she was "left alone in the wide world, at twenty years of age, without the blessings of a family, and without any direct object to which her affections might be legitimately attached."†

It would be an injustice to Dr. Madden not to cite in this place his own account of this painful affair; more especially, as in respect of literary merit, the following passage is one of the best in his work:—

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\* See Madden, vol. i. page 125; and again, page 325, where the date of the marriage is thus correctly given; but at page 54 of the same volume it is stated that Lady Harriet Gardiner "married Count Alfred D'Orsay on the 1st of December 1829."

† Preface to English Edition of "Clouded Happiness."

"It was an unhappy marriage, and nothing useful can be said of it, except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness, by causing her to marry, without consulting her inclinations or her interests. Taken from school without any knowledge of the world, acquaintance with society or its usages and forms, wholly inexperienced, transferred to the care of strangers, and naturally indisposed to any exertion that might lead to efforts to conciliate them; she was brought from her own country to a distant land, to wed a man she had never seen up to the period of her arrival in Italy, where, within a few weeks of her first meeting with that foreign gentleman, who had been on terms of intimacy with her father, she was destined to become his bride. Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved; there was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position, were to be observed in her demeanour or deportment. She seldom or ever spoke, she was little noticed, she was looked on as a mere school-girl; I think her feelings were crushed, repressed, and her emotions driven inwards by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of everything around her; and she became indifferent and strange and cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society, or in the company of any person in it. People were mistaken in her, and she perhaps was also mistaken in others. The father's act had led to all these misconceptions and misconstructions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions, and total estrangements. In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, spirituelle and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered when she was misplaced and misunderstood."—*Vol. I. p. 126.*

In another part of the work, Dr. Madden truly says that "the marriage was not only a great misfortune for those who were married, but a great crime on the part of those who promoted that marriage, and were consenting to it." And he censures Mr. Patmore, who in the book to which we have already incidentally alluded, insulted his readers by an outrageous attempt, as false in fact\* as it was in morals, to palliate the cruel act.

We are glad to quit this most painful subject. It has been said that Lord Blessington died suddenly in May 1829. In November 1830 the widow returned to London, and in the latter part of 1831 took up her abode in Seamore Place, May Fair.† "There," says

\* Mr. Patmore says, that "Count D'Orsay, whilst a mere boy, made the fatal mistake of marrying one beautiful woman whilst he was, without daring to confess it even to herself, madly in love with another still more beautiful, whom he could not marry; and, discovering his fatal error when too late, separated himself from his wife almost at the church door." Count D'Orsay was seven and twenty at the time of his marriage; and he separated himself from his wife four years afterwards.

† Dr. Madden says, "Here, in the month of March 1832, I found her Ladyship established. The Count and Countess D'Orsay were then residing with her."

the biographer, "her salons were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, and persons of celebrity of all climes; to travellers of every European city of distinction. Her abode became a centre of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, a place of reunion for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another; and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of distinction, travellers and public characters of various pursuits; the most agreeable that ever existed in this country."

Under the will of the deceased Earl, Lady Blessington had, as we have said, a jointure of £2000 per annum. But this to one so habituated to luxury, and so addicted to society, was but a state of splendid poverty. So she bethought herself of writing for what can only be metaphorically called "bread"—that is, for the gratification of all those elegant tastes which had become a part of herself; for those *agréments* which were, indeed, the very aliment of her existence. She became a professional littérateur. And then the reception of literary people in her luxurious salons became part and parcel of her business. The hospitality of Seamore Place, and afterwards of Gore House, was, indeed, her stock in trade. She was, undoubtedly, a clever woman. There was a good deal of smartness in her writings, and some knowledge of the world; but they never rose above mediocrity. Even her biographer does not claim for them any very high place as intellectual performances. But she was a beautiful woman, and a countess; and she gave the most agreeable soirées in the world. Of course, she was successful in her literary enterprises. Publishers struggled for her name, and critics were prostrate at her feet. So she made more money, and was more bepraised, than scores of men and women with twice the genius and twice the industry. In those days there was a class of publications, now almost extinct, greatly in vogue with the aristocracy of the land. Every Christmas saw the counters of our booksellers covered with splendid "Annuals," which found their way, as soon as they appeared, to the tables in our drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They were very elegant gift-books; gorgeously bound; prettily illustrated; variously written. The contributors to these yearly volumes were for the most part people of quality. Sometimes an author of established reputation, especially if he were a baronet or a member of

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We suspect that this must be another of the biographer's lapses; for he has previously told us that the Act of Parliament for vesting Lord Blessington's estates in trustees, recites that Count and Lady Harriet D'Orsay were separated in the year 1831, and had lived wholly separate from that time. There is a mistake in one statement or the other.



Parliament, was induced to send a trifle, under strong compulsion, to a clamorous editor, and succeeded, with wonderful address, in writing down to the level of his associates. The formula of solicitation was, "anything with your name to it;" and sometimes the anything was so irredeemably bad, as to suggest a suspicion that the name must have belonged to one person and the lines to another. Every now and then a few stanzas of rare merit found their way, as if by accident, into these gift-books; but on the whole, it must be acknowledged, that the literature of the annuals reflected little credit on the nation. There is more good writing in three twopenny numbers of the "Household Words" than in any year's growth of these guinea volumes in the palmiest days of Lady Blessington and the Annuals.\*

For Lady Blessington reigned supreme in the regions of Annual literature. We know not how many volumes of "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" she edited. Dr. Madden has taken the trouble, and his publishers have gone to the expense, of printing in *extenso* the contents of some of these gorgeous volumes. This was no kindness to Lady Blessington's contributors or to his own readers. What he says, however, about the results of her Ladyship's editorial labours is worthy to be recorded. "For several years," he writes, "Lady Blessington continued to edit both periodicals, the 'Keepsake' and 'the Book of Beauty.' This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country who visited England. It involved her in enormous expense far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from the labour of editing these works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance of that kind. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contentions with publishers, communications with artists, and never-ending correspondence with contributors. *In a word, it made her life miserable.*"

The greatest misery of all was that the success of these pretty gift-books soon began to decline. Like forced flowers they had only a brief and sickly vitality. Nothing that is not intrinsically good in literature will be permanently successful. "The public," as Dr. Madden honestly and pointedly remarks, "were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The taste for that species of lite-

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\* Some of the worst, because the most commonplace lines we ever read even in an annual, may be seen, with Mr. Hallam's name attached to them, in the *Book of Beauty* for 1844. On the other hand, we may refer to one or two short poems, of rare power and beauty, by Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter), published in the *Keepsake*, a few years later.

rature had died out. The perpetual glorification even of beauty had become a bore. The periodical poems sung in honour of the children of the nobility ceased to be amusing. Lords and ladies and right honourable gentlemen, ready to write on any subject at the command of fashionable editors and editresses there was no dearth of, but readers were not to be had at length for love or money." Nor was the success of Lady Blessington's novels more enduring. "Of late years," says the biographer, "it was with the utmost difficulty she could get a publisher to undertake, at his own risk, the publication of a work of hers." This, as we have said, was the greatest misery of all. Any labour, any trouble, is borne cheerfully so long as there is success to gild it—but when there is no success, and yet an appearance of success must be maintained, the struggle is very bitter.

Dr. Madden, very sensible of this, frequently tells us that Lady Blessington was in a false position. She was in a *very* false position. Her life, indeed, was made up of shams. She had to appear rich—which she was not; successful—which she was not; happy—which she was not. Her beauty only was real; and even that was yielding to the assaults of time. She had to sustain, on an insufficient income, "the enormous expenditure of her magnificent establishments, first in Seymour (*Seamore*) Place, next in Kensington Gore." She "lived for distinction on the stage of literary society before the footlights, and always *en scène*." "She had become," continues her biographer, "accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation, and the plaudits of those friends which were never out of her ears. . . . The swinging of the censor before her fair face never ceased in those salons, and soft accents of homage to her beauty and her talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sate enthroned in that well-known *fauteuil* of hers, holding high court in queenly state—the most gorgeous Lady Blessington." But all this was mere emptiness and falsehood. She had, in reality, few friends. Among the many who were eager to gain admittance to her *salons* there were not half-a-dozen true-hearted men who did not sneer at her pretensions behind her back. Even the critics of the periodical press, whom she corrupted with her soft words and her radiant smiles, spoke significantly of "Poor Lady Blessington," as they praised her last fashionable novel, and felt ashamed when they read in print what they had written, of such prostitution of their high calling, and perversion of their literary skill.

But most true is it that every sham has "sentence of death written down against it from its birth." It was not in the power of all the critics that ever fluttered at Gore House to make a great literary reputation for its beautiful inmate; any more than

it was in her ladyship's power to support a splendid establishment on a slender income. The Public and the Duns would have their way. There was gorgeous misery in Gore House. The difficulties of Count D'Orsay contributed to the derangement of Lady Blessington's affairs. When she first took up her abode in Gore House the Count occupied a small dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood. But this arrangement was soon abandoned, and he became a permanent inmate of the lady's mansion—that mansion which had once been the residence of William Wilberforce! What amount of money D'Orsay contrived to spend under the provisions of Lord Blessington's will, can only be conjectured.\* It is stated that his difficulties commenced "at a very early period of his career in London"—that "he was arrested soon after his arrival in England for a debt of £300 to his boot-maker in Paris." This was only two years after the death of Lord Blessington. The Mountjoy Estates were so embarrassed that the price of the fatal marriage was not forthcoming until just before his death. D'Orsay said of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* that it was the greatest political swindle the world had ever seen. Perhaps it might be said of this matter of Lord Blessington's will, that it was the greatest domestic swindle the world has ever seen. The promised inheritor of the immense Mountjoy estates seems to have been left without the means of paying his boot-maker's bill, and was driven in the course of a year or two to sponge upon the widow's jointure.

But this state of things could not last for ever. The wonder is that it lasted so long. The avalanche of debt and difficulty had been accumulating for years, and it fell at last upon Gore House, and crushed it. There came the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of rank ever witnessed. The "break-up" took place in the spring of 1849. Creditors, bill-discounters, money-lenders, jewellers, lace-vendors, tax-collectors, gas-company's agents, all persons having claims to urge, pressed them simultaneously. Howell and James put in an execution for a debt of £4000. This was the long-delayed but inevitable crisis. It had been warded off by all sorts of petty shifts and cunning expedients. The shadow of the bailiff had for some years been darkening the doors of that elegant emporium of luxury and refinement. Every ring at the bell, every appearance of a stranger, had struck terror into the hearts of at least one of the inmates of Gore House. Men may become used to this sort of thing—women never. Lady Blessington could not meet her difficulties with an incredulous shrug, and a light-hearted *bah!* She was, indeed, supremely miserable; so miserable, that

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\* It seems that from first to last his creditors received from the estate £103,500—the greater part only a year before his death.

when it was no longer possible to avoid a public exposure of her situation, she must have felt that the crowning catastrophe could bring her only relief.

The costly contents of Gore House were sold by public auction. "Several of the friends of Lady Blessington," we are told, "urged on her pecuniary assistance, which would have prevented the necessity of breaking up the establishment. But she declined all offers of this kind." This is creditable, if true, to Lady Blessington's friends and to herself;\* but it was sorry kindness, after all, in the former, to think of restoring her to that "false position" which had so long been nothing but splendid misery at best. To help Lady Blessington to keep Gore House agoing was one thing, to keep her in comfortable independence out of Gore House, was another. The latter was what she needed. But any offer of assistance at such a time was honourable to the friends who made it; and we hope, therefore, that the story is true. It was better that everything should go, as it did, to the hammer. It was a painful, but, in some respects, a profitable sight, which was presented to the public when, on a May morning, the doors of Gore House were thrown open to the *profanum vulgus*; and people of fashion, men of intellect, and Jew-brokers, jostled each other in its spacious salons. "Every room," says Dr. Madden, who was in the crowd, "was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the conversaziones took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay upon the table. And some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed." This was a matter of course. The people behaved as people always do upon such occasions. They went to expend their curiosity or their money, not their fine feelings. It was, as Dr. Madden says, rather emphatically than elegantly, "a total smash; a crash on a grand scale of ruin; a compulsory sale in the house of a noble lady; a sweeping clearance of all its treasures." And, of course, there were many present who thought this a fine joke. Lady Blessington's French

\* We could have wished that the assertion had been made less vaguely and generally. We can find nothing in these volumes to support it. From the context, indeed, it is rather to be gathered that Lady Blessington's friends were not true to her in her misfortunes. The moral of the story hinges so much upon this question, that we appeal to Dr. Madden for some better solution of our doubts than he has afforded in the present edition of his memoirs.

valet wrote her that the only person who seemed really affected was the author of "Vanity Fair." "M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté à votre départ."

The sale at Gore House realised upwards of £13,000. The prices, when we consider what sums in later days have been paid for rare nothings, will not appear to have ranged high. Lawrence's famous portrait of Lady Blessington fell to the Marquis of Hertford for £336—more than four times its original price; but few other articles were sold at anything like a profit. Was it not our worthy friend Captain Dobbin, who purchased Amelia's pianoforte, at the sale of her father's effects, and placed it in the little parlour of the humble tenement to which the Sedleys were constrained to betake themselves? Or have we read of that incident elsewhere? We should like to know how many of Lady Blessington's "friends" purchased any of the cherished objects of Gore House for the gratification of restoring them to the hands of their old owner.

Lady Blessington went to Paris. Luxury seems to have become with her a chronic disease. She could not divest herself of the habit of surrounding herself with things beautiful and costly. No sooner had she reached the French capital, than she began to busy herself with the work of adorning a noble apartment near the Camps Elysées in the old style of Gore House. She could not settle down into a simple unostentatious way of life. Her thoughts were evidently turning towards a new and splendid career upon another theatre of action. Perhaps her ambition was stimulated by a constant recollection of the fact that one of the old habitués of Gore House—one whom in his adversity she had succoured—was now the foremost man in France. But this also was vanity. She put her trust in princes and was deceived. Louis Napoleon received her and his old friend D'Orsay with frigid courtesy. The fugitive prisoner of Ham was one person; the Prince-President of France another. The ingratitude of the prosperous man stung the quondam hosts of Gore House to the heart. They ought to have known better than to be disappointed; but these lessons are not easily learnt. It was, however, a matter of little moment to one whose career was then nearly run. Neither the friendship nor the neglect of princes was permitted to touch her heart, for good or evil, much longer. On the 3d of June, she moved into the new apartments, which she had fitted up in the old luxurious style "for the reception of the beau monde." She seemed then to be in good health and good spirits. But on the following day—just twenty years after Lord Blessington had fallen suddenly into the arms of death near the same spot of the same city—she was stricken

down with no more warning by a malady at least outwardly the same. It was an apoplectic seizure, complicated with disease of the heart. The violence of the symptoms passed over before she expired; and she died at last so easily, so tranquilly, that one who attended her death-bed—a faithful friend and a real mourner—has recorded “that it was impossible to perceive the moment when her spirit passed away.”

Count D'Orsay survived his friend more than three years. He fitted up a spacious studio in Paris; and, with a lacerated and a humbled heart, devoted himself to the cultivation of the fine arts. His health soon began to fail. He had looked for office under Louis Napoleon; and when a tardy recognition of his services came in the shape of an appointment to the nominal post of Director of the Fine Arts, it was too late to do him any good. The hand of death was upon him. He was suffering from a spinal malady, the painful affliction of which he is said to have borne with “fortitude, patience, uncomplaining gentleness, a manifest absence of all selfishness, and consideration for those attending upon him, which none but those whose painful task it was to watch by his couch,” could rightly estimate. In the month of July 1852, he was removed to Dieppe, as a last resource. Lady Blessington's nieces attended him. But the sea-air did not restore him; and, at the end of the month, he was carried back to Paris to die.

We shall say nothing to disturb the effect of all this. The story which we have thus hurriedly told is a strange—we believe, a singular one. There is nothing, indeed, resembling it in the social annals of our country. It is not, however, in its moral aspects that we desire to regard this picture of fashionable life in the nineteenth century; but rather, in connexion with the literature of the times. Lady Blessington's soirées will be remembered long after her works are forgotten. She was a remarkable woman, not because she wrote remarkable books or said remarkable things, but because she gathered around her many remarkable people. She was one of the few persons who, in our own or in past times, have made an effort to collect in their *salons* the literary celebrities of the day. It was Lady Blessington's great ambition to be esteemed the “Queen of Literature.” She sacrificed everything to it. And she became, outwardly at least—the idol of a set.

At best her success was but partial. She was a kind-hearted woman, and, doubtless, she delighted to see happy faces around her. But she thought more of feeding her own vanity than of anything else. And literature was not beholden to her for any genuine service that she rendered to it. Our own opinion is that, with really good intentions, she did a great deal of harm.

Such reunions as she intended might be beneficial to the literary and artistic world. But those of Gore House were not. Even Dr. Madden, who says that they were the pleasantest parties in the world, and compares them, in other respects, with those of Holland House, seems to have discerned something wrong about them.\* Gore House was a great Exchange or Mart of Flattery, where Lady Blessington was continually sitting at the receipt of custom. Everybody who went there was expected to render back something in return for "value received." There must have been a prevailing sense of the hollowness of the whole affair on the minds of all who assisted at the oblation.

It is right, however, that what was good about it should not be concealed. Lady Blessington, as we have said, had good feelings and good intentions; and it does not follow that she did not think about others because she thought much about herself. We are all swayed by mixed motives in this world. "In Gore House society," says Dr. Madden, "Lady Blessington had given herself a mission, in which she laboured, certainly, with great assiduity and wonderful success—that of bringing together people of the same pursuits who were rivals in them for professional distinction, and inclining competitors for fame in politics, art, and literature. This, most assuredly, was a very good and noble object. . . . The party warfare that is waged in literature, art, and politics, it seemed to be the main object of the mistress of Gore House, in the high sphere in which she moved, to assuage and put an end to, and, when interrupted, to prevent the recurrence of. It was astonishing with what tact this was pursued; and those only who have seen much of the

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\* We had purposed to have said something more in this place about the Holland House coteries, but the announcement of the forthcoming *Memoirs of the Reverend Sydney Smith*, by Lady Holland, suggests that the consideration of this subject may be more expediently deferred. We need not say how very different, in our estimation, were the Gore House and the Holland House Gatherings. The latter, like the former, are now tradition; but how affectionately are they remembered! How truly has been said by one of the most distinguished ornaments of that coterie, that all the guests of Holland House will long recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvass, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to these circles, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Barette; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; whilst Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness—far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance, and the cordial voice of her who bade them welcome.

correspondence of Lady Blessington, can form any idea of the labour she imposed on herself in removing unfavourable impressions, explaining away differences, inducing estranged people to make approaches to an accommodation, to meet and to be reconciled." Now, we are willing to give Lady Blessington credit for having wished to bring about these good results; but, if the fact of her success is demonstrated in her ladyship's correspondence, we cannot help thinking it a great pity that some examples of it are not given in Dr. Madden's work.

It was certainly "a good and noble object" to which she addressed herself. That a rallying-point, a centre of attraction, is much needed by literary men in the present day, is not to be denied. Simply for want of opportunities of fusion, men of genius and learning who would admire and love, support and encourage one another, and from whose association and co-operation much would be gained to the world, go through life as strangers and foreigners, never exchanging a kindly greeting, or saying God-speed, as they go upon their journey. In England, indeed, "literary society" exists only in a scattered, fragmentary state. There is no cohesiveness about it. In other words, it is split up into coteries or cliques. Dr. Madden says, that Lady Blessington's great object was to counteract this tendency to cliqueism; and he adds that she succeeded. We are at issue with him on this point. The Gore House clique may have been an extensive one; but it was only a clique after all.

It was hardly possible, indeed, that anything more than a partial success should attend Lady Blessington's efforts. Neither socially nor intellectually was she fitted to occupy so high a position as that to which she aspired. Rightly or wrongly, charitably or uncharitably, many very excellent people believed that the atmosphere of Gore House was a tainted one, and were unwilling, therefore, to breathe it. It was unfortunate that there should have been anything equivocal in the moral status of one aiming to attain such a social eminence. There should have been nothing to alarm, to deter, to repel; nothing that could, by any implication, be considered to reflect disadvantageously upon the general character of literary men, by conveying an impression of the existence among them of a laxity peculiar to themselves. We say nothing about the propriety or the impropriety of such an inference; we simply allude to what we believe to have been a fact. The popularity of Gore House did not raise the literary character in the estimation of the outside world. Mediocrity is ever on the alert to find holes in the coat of Genius. If you are compelled to acknowledge that your neighbour is intellectually above you, it is a consolation to be able to flatter yourself that he is morally your inferior. It is pleasant to be



able to declare that authors are a loose set; and to give a reason for such a declaration. If you cannot climb the heights of Parnassus, it is something to be able to thank God that you have not descended to the abysmal depths of Aspasia House.

Viewing the matter in this light, it may be doubted whether Lady Blessington, with perhaps the best intentions, was not in reality responsible for results the very reverse of what she desired and expected. But this was not all the harm that was done. We have said that her literary position did not fit her for the duties she had undertaken, any more than did her social standing. The part which she had assumed could only be adequately performed by one above all suspicion of desiring to gain anything for herself. But Dr. Madden does not shrink from expressing his opinion, or rather declaring the notorious truth, that the hospitalities of Gore House were necessary to the maintenance of her own literary position. She was a fashionable authoress, without a sufficiency of the pure ore of talent and learning to dispense with the gilding of the *claqueurs*. It was impossible to visit Gore House and not to praise her Ladyship's writings. As we have already said, this was, doubtless, corruption; but it was a comely kind of corruption, and one the influence of which it was very difficult to resist. The critics who praised Lady Blessington's writings beyond their deserts, were not venal, were not servile—they were simply fascinated—charmed into chivalrous good nature—into unresisting obedience to the spell. It was not that they deliberately trode down their sober judgment and refused to listen to the voice of truth; but that for the time they believed that what they wrote was just and true. They saw everything relating to her Ladyship through a rose-tinted medium, and stamped the fleeting impression of the moment for ever on the printed page. This could not be good for literature. And so far from such a state of things having a tendency to check the progress of cliqueism, it could do nothing but promote it. While there were such objects to be gained—such an under-current of motive—the society of Gore House could be nothing but a clique.

Indeed, it would be easy to indicate the peculiar constitution of the Gore House clique—to name the authors, critics, painters, and actors who were the especial stars of that cerulean firmament. A glimpse of the real state of the case is afforded by one of Count D'Orsay's letters printed (we need not name the page) in these Memoirs. We see no reason why Lady Blessington or Count D'Orsay should not choose their friends as well as any one else; and we have nothing to say against their taste. But we repeat that we can discern no proofs in Dr. Madden's volume of the catholicity which he claims for his heroine, not only in

respect of the desire, (which we do not question,) but of the actual result. It was not possible, indeed, that she should have achieved any greater success. The "great and noble object" could only be accomplished by one above all reproach and beyond all suspicion. And we cannot say that we think it will be any great improvement when such circumstances as those which environed Lady Blessington do not present any obstacle to social success.

If she had succeeded in doing what her biographer says was the cherished object of her heart, she would have done a great thing. We look in vain for anything like a systematic attempt to bring about that fusion of literary men which all acknowledge to be desirable, but which seems, with every new year, only to become more remote and seemingly more impracticable. We do not get beyond a respectable coterie. Whether this is better, or worse than nothing, it is hard to say. Coterieism is to a certain extent unavoidable. Men will choose their companions according to the bent of their tastes and dispositions, and if they stand by those whom they have chosen it is not otherwise than creditable to them. Catholic sympathies are rare. There is a certain kind of book—a certain kind of picture—a certain kind of dramatic performance—that is pleasing to a certain critic. He has his own canons of criticism; his own peculiar faith; his own brotherhood of saints. Each member of the fraternity in turn idolizes the other. But the critic is for the most part the common centre of the whole, and keeps all parts of the little community together. It is pleasant—to a certain extent it is profitable. But a great narrowing of sympathy results from it; a contraction of ideas within the circle; and often considerable injustice and cruelty to those who live beyond it. It is a misfortune to a man of talent to be the idol of a set. A man of real, vigorous, healthy genius will shake off all such fetters. But where this native strength, this irresistible expansiveness does not exist, the tendency of this coterieism is to induce men to write (down perhaps) to the tastes and opinions of the particular set, who act with zealous officiousness as the claqueurs of one another; and to shape their books, as they would their trousers, after the particular cut of the "*arbiter elegantiarum*," in whom they blindly believe.

The effect of this on our periodical literature is unhealthy; but we do not well see how it is to be avoided. The only remedy for the evil is, perhaps, to be found in a better-instructed public. If it were more generally known that certain authors, certain painters, certain actors, &c., are sure to be praised in certain periodicals, the value of such praise would diminish in proportion as its intelligibility increases. But so long as a very

large proportion of the reading public barely know the difference between a publisher's puff and the deliberate verdict of an instructed and unprejudiced reviewer, the criticism of the coteries must necessarily carry weight with it. And there would not be much harm in this, if the criticism of the coteries extended no further than the laudation of friends and associates. But it often takes the much more reprehensible shape of deliberate detraction levelled against the rivals, or the supposed rivals, of these friends and associates; or else of systematic neglect. It might be supposed that an evil of this kind would supply its own remedy—that the public, by the support of whom alone periodical literature of any kind can exist, would settle the matter in a peremptory manner for themselves. But the public care nothing about it so long as they are entertained. They do not read a newspaper or a periodical for the sake of its honesty and integrity, but for the amount of amusement it yields. They have no time to inquire, and no means to ascertain, if they would, the justice either of the individual criticisms which appear in the journals they patronize, or the exclusiveness by which they are characterized. The public, indeed, take things as they find them. They are not sufficiently interested in the matter to care to look beneath the surface.

There is nothing new in all this. The evil is one of old standing, although the development of it differs, in some respects, from that which it assumed in the last century, when the verdict of the coteries was delivered in sonorous discourse, and passed from mouth to mouth, or circulated by epistolary correspondence. The oracular "We" now is everything; the oracular "I" nothing. There is scarcely a writer in the country, and we are sure that there is not a publisher, who would not rather receive half a column of praise at the hands of the *Times* than be lauded in private society by half the literary magnates in the country. If Sam Johnson were to come among us again, the *Times*, if it chose, could extinguish him in a week. No public writer in these days much concerns himself about what is said of him in coffee-houses or clubs, at breakfast or at dinner tables. Reputations are not made or unmade by the fiat of oracular doctors over a cup of tea; nor are sucking authors tremblingly eager to learn what the great Mr. Blank or the celebrated Mr. Asterisk has said of their new poem or their new romance. Whether the present state of things is better or worse than the old we need not pause to inquire. The dispensers of fame were perhaps more absolute of old, but then they were more responsible. Now-a-days the multiplicity of oracles renders the irresponsibility of the anonymous less dangerous. No one man now can knock down a reputation that has got any legs to stand upon.

It has been said, indeed, that no amount of adverse criticism

can hinder a good book from eventually making its way in public estimation. The assertion, however, is one that is not likely to be put to the proof. A good book never has any large amount of adverse criticism to grapple with in these days of many-sided reviews. On the whole, the judgment of the Press is seldom very far wrong. There is a wonderful disproportion, it is true, between the different amounts of praise meted out by different critical authorities. The inconsistency, indeed, of the verdicts delivered is often immensely ridiculous. But when the balance is struck at last,—when the *plus* and *minus* quantities have neutralized each other, the remainder is not far from the amount to which the author is justly entitled. But although, in the main, no great injury is done to the author, and few have any real reason to complain of the decisions of the Press as a whole, there is no doubt that literature itself suffers greatly by these many-sided judgments. There must be falsehood, intentional or unintentional, somewhere. There must be ignorant or prejudiced critics, or both. If you read on the same Saturday morning that your friend's or your own book is a very good and a very bad one, you know that one verdict or other must be wrong, and you strongly suspect that neither is right. When this has been repeated two or three times, you are forced upon the conclusion that periodical criticism is good for nothing.

Now, making every allowance for difference of opinion—for irrepressible ill-nature and self-sufficiency on the one side, and inexhaustible mercy and kindness on the other—there will still remain a very large residuum of inconsistency to be attributed to the influence of coterieism. Private motives and feelings have been at work. The author belongs to a clique, or has an influential friend who belongs to a clique; or he is very much in the way, a dangerous rival, perhaps, of some member of another clique. He has been over-praised on one account, and under-praised on another; he is not much wronged, but Literature is degraded.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to prevent this. Men, whether critics or not critics, will serve their friends in preference to strangers. There are few members of the "ungentle craft" who can plead *not guilty* to the charge of occasionally reviewing a friend's book, and meting out to it liberal commendation. It does not follow that the book is bad because it is your friend's, and praise may be only justice. But this is a different matter from the continual laudation of one set of writers, and the systematic neglect or depreciation of all not belonging to a particular school. This result of coterieism it would be a great thing to obviate. The counteraction of these influences was, it seems, the "great object" of Lady Blessington. For reasons already stated, she was not successful. But might

not some one with better opportunities succeed where, owing to circumstances, she has failed? Or, is it impossible for literary men to do for themselves what it is so difficult to find any individual sufficiently gifted to accomplish for them? Can there be nothing better, in the way of literary fusion and association, than a limited coterie? Clubs have been established for this express purpose, but they have failed. There are in London two well known Clubs avowedly intended for the congregation of men of literature and art; but one is becoming every year less and less literary in its constitution, and the other is resorted to only by literary men of a particular class. A third was attempted to be established on different principles a few years ago; but it fell into cliqueism, and was speedily extinct. If we ever were a clubbable people, it may be doubted whether we are so now. Men meet at Clubs in the flesh, but do not associate in the spirit. Our habitual reserve sits heavily upon us. Literary men are no exception to the rule. There is no free-masonry, no fellowship among them;\* every man looks askance at his neighbour, until somebody or something has broken down the English barrier, and brought them together.

In truth, every one seems to be agreed that something is wanting; but what that something is to be, no one is able to declare. We are almost afraid that the case is a hopeless one. It is often said that literature is not, and cannot be, a profession. If by this is meant an exclusive, or diplomatized profession, of course the *dictum* is true. The lawyer, the physician, the divine must produce certain credentials which are supposed to establish his competency to perform the duties attaching to his office. He is a guaranteed and responsible professor. He has been trained in the first place; approved in the second; and licensed in the third. He may be a dunderhead in respect of natural talents, and not far from an ignoramus in respect of his acquirements. But when the seal is once upon him, and he is admitted within the hallowed circle, he may snap his fingers at all the world of outside barbarians and dare them to enter the pale within which he disports himself at will. But an author needs no license, but his own; no diploma, but his publishers. He needs the stamp of no college and no corporation. He has not to serve terms, to eat dinners, to take degrees, or to be "called." The interests

\* This ought not, however, to be stated without some qualification. It is to the honour of literary men that they are well disposed to help one another when adversity falls heavily upon them. An instance of this good feeling has very recently presented itself to our notice. The activity of an industrious public writer was, a few months ago, arrested for ever it is feared by an attack of paralysis. It is said that he broke down under the pressure of continual work. The case excited much sympathy among his literary brethren, who by various means raised a considerable sum of money for his support. Among other praiseworthy efforts it may be mentioned that Mr. Thackeray delivered a lecture for the benefit of his afflicted fellow-labourer, and added thereby a hundred pounds to the fund.

of humanity, it seems, do not require that he should be instructed. An ignorant lawyer, or an uninformed physician, or a thick-headed divine, may injure us in our property, in our physical or our moral health. He may send us astray on divers paths; give us the wrong advice or the wrong medicine; and deluge us with false doctrine—so long as he has the stamp upon him. But an author needs no stamp to do any kind of mischief. He may write what he likes and print what he likes—so long as he is not libellous. False doctrines may be disseminated—vile poison distributed among thousands or tens of thousands, instead of among the hundreds, or the tens, perhaps, of a small parish—but there is no illegality in it. The distributor is not asked by virtue of what he undertakes to be a teacher of the people. He is an Englishman, and he claims an Englishman's privilege to say what he likes—as long as he is not in a pulpit, in a court of law, or on any other exclusive arena.

Everybody is an author who writes a book; everybody may be an author, learned or unlearned, who either *has* the necessary ability, or the hardihood to betray to the world that he has *not*. We have law lists; clergy lists; army lists; medical directories, and other professional muster-rolls. It would be curious to see a list of living authors—their names, residences, other occupations, past or present, all entered. If the publication of such a list would have no other effect it would at all events shew that there can be, in the present state of affairs, no such thing as a literary profession. Everything about the calling is scattered, desultory, irregular. There is, doubtless, a flourishing crop of authorship, but it seems to come from chance-sown seeds. The question is whether it is possible to give anything of adhesion to its scattered parts. The nearest approach to the position of authors, is, we presume, to be found in that of artists. Artists form themselves into societies; and there is one great Royal Corporation which puts a distinguishing stamp upon its members. It may be said that the Royal Academy is nothing more than a great artistic coterie—that the very evils, of which we have spoken with reference to literature, result from its exclusiveness in matters of Art. But, at all events, it is a responsible body. It may be a fallible one. But still it has its uses. It is something to be an academician, and to write R.A. after one's name. There may be *some* better painters out of the Academy than in it; but the diploma is, at all events, a guarantee that the bearer of it is not a mere incapable. The affix of R.A. carries weight with it. It confers professional and social distinction. It gives a man, in a word, a *status*. But there is nothing that is to Literature what the Academy is to Art. There is no rallying point, indeed, of any kind. Nothing that in any way gathers together and concentrates, in one compact body, the scattered

elements of the literary world. Authors of all kinds are classed confusedly together—a sprawling heterogeneous crowd. Literature does not, like art, treat any of its executants as amateurs. Or, perhaps, it should be said, that it treats all as amateurs. A Chancellor or a Bishop, or a Cabinet Minister, competes with the professional author. He does not appear in the catalogues with *Honorary* attached to his name; but drives, perhaps, a better bargain with his publisher than if he had been a mere writer for bread.

It may be asked whether this does not dignify and ennoble the literary character. We do not care to answer this question. Nothing really ennobles literature but genius and truth. It might be shewn, on the other hand, how hard it is, that whilst Dives the great lawyer, or Locuples the eminent divine, may at any time walk into Paternoster Row, the profits of the professional author, unless pleading his own cause, or preaching to his own family, may not trench upon the labours and the profits of his privileged brethren of divinity and the law—it might, we say, be easily shewn, that this is a very hard case. But we do not write in any narrow professional spirit. We consider the good of the public to be paramount in all. And we believe that, on the whole, as society is now constituted, it is advantageous to literature, that Bishops, Chancellors, Cabinet Ministers, and other magnates of the land, *should* jostle the hungry author in Paternoster Row. It is true, that what is done very badly by Dives might be done very well by Lazarus. But it is often not a question of good or bad; but a question of bad or not at all. It often happens that very valuable collections of papers are entrusted to some aristocratic author, or would-be-author, on the strength of the confidence which the possessor entertains in him, as one who, being of equal social rank, has lived with him for years in habits of familiar intercourse. Fortunate is it when literary talent is united with social rank, as in the case of Lord Stanhope (Mahon) whose new name we now write for the first time. Even when they are not, there is mighty power in a name. And although we could indicate a score of untitled literary men who could have edited Thomas Moore's papers more artistically than Lord John Russell, we by no means regret that they are in his lordship's hands. His name has rendered them more marketable in the first instance, and more readable in the second. The very defects of the volumes enhance their popularity. For, the opportunity being afforded, the reader enjoys the privilege, and it is no contemptible one, of abusing a Lord and a Cabinet Minister for making a bad book.

And then, too, it will be said, that when Cabinet Ministers turn authors, literature will of course be encouraged,—that

authors in high place will sympathize with their lowlier brethren,—that there must necessarily be some fellowship between them. No such thing. You send your last new book to a literary statesman, simply because he is a literary statesman; and he acknowledges it, scarcely with thanks, through his private secretary. Perhaps he tears the heart out of it for his next speech, or hands it over to a colleague for such generous treatment; but he expresses no sympathy, offers no encouragement. He is simply a Minister of State, receiving homage, as is his due,—formal and frigid,—all tape. The Ministers who have sympathized most with literary men have not been *littérateurs* themselves. There would seem, indeed, to be nothing attainable by the combination, except a diversion of part of the gains of authorship into the pockets of those who have a sufficiency of flocks and herds of their own not to need the sacrifice of the one ewe lamb of the struggling author.

Perhaps the fault lies still higher up—at the very “fountain of honour” itself. In a Government like ours it would hardly, perhaps, be just to say that *much* depends upon the personal character or the personal tastes of an individual. The claims of distinguished literary men,—of men who have worthily served their country with the pen,—would be recognised under any sovereign, if the recognition were pressed upon the Crown by its responsible advisers, and the Parliament to which they are responsible. But any such recognition is not in accordance with what is called “the spirit of the age.” What public honours does literature earn for itself,—what honours that kings or governments can bestow? We know, of course, that there are greater honours even than these—that the home which a great writer makes for himself in the hearts of a grateful people is a nobler tribute to his worth, a prouder distinction, than any titles, or medals, or other national reward. The same argument might be applied to the case of Wellington on his return from Waterloo, or any other war-hero after any other great triumph, and must therefore be dismissed. It does not follow that because a great writer is honoured by the Public he has no claim to be honoured by the Crown. It little matters whether this or that author is entitled to write a certain number of letters before or after his name, or to wear a bit of gold or silver, or a scrap of riband on his breast. The author himself would care little, perhaps, for the mere personal vanity of the thing. What he desires is meet honour to literature; and literature can only be honoured through its professors. But how scanty a number of its professors have ever been so honoured—a scanty number at all times, and in every reign decreasingly scanty. Who ever hears, in these days, of a writer receiving public honours *solely because he is a public writer*?



Some accident unconnected with literature may help him to distinction; but it is conferred on the accident, not on himself. And yet if there be any calling in the world to which the rendering of personal honour is peculiarly appropriate, it is that of literature, for literary success is especially a man's own, the growth of his personal gifts and personal exertions alone, promoted by no accident, shaped by no agents, aided by no auxiliaries. The triumphs of the author are exclusively his own. He has no courageous battalions to win victory for him in spite of himself.

We need not refer to the "custom of other countries." We need not dwell upon the fact, that literature is more honoured even in states where its utterances are less free than in our own. All this is sufficiently notorious. Indeed, we have wandered further away from our original subject than we had designed. We purposed chiefly to say, in this place, that whatever ennobles the literary character, and raises the social status of literary men, must have a tendency to define and consolidate the literary profession. We have said that, as society is now constituted, it is advantageous to the world, that men of high rank, not following literature as a profession, should undertake the work of authorship, because, but for this, it is probable that much valuable historical and biographical matter would otherwise be lost to the world. But if the social status of professional writers were higher than it is—if their claims were duly recognised and their position clearly defined—there would be no need to call in the aid of these titled amateurs. If the aristocracy of talent were fairly mixed up in the world with the aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of wealth, and the personal characters of authors as well known in society as their works, we should see the competent literary workman trusted and employed instead of some jaded statesman or incapable peer.

But it will be said, perhaps, that the character and conduct of professional writers on the whole are not such as justify such confidence—in a word, that authors are still considered a vagabond race. Of all the cruelty and injustice to which society stands committed, there is nothing so flagrant as that of taunting people with being what its own acts have made them. You may as fairly cut off a man's right hand, and taunt him with being a cripple. That literary men are not blameless, that they are not altogether true to themselves, is not to be denied. But this is not so much the cause, as it is the effect of the discouragement to which we have alluded. We do not mean that men are excluded from society because they are authors. On the other hand, we know that literature often opens the doors of society to its professors. But these are individual and exceptional cases rather than a general rule. It does not affect the argument that

a few obtain admittance, almost, as it were, on sufferance. What is wanted is a defined social position for literary men—a distinct recognition of the fact, that the services which they render as teachers of the people, are services rendered to the state—services to be acknowledged and rewarded, not merely by empty titles, but by public employment, and other substantial gifts. Let literary men know that they have something to work for, beyond the cheques of the publishers and the praises of the reviewers, and we will answer for it that they do not prove themselves unworthy of the place that is made for them in society.

But, we repeat, that literary men have something still to do for themselves. "The profession themselves," as is well and truly said by Mr. Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith*, "have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves that defined position from which greater respect and more frequent consideration in public life could not long be withheld; in fine; they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest; and that on all occasions to do justice to it and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world." We are glad to promote the currency of these good words. Doubtless, "co-operation" is much wanted. Even the best efforts of men who have a taint of cliquism about them, are regarded, on this account, with suspicion by their literary brethren. This is, unquestionably, a great misfortune. You talk about a movement among literary men, and are told, with a sneer, that it is "only —'s set." Of course, these jealousies are fatal to co-operation. But how much of this suspicion is the result of absolute ignorance? Men mistrust, because they do not know one another. A little social attrition would soon wear the crust away.

It was Lady Blessington's good object, as we have said, to bring about this social attrition. But she did not succeed. Whether any one else, in the high places of the earth, will ever succeed better, can only be conjectured. The attempt in itself is noble; and even failure is honourable. Meanwhile, it were well that literary men should keep the subject of their position continually before them; and ever bear in mind that the more they go out of the shell of coterieism, and enlarge the sphere of their sympathies, the more likely they are to bring about the great end which all have in view, and towards which all are eager to struggle—but, alas! by how many different roads. They may be sure that nothing will be accomplished so long as the fraternity of authors is split up into a number of unsympathizing, discordant sets. If we once put aside cliquism, we may be sure of the result.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Speech of Lord Grey on the Organization of the War Department.* January 29, 1855.  
 2. *Speeches of Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Osborne, and the Duke of Newcastle.* January 26, 29, and February 1, 1855.  
 3. *Scutari.* By REV. SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE. London, 1855.

IN AN Article on the progress and prospects of the War, written early in October last, and published in our November Number, we were considered to have shown less than our usual sagacity. Our anticipations, as it has turned out, were somewhat over sanguine, and our speculations somewhat premature. We spoke of Sebastopol as already taken, and of the campaign as already ended and won; whereas that great fortress has baffled our attempts to take it for several months, and our signal and rapid victories have been changed into a series of disasters unequalled since the Cabul catastrophe. No doubt these facts show the rashness of vaticination under any circumstances. We acknowledge our mistake; but we cannot admit that that mistake in the least degree impugns our sagacity. The facts of the case warranted our anticipations—anticipations which were shared by the best judges both in England and France. It was impossible for any wisdom to conjecture such a combination of blunders and incompetency as the last two months have brought to light:—and it is now pretty well understood and admitted on all hands, that Sebastopol would have been in our hands in October last, if the advice of those generals had been followed who urged an immediate attack after the victory at Alma, or if the Council of War, which was held after the flank march to Balaclava to consider the propriety of an assault, had decided in the affirmative instead of in the negative. If one or two votes then given on one side had been given on the other, or (as is generally believed) if Sir John Burgoyne had broken his leg, or had been absent in the rear, the city would probably have been stormed next day, and we should have been true prophets, and the Ministry would have been a glorious and applauded Administration. No doubt, we believe, now exists that such was the unprepared condition of the defences on the south side, and such the extreme surprise of our appearance in that unexpected quarter, that we should have met only with a faint, confused, and ineffectual resistance.

But our justification is a matter far too insignificant in the face of a grave and painful question like the present to deserve any further words. What we have now to deal with are the facts as they actually occurred, and the causes, immediate and

remote, to which they are to be attributed;—the disasters that have overtaken our gallant army, the circumstances, the individuals, or the system that have led to them, and the remedial measures by which their future recurrence may be prevented.

We are not about to distress ourselves, or harrow up the feelings of our readers by a picture of the calamities which have overtaken and nearly destroyed our gallant army in the Crimea. We shall only give a brief summary of those characteristic circumstances which point out the peculiar nature of the evils to be dealt with, and indicate the sources to which they are to be traced; and we shall be careful to state none which we have not good reason for believing to be indisputably true. There have no doubt been many falsehoods, much exaggeration, much excessive colouring: but all this is now of little consequence: the minimum of misery and mismanagement admitted by the highest authorities, and the most resolute optimists, is a basis quite broad enough for the conclusions we design to build upon it,—quite sad enough to justify the severest scrutiny and the most unsparing censure.

After long deliberation, and after exhausting every honourable means of a pacific accommodation, we entered upon this war with the whole strength and spirit of the nation. The country was as nearly unanimous as it has ever been. Parliament voted all the funds and men that were asked for. The people accepted willingly all the taxes that were imposed upon them. The Government set to work in earnest, and displayed unwonted energy. The fleet and army that left our shores were the best equipped, the most powerful, and the best conditioned that Britain had ever sent forth. The commander-in-chief was selected as having been the most intimate friend of the great Duke, an admirable organizer, and long trained to the interior business of the army. The generals of division were appointed according to the best estimate that could be formed of their abilities, and utterly without regard to political opinions. The Ministry, Conservative and Whig, named General Evans, a Radical; General Cathcart and Lord Raglan, Tories; and Sir Colin Campbell, (we believe) a Liberal, and an officer of Indian reputation; and Sir George Brown, also a Tory. No money was spared, nor anything that money could buy. Suggestions were listened to on all hands, and improvements readily adopted. Transports, steam and sailing, were taken up everywhere, and at vast expense. Lord Hardinge had restored the artillery to a state of great comparative efficiency; and the Minié rifle was in rapid course of distribution to nearly all the regiments.

The fleet was if possible still better provided. The newest screw vessels were sent out. Admiral Dundas was appointed,

we presume, for caution: Sir Edmund Lyons, certainly, for energy and enterprise. Nearly 30,000 men landed in the Crimea, and before the end of the year 20,000 more were sent. Three glorious battles were fought in two months, and the siege was vigorously commenced. So far all looked prosperous.—Now comes the reverse of the picture.

It soon appeared that, though we had an able and experienced ambassador at Constantinople, with ample secret service money at his disposal, though the Crimean expedition had been long contemplated, and though Greeks and Russians are notoriously venal, yet that we possessed no accurate plans of Sebastopol, and scarcely any useful information about the Crimea. The army was in ignorance of the peculiar construction of the fortress they were to attack, and the peculiar nature of the country in which they were to winter. Then it was discovered that the artillery of the enemy was heavier than our own, and that they repaired damages faster than we could make them. The next thing that came to light was that we had landed admirably provided for a *coup-de-main*, but not at all provided for a lengthened residence or a tedious siege. We had no organized transport service, few waggons, and a very scanty and daily diminishing supply of beasts of burden. Winter was approaching, and the troops had no better shelter than tents, many of which were old and tattered, and what was worse, these tents for a long time could not be taken to the camp, or set up for want of mules and baggage horses to carry them. Of course soldiers began to sicken and die. Cholera appeared. Then began the downhill career of calamities,—fearful, rapid, and irresistible. Our ambulances had been left behind at Varna, and the transports that should have brought them after us were ordered on other services. The hospital marquees in the camp were wretched and inadequate. The temporary hospital at Balaclava the same. The slaughter in battle and the progress of disease had been so fearful that medical aid and medical stores proved everywhere insufficient. Even the hospital at Scutari was much too small, and sadly unprovided. The transports employed in conveying thither the sick and wounded were scandalously crowded, scandalously neglected, scandalously ill-arranged. The sufferings of the poor wretches on board were horrible to contemplate. In no Russian lazaret-house could they have been worse. The medical officers and orderlies were either too few, or too incapable, or too negligent, or had not authority enough. The most authentic accounts sent home were so bad that we found refuge in disbelieving them. Alas! the statements of Mr. Stafford and Mr. S. G. Osborne leave no doubt about the matter now.

Meanwhile rumours got abroad that things were not as they

should be, and Ministers redoubled their exertions. Winter clothing was sent in abundance and in haste; wooden huts were ordered of the best construction, and sent out admirably arranged and packed, with the least possible delay. Private zeal came in aid of public energy. Wine, brandy, tobacco, venison, sheep-skin coats, fur pelisses, water-proof boots, warm shoes, flannel drawers, socks, and blankets without end poured forth from our ports as fast as merchant steamers and gentlemen's yachts could be laden with them. Medical stores and lady nurses sailed for Scutari. Everything was sent out in such overwhelming profusion that the impression was, and not unreasonably, that our troops would pass a winter of unprecedented comfort, and that the danger to be apprehended was lest they should become enervated by too much luxury, and lest the Crimea should prove another Capua.

So it would have been had these things ever reached the troops. But *dis aliter visum est*. Such a scene of incompetency, chaos, and disorganization was gradually unveiled as makes the blood run cold with horror, the cheek burn with shame, the heart beat with indignation. Everything was sent, nothing arrived; or rather everything arrived at Constantinople, but not at Scutari,—at Balaklava, but not at the camp. Government sent things 3000 miles. The army could not get them carried six miles! Medical stores were found deficient or absolutely wanting at Scutari. They were at Varna, whither the army had originally gone. When the army sailed for the Crimea these stores were ordered back to Scutari; but "in the hurry and confusion of departure," says Mr. S. Herbert, "these orders were not executed!" There was a terrible outcry for lint in the hospital: none was forthcoming, though acres had been sent. It appeared at last that the lint was lying unopened in the cellar; but the official store-keeper either did not know of it, or from stupidity or obstinacy would not give it out! The parties who had to give out stores and food seem to have been miserably too few, and the system horribly clumsy. Many patients could not get their food till evening, some not at all, though the distributors worked as hard as they could. Then there were no utensils in the wards; the filth was extreme, and disease of course followed. Official incapacity and blundering;—an official staff inadequate in numbers and in sense! Such seems to be the explanation. The medicine and clothing were packed in a ship below shot and shells. The ammunition went on to the army, the vessel foundered, and the medicine and clothing went down to the fishes. Coffee in abundance was sent out, but *unroasted and unground*,\* and of course wholly un-

\* The real facts of this matter, now at length fully known, go far, we think, to exonerate the authorities at home from blame. In the first place, coffee does not

available. At Balacava the state of things was equally disgraceful. The beasts of burden were all dead, and the cavalry horses fast dying. There was no road to the camp, and the mud way was impassable. The troops were dwindling away by disease or death at the rate of several hundreds every week. They were toiling in the trenches, or in carrying up food and shot from the harbour,—they were on half rations,—they had no shelter but tattered tents,—only one hut had been got up (in January,)—they lay in the mud, and slept in their wet clothes, amid a piercing wind, and with the thermometer 10 degrees below freezing point. *Yet everything they could wish for was at Balacava, within six miles ;* sometimes laden in the ships, sometimes rotting on the beach,—but still there, within their reach. Why was this ? How could such things be ? Because vessels arrived without bills of lading, and the officials at Balacava therefore would not receive them. Because the harbour masters at Balacava could not or would not adopt an effective system of unloading the ships and storing their cargoes. Because there were no waggons, no mules, no road,—because inferior officials adhered to their precise orders, and superior ones went on in the old jog-trot routine. Because, apparently, there was no man there with head enough to organize a system, with authority enough to compel obedience, with resolution enough to hang any one who thwarted him through pedantry or stubborn folly. Because, in fine, the troops, having more to do than human nature could do,—more to bear than human nature could bear, melted away day by day,—because every evil multiplied itself in a geometrical progression,—because the want of a road imposed upon them labour which made them too weary to make a road,—because want of shelter incapacitated them from provid-

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form a usual item in the soldier's rations when on foreign service. The supplying it at all was a kind consideration for the troops, due, we believe, to Mr. Sidney Herbert. Whenever it has been furnished before, it has been furnished unroasted. It is supplied unroasted in the French army. It was sent out unroasted to the East in order that it might preserve its aroma, and be both more nourishing and more palatable. But very early in the day (July 1854) one of the authorities at home, fancying there might be some difficulty in roasting and grinding it in camp, sent out 5000 lbs. ready roasted, and desired the Commissary-General to report upon the desirableness of this system. A favourable answer was returned in October, and immediately on receipt of this report Government ordered large quantities of coffee in the prepared state to go out ; but unfortunately at this moment all our transports were in requisition for conveying French troops, and the coffee could not sail till December. But what are we to think of the Commissary-General, who, finding the troops supplied with green coffee, and *not* supplied with means of roasting or grinding it, contented himself with *writing home* to advise that in future it should be sent out in a prepared state, when he was within 48 hours sail of Constantinople, where people drink coffee from morning till night, and where he might have had his own coffee roasted and ground for him, or might have purchased prepared coffee in any quantities !

ing a shelter, or putting up the shelter which England had sent for them,—because want of food rendered them too feeble to carry up food to the camp. They died of scurvy, with fresh vegetables rotting on the beach at Balaclava,—they died of exposure, with houses encumbering the harbour of Balaclava,—they died of cold, with fuel strewing the shores, and with sheepskins, furs, and blankets heaped up on the quays below them,—their toes were frostbitten in sight of the vessels filled with boots and shoes, and in hearing of the curses of the captains who could not discharge their cargoes,—they perished of hunger while meat, flour, rum, biscuit, were all within reach, clamouring to be eaten! And all this, not because Government had been remiss, not because England had been niggardly or neglectful, not because accident or fate had put insuperable obstacles in their way, but because, by some strange and inexplicable influence, imbecility seemed to have stricken all channels of command and distribution,—because there was wanting at once the freedom of a state of nature, and the organized skill of a state of civilisation.

Such was the position of our army in the middle of January. Whether nearly 30,000 out of the 50,000 landed remained fit for duty, as Mr. Gladstone assured the House, or only 15,000, as private letters averred, is not a controversy into which we shall enter. Such as we have depicted, was the position of affairs which induced the House of Commons at the beginning of February to insist upon a change, not of the individuals who had brought about such calamities, for this was not ascertained, but of the ministers during whose tenure of office they had occurred. We do not think the vote which led to that result was a reasonable one, because it was not justified by the evidence adduced, scarcely by the charges made. We do not think the debate which ended in that vote was a creditable one, because, while filled with vague abuse of ministers, it steered sedulously clear of the question, whether the fault lay with them here, or with the commanders in the Crimea. We do not think the ministerial changes which have followed that vote have done much to render it a matter for congratulation; nor can we pretend to say that we consider the members of Lord Palmerston's administration one whit more able, more honest, or more hopeful, than their predecessors. Still, the feeling of the country was really unanimous on the main point: the result of the expedition had been calamitous and discreditable; and a radical change in the leaders, who were officially responsible for that result, was peremptorily called for. The ministry resigned; and the object of the House of Commons was answered; for scarcely one of its members really intended or expected the



appointment of Mr. Roebuck's committee, or believed that such a committee could sit without doing much mischief and incurring serious dangers. The motion for inquiry was in reality and merely, a vote of censure.

But though parliamentary politicians were well enough disposed to be thus satisfied with the dismissal and reconstruction of a peccant or unfortunate administration, the nation was not. It meant not only censure, but inquiry. It was unmistakably and terribly in earnest, and was resolved to discover the real causes of the Crimean horrors, if discovery were possible, and to investigate and amend the whole system which had superinduced them, if its power extended thus far. It was not in a humour to permit the sacrifice of an unlucky minister to save a guilty system. When things go wrong at Constantinople, a vizier is sacked and Bosphorized; when bread is scarce, and famine drives the people wild, a few bakers' heads are thrown over the seraglio walls to appease the popular fury; and all goes on as before. It was obviously not safe just at that crisis to endeavour to put England off with this Turkish style of justice and concession. The inquiry, therefore, which the House of Commons intended merely as a strategic movement, the nation resolved to convert into a stern reality. Both members and ministers were cowed. The former continued to insist upon the committee, and the latter were timid enough to concede it; though the concession again broke up the government, and though every statesman of character and weight warned the House of the possible peril which environed the inquiry.

That committee has now for some time, and with considerable discretion, pursued its investigations; and with the help of its evidence, and of the documents placed at the head of this article, we shall endeavour to aid our countrymen in their laudable determination to discover the real origin of the disasters which have occurred, and of the mismanagement which has been brought to light. But before doing this, and in order to aid us in doing it, we must cast a glance backwards over the last war, wherein, though we had one "heaven-born" minister and several able ones, one consummate general and many skilful ones, yet disasters precisely similar to those we are now deploring, dogged our arms through a long series of years, though ministry after ministry was changed, and though Whigs and Tories took their turn at blunder and misfortune. A consideration of this fact may perhaps lead us to the conclusion, that the real cause lies deeper than any man or any ministry, and may disincline us to *rest satisfied* with condemning either.

Our contest with France under Napoleon lasted, from first

to last, twenty-two years—from 1793 to 1815; and though, during the greater part of this period, the country was zealous and hearty in the cause, though we had vast armies on foot, and though ministers were able to command parliamentary majorities which made them despotic and almost omnipotent, yet it was not till the *sixteenth* year of the war that victory began to crown our arms. *From 1793 to 1810, the history of our campaigns is one series of imbecilities and disasters.* From the outbreak of hostilities, till Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command in the Peninsula, our land forces were uniformly unfortunate, with the exception of some gallant but ineffective successes in Egypt. We began with the siege of Dunkirk, which, *more consuetudo*, was entrusted to the Duke of York. The allies were defeated, and he hastily retired, leaving fifty-two pieces of heavy artillery, and a quantity of baggage and ammunition, in the hands of the enemy. The expedition to Walcheren was one of our next large enterprises on the continent; and offers a parallel unusually close to our present position. Its object was the capture and destruction of Antwerp, a most important arsenal and stronghold, which the French were doing their best to render impregnable. The expedition was well planned, and was fitted out on a grand scale. Considerable delay took place in preparing everything necessary for the undertaking; but at the end of July, 1809, the fleet sailed, consisting of 100 large ships, and eighty gun-boats, two trains of siege artillery, and upwards of 40,000 troops. We have the testimony of Napoleon, that if the army and fleet had pushed on and assailed Antwerp at once, it must have fallen an easy prey. It was inadequately garrisoned, and its defences were still incomplete. The orders given from home were judicious and decisive: to act promptly, and push on to Antwerp at once. Unhappily, the ministers appointed a general and an admiral who did not act harmoniously or energetically together, and one or both of whom seem to have been singularly ill-selected. Delay after delay occurred:—

“The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,  
 Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;  
 Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
 Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.”

They laid siege to Flushing instead of assaulting Antwerp, and by the time they were ready to attack Antwerp, it had been strengthened and fortified so as to present a nearly hopeless enterprise. The expedition therefore fortified themselves in Walcheren, where fever speedily attacked the troops, decimated their numbers, and destroyed their spirits. Soon nearly half their number were in hospital, and the deaths reached between

200 and 300 a week. At last, five months after the magnificent and powerful army had left our shores, its miserable remnant returned home, having left 7000 in an ignominious grave, and the rest bearing about them a malady which never left them to the end of their lives.

Of course so great a calamity led to fierce debates in both Houses of Parliament; a long investigation ensued, and Ministers with difficulty escaped an overthrow. Unfortunately, the opposition then, as now and always, sought rather to infer Ministerial incapacity, than to discover the real cause of the disaster. Government was severely blamed for having undertaken a hopeless and fruitless enterprise. It was argued that the expedition was ill-planned, could not have succeeded, and would have been nearly useless if it had succeeded. All the usual charges were reiterated—charges which we know to have been exaggerated or wholly groundless. The *real* sin of the Ministers was hardly touched upon in the debate;—their inconceivable want of judgment, or want of conscientiousness, in appointing so incapable a commander as Lord Chatham, and their want of resolution and reluctance to give pain to a respected and highly connected individual, shown in not at once superseding him as soon as his mismanagement and neglect of orders made his incapacity apparent.

The next parallel we meet with was in the early portion of the Peninsular War, when the British Government had come to the determination of assisting the Spanish patriots, but had not yet learned how to do it. Stores, provisions, clothing, arms and ammunition were sent with unexampled profusion, *but they never reached the army*; the agents to whom Mr. Canning entrusted their distribution proved utterly incapable. "At the period," we read, "when the Marquis of Romana and the insurgents in Galicia were praying for a few stand of arms and £5000 from Sir John Cradock, the Spanish Junta possessed many millions of money, (mainly furnished to them by England,) *and their magazines at Cadiz were bursting with the continually increasing quantity of stores and arms arriving from England, but which were left to rot as they arrived*, while from every quarter the demand for these things was incessant."

The retreat to Corunna comes next in order. Sir John Moore was a consummate General: few more skilful; none more vigilant and conscientious; none assuredly in common estimation more unfortunate. He had an impossible task set him; a scanty army, inadequate magazines, cowardly and imbecile allies, and an enemy who commanded overwhelming numbers. He did much, but of course he failed of success, and of course he was assailed by the most unfounded and outrageous calumny.

He was blamed for his advance; he was blamed for his retreat; he was blamed because he fought a battle; he was blamed because he had not fought it sooner; and an unworthy ministry at home (how unlike the present one!) took advantage of the popular dismay to throw on the General the condemnation due rather to their own or their agents' incapacity. The people who had not been trained to learn the inevitable results of war, were horror-stricken at contrasting the haggard and dilapidated troops who returned, with the trim and gallant regiments who had set out a few months before, and they were at once indignant and desponding. No doubt their sufferings had been great, though their commander was not in fault. He had at one time 4000 men out of 31,000 in hospital, and lost 4000 in the retreat. Yet now that history has been written, we find him acquitted, and not only acquitted but applauded, by the decision of every competent authority: Soult, Napoleon, and Wellington, all concur in awarding him the highest meed of praise. He was one of our "unsuccessful great men."

But the most instructive portion of the annals of the Peninsular War, is that which relates to the period after the Duke of Wellington had been promoted to the chief command. His energy, his vigilance, his foresight, his wonderful and unrivalled capacity, both for conquest and for organization, none will now deny. And if we find the same complaints made by him as are made or insinuated now; if we find the same sufferings endured by his army as by Lord Raglan's; if we find that he like Lord Raglan admitted the existence of "insuperable" difficulties,—surely we shall be disposed to pause before we condemn as incapable one who is apparently no worse off than a commander whose capacity has long been our admiration, and was once our safety. If, further, we find that he experienced and bitterly complained of that very evil, which it is now beginning to be universally believed lies at the bottom of our disasters, viz., the incompetency and inexperience of our young officers of family, and the want of education and organization in the civil department of the service, we shall be more disposed to attack the enduring system rather than the transitory man. And, finally, if we find that the opposition of that day, losing sight of sense, justice, and patriotism, in their virulent criticisms not only on Ministers, but on the army itself, and on the great General who led it out to glory, and trained it by degrees to victory; if we find that the speakers of that day, as of this, played the game of the enemy, exaggerated his successes and palliated his misdeeds, encouraged his tenacity and poured despondency and dismay over the hearts of men at home, and behaved in a manner which all the noble-minded among them afterwards bitterly repented,

—surely we shall disclaim to act over again a course of conduct as unrighteous as it is unpatriotic and suicidal.

Yet all these things were so. At the commencement of the Talavera campaign, says Napier, "4000 men (out of 27,000) were in hospital; the commissariat was without sufficient means of transport; the soldiers nearly barefooted and totally without pay. The military chest was empty and the hospitals were full. The battle of Talavera was fought and won by men who, for twenty-four hours had tasted nothing but *a few grains of corn in the ear*." The want of shoes actually prevented some military movements; "during a month which followed the junction of the two armies on the 22d of July, the troops were literally starving—they had not received ten days' bread; on many days they only got a little meat without salt, on others nothing at all. The cavalry and artillery horses had not received, at the same time, three deliveries of forage; and in consequence, a thousand horses had died, and seven hundred were on the sick list." After this description we are not surprised to learn that a month later, in the valley of the Guadiana, "7000 men were in hospital"—*one-third of the effective force*.

The disorganization of our army during the retreat from Burgos, while under Wellington's own command, called from him his celebrated and severe, but unjust and indiscriminate rebuke. He was angry, and described it as "surpassing what he had ever witnessed or read of." This was an exaggeration, but no doubt the disorders were bad enough. Here is Alison's explanation, which bears a startling resemblance to much that we hear now. "Wellington was not aware that his own well-conceived arrangements for the supply of provisions to his troops had been in many cases rendered totally nugatory, *from the impossibility of getting means of transport for the stores*, or from the *negligence of inferior functionaries in carrying his orders into execution*. In some cases when he supposed the men were receiving their three rations a day regularly served out, they were in fact *living on acorns which they picked up, or swine which they shot in the woods*."

Once more. We are shocked, and naturally so, at the reports which reach us from the Crimea of the deaths by disease, and the number of sick in the hospital. Well, precisely the same facts add to the gloom of our last wars. In 1811 we read of "20,000 sick in the hospital at one moment;" and of "an army 30,000 strong, which could only bring 14,000 bayonets into the field;" and the returns of the inspector-general show that in the six years immediately preceding the peace, "not less than 360,000 men passed through the military hospitals in Portugal."

Finally. In nearly every page of the Peninsular war, we

meet with instances of incapacity, ignorance, extraordinary blunders, inconceivable mismanagement, under the very eyes of the Duke himself, and even where his brother was a leading cabinet minister at home, which equal, if they do not cast into shade, those charged upon the officials here at Scutari, and before Sebastopol. We find a wholly inefficient and ignorant commissariat department, which only learned its duties by slow degrees, and at the cost of the starved and suffering troops. We hear just the same complaint of want of horses, mules, and waggons for transport—a want remedied only two years before the termination of the war—of the new recruits falling sick as soon as they went out, of tattered uniforms and sole-less shoes; of inadequate battering ordnance, so that towns had to be taken by storm which ought to have been regularly besieged; and lastly, of mining and intrenching tools sent out so abominably bad that *our troops were dependent on those they captured from the enemy*, and of scaling ladders so short, they would not reach the walls they were to surmount. In a word, we find all the same official delays, negligences, stupidities, ignorances, baffling the Iron Duke himself, which harass and perplex us now.

We are now in a position to form some competent opinion as to the deficiencies of our military organization, and as to the original, as well as the immediate, causes of those disasters in which these deficiencies have resulted both on the present and on previous occasions. Careful and conscientious logicians are in the habit of drawing a distinction between two classes of causes: we have the *causa causans*, the immediate, proximate, directly operating circumstance which has brought about the effect,—and the *causa sine qua non*, the remote, ultimate, primary circumstance, without which that effect would not have taken place. Public feeling, which is seldom either cautious or discriminating, does not usually carry its regards further than the immediate cause—the *causa causans* which lies close to their eyes and ready to their hand; and party interests, on both sides in Parliament, are too deeply concerned in diverting attention from the remoter and more radical cause—the *causa sine qua non*—of national calamities, not habitually to encourage and assist this partial and unserviceable vision. A system by which both political sections of the governing classes profit, or are supposed to profit, may be screened from assault—a searching inquiry which would lay bare abuses, that it would be discreditable and painful to each party in turn to have exposed and swept away, may be warded off—by upsetting an unpopular government, sacrificing an unsuccessful minister, or dismissing an unlucky

general. There is always, therefore, a strong and not an unnatural disposition in both Houses of the Legislature, to attack the individual and spare the system—to divert attention from the real and deep seated, to the immediate and unimportant cause—in a word, “to draw a red herring across the true scent,” as Mr. Cobden, with more point than elegance, once expressed it. It is the duty of independent members of Parliament and of the press to take care on the present occasion that this disposition is not suffered to thwart a rigid and relentless investigation or to avert a radical and thorough change.

The sketch we have given of past calamities, the observation of the present, a careful weighing of indisputable facts, and a study of the admirable speeches of Lord Grey and Mr. Sidney Herbert, which stand at the head of this paper,—will, we think, go far to satisfy any unprejudiced mind what are and what are not the reasons why our army, despite of its gallant achievements, is not and never has been what an army should be; why, though composed of the best raw materials in the world, it buys its victories so dearly, and encounters such deplorable disasters and sufferings even in the midst of a career of conquest and of glory. Let us see, first, what are *not* the reasons.

The reasons—the immediate causes—the *causæ causantes*—then, do not lie either with the people or the Ministers for the time being. It is true that you have sometimes really incompetent men at the head of affairs in war, like Mr. Perceval or Lord Castlereagh, or brilliant and hasty blunderers, like Mr. Canning; it is true that sometimes expeditions may be ill planned and ill equipped;—but that the real mischief does not generally lie in this quarter will be obvious when we find that the evils and disasters complained of, occurred just as regularly and signally when Mr. Pitt, as when Mr. Perceval was Minister—when Lord Wellesley as when Mr. Fox was at the helm—when the Duke of Wellington as when Sir John Moore was commander. No ministers and no generals have been able to escape them. No diligence in the Secretary at War, no vigour at the Horse Guards, no skill or experience at the Foreign Office, seems of much avail to prevent them. They recur under every reign and every régime. You could not have abler or more powerful ministers than Mr. Pitt; you could not have more conscientious or diligent ministers than the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Herbert, yet all alike have failed to overcome the unavoidable obstacles of **THE SYSTEM.**

Nor is the untimely and unwise parsimony of the country, as has been repeatedly alleged, the real and efficient cause. It may have been a predisposing influence, but it does not afford the genuine explanation of the fact. It may have aided in pre-

paring the calamities we have undergone: it is not directly answerable for those calamities. We were glad to see that Lord Grey and Mr. Sidney Herbert both bore candid testimony on this head. It is true that it has been the habit of this country always to exercise a strong pressure on ministers to reduce our military and naval establishments in time of peace to a perhaps unwise degree. It is true that ministers have often been induced voluntarily and injudiciously to carry their reductions too far, in order to avoid a disagreeable debate on the estimates, or to obtain a temporary popularity as economic men. But we believe there is scarcely an instance on record in which the House of Commons has refused to vote whatever sums the Government proposed for the maintenance of the army or the extension of the navy. On the contrary, the sums so voted have been enormous, and ought to have been amply adequate. In the seventeen years of peace ending with 1853, no less than £217,000,000, or £15,500,000 a year, have been expended on the national defences—a sum ample, if it had been judiciously used, to maintain not indeed the largest but the most efficient fleet and army in the world. It is true that the nation has always refused to maintain large forces in time of peace, and has insisted on the reduction of both land and sea forces on the termination of the war. It is certain that it has been quite right to do so. To have done otherwise would have been bad husbandry indeed. “To keep up peace establishments upon a war scale, (as Lord Grey has well said,) would be to commit the greatest blunder that could be imagined; because, independently of the expense, of the great drain on the resources of the country, and of preventing the real increase of power which the accumulation of wealth in a kingdom creates;—independently also of the great evils arising from the jealousy and emulation which would be excited by such armaments in foreign countries;—I assert that if you did keep up your establishments upon such a scale, you would be in a worse position at the beginning of a war than you actually are now—and for this reason. You would have your army still more full than it is now of officers advanced in age and without experience in war; you would have your arsenals and harbours filled with arms, stores and ships of obsolete pattern, and not embodying all the improvements which modern science had suggested. I firmly believe that it would have been better for us, if on the breaking out of this war, we had been thrown to a greater extent upon the resources which we could create at the time; if we had trusted less to those relics of a former war which were still in existence. I say, therefore, that our economy does not account for these evils.”

It is one thing to have a large army: it is another thing to



have a small army in the most perfect state of efficiency. The one is extravagance—the other is economy. To maintain during peace an army of 200,000 men would be needless, foolish, and wasteful, and the House of Commons never would, and never ought, to sanction such a thing. To maintain an army of 100,000 men, of which every department should be in the highest and most complete organization, in which every officer should know his business, and every soldier be trained to the use of his arms; with a transport service that needed nothing but augmentation; with a commissariat department that needed nothing but expansion; with engineers, artillery, sapper and miner corps, all efficient, and requiring no change beyond an addition to their numbers; furnished with the newest weapons, the best ordnance, the most scientific improvements;—to a machine, in short, of which every wheel should be well oiled, every beam tested, every screw and nail in its place;—to maintain such a force in the most perfect efficiency, and in readiness for instant service, is what the country has never refused to pay for, *what it always has paid for*, (without ever getting it,) what the Parliament will always sanction, and what no minister should retain office for one hour if he does not possess or cannot obtain. Had we the nucleus of such an efficient army, its numbers would be a matter of comparatively small moment. The addition of a company or two, or a troop or two, to every regiment; the placing a few officers upon full pay; the purchase of a certain number of additional horses to the waggon-service and the artillery; the engaging a few supplementary clerks of competent ability to the commissariat—would suffice to place our forces on a war-footing. One vote of the House of Commons would do it all. As it is, when hostilities break out we have not to increase our army, but to create it, teach it, train it—not to augment its numbers merely, but to organize its every department. It is not a larger but a wiser expenditure that we require—not a larger but a better army. *The parsimonious disposition of the country, then, is NOT to blame.*

The real causes of the disasters and disgraces which we all deplore are, beyond question, these three:—the various and conflicting departments to which our war-administration is and has long been confided, and the want of harmonious action among their several authorities;—the mode in which patronage is administered and appointments made at the Horse Guards;—and the education, or rather non-education, of our young officers;—the fact that so large a proportion of them enter the army not as a profession by which they must live, and can live, but as a club, belonging to which gives them a certain social standing,

may give them pleasant company, and possible adventure and distinction.

We shall consider each of these causes in turn ; and when we have done, we believe our wonder will be, not that our disasters have been so numerous, but that they have been so few,—not that we should have often failed, but that we should ever have succeeded.

I. Twelve months ago our army administration was conducted, and had from time immemorial been conducted, by five independent functionaries—the Lords of the Treasury, the Secretary-at-War, the War-Minister (who was also the Colonial Minister), the Commander-in-Chief, and the Master-General of the Ordnance. The Secretary-at-War makes and moves the army-estimates, defends the military policy of the Government in the House of Commons, fixes the soldiers' pay and allowances, decides upon the moral and educational arrangements of the army, provides and supplies medical stores and medical appliances, and, in short, transacts all the financial, and much of the civil business of the land forces—except that of the ordnance. No regiment can shift its quarters unless he gives the necessary authorization for the inevitable cost of locomotion. Yet he cannot move a corporal's guard by his own power. None of his regulations are valid till countersigned by the War-Minister or the Commander-in-Chief. Sometimes, as happened once when Lord Palmerston was at the War-Office, the Commander and the Secretary are at variance. Then a voluminous, and sometimes an unfriendly correspondence ensues between the two departments, and the public service is either mischievously impeded, or brought to an utter stand. Among other anomalies, the Secretary-at-War, who thus holds the military purse of the Crown, is prohibited by the Constitution from all direct communication with the Crown.

The Master-General of the Ordnance has the entire control of housing and arming the troops. He builds the barracks ; he provides the guns and ammunition ; he gives out the muskets ; he decides upon the introduction of the Minié rifle ; he alone equips, disciplines, and commands the artillery and engineers. "The Commander-in-Chief may assemble and send abroad, by order of the Crown, communicated to him through the Colonial (or now the War Minister), any amount of infantry or cavalry ; but he cannot ship a battery, or a company of sappers. That must be done through the Master-General ;—while the Secretary-at-War, by refusing the funds required, may, if he please, stop the whole operation ;—exactly as his wishes in regard to schools, chapels, and the moral and intellectual improvement of the army at large, are liable to be impeded, if not entirely

thwarted, by opposition from the Commander-in-Chief, or the Master-General, or both. A thousand men may be got together and regimented, but not a musket can be removed from the Tower to be put into their hands till the Master-General shall direct."

The Commissariat, *i.e.*, the supply of food, forage, and beasts of burden, and other means of transport—as necessary a thing as men, arms, or ammunition—is a separate department. Till December last, it was under the control of the Treasury, and was entirely separated from all the other military authorities. It has since been removed to the Ministry-of-War; but Lord Grey is of opinion that this sole step towards consolidation is a mistake, and ought to be retraced.

Now, what is the consequence of this divided responsibility? In time of peace, jealousy and delay; in time of war, emulation, confusion, and anachronism. In quiet times, each department is anxious to economize, perhaps, at the expense of the others, to shew a moderate estimate to a scrutinizing House of Commons. In critical and perilous times, each department presses on its own business without regard to its coadjutors; now gets before them, now lags behind them, but seldom acts cordially and skilfully with them. The infantry are ready to embark before the Ordnance is ready to arm them, so they go without their guns; or the order for their embarkation, issued from Whitehall, is countermanded from Pall-Mall. The men and arms are both got ready before the Commissariat has filled its magazines, or provided mules and waggons for the transport service, so the troops find neither food nor clothing awaiting them when they land. Valuable suggestions, and urgently pressing offers to provide stores, houses, guns, or waggons, are sent from one department to another, handed over from pillar to post, till the most zealous patriotism is disgusted. Orders from the War Office to fabricators of arms and stores are sent on Friday, commanding them to push on vigorously with their contracts night and day; orders come on Monday from the Ordnance to suspend the execution of them till further directions. Transports are sent out by the Minister of War to bring back a much-needed colonial regiment; but they return home empty, because the commander-in-chief had not sent out formal and positive orders to the regiment to embark. These are samples of the inevitable consequences of such an antiquated and contradictory organization as has hitherto prevailed in our military administration.

When the war broke out, the importance of amending it was apparent to every one; but to re-organize five War Departments in the middle of war, is a task of very great difficulty and

some peril, and must be proceeded with cautiously and slowly. The change was initiated. The war minister was relieved from the Colonies, and empowered to absorb the Commissariat; but he was not made supreme; his three co-equal and unamalgamated authorities still remained. The Commander-in-chief might still appoint incompetent officers, and neglect or misconduct the discipline of the army. The Master-general might still be backward or clumsy in providing shot, shells, and rifles. The Secretary-at-war might still obstruct movements by financial difficulties. Or, if all worked zealously and conscientiously together, still endless correspondence, references, signatures, and countersignatures, were wanted before any measure could be really carried out. The machine was too cumbrous to work well or rapidly in the ablest and most active hands.

Only by a concentration of power and of responsibility in one hand can you remedy these evils, and obtain an efficient instrument for conquest and defence. You must have a minister of war who can do everything and answer for everything. Above all, you must have no independent officer like the Commander-in-chief, supreme in the distribution of appointments, and not necessarily even a member of the government, linked to and retiring with the others. Hear the pregnant remarks of Lord Grey on this head:—

“To my notion, the name of Commander-in-Chief implies an officer who is in military command of troops, who is constantly at their head, and acting as their general. Now, I need not tell your lordships, that the Commander-in-Chief in this country is never seen at the head of troops, unless, indeed, it be at a birthday parade, or a review in Hyde Park. Except at some state pageant of that kind, I say, the Commander-in-Chief never appears in command of troops; and his duties might be perfectly well performed without his ever putting a red coat on his back. He sits in his office at the Horse Guards, and upon him there devolves the duty of organizing and superintending the British army all over the world. It is a duty which, in every other country, is performed, not by a general commanding, but by a minister of war. In this country the Commander-in-Chief is a minister of war, shorn of a great part of his proper power and authority. He is minister of war, with very little power over the artillery, with no authority in matters of expense, and with scarcely any as regards the provisioning, clothing, and arming of the troops. He is minister of war, deprived of all the essential parts of his functions. I say, then, that the obvious remedy for the evil is to get rid of this department. Appoint a general to command the troops in England, and, under the direction of the minister, to undertake the important duty of watching over the discipline and the training of the troops at home, and of preparing them for service abroad when they were called upon. Let him be an officer who will train his

troops in arms, not a minister of war with a pen in his hands at the Horse Guards; and as to duties of a different description which now belong to the Commander-in-Chief, give them to a minister of war—no matter what you call him—transfer to him the duties belonging properly to a minister of war, and which now are performed by the Commander-in-Chief. Among those duties I do not hesitate to say, you must include the patronage of the army. I know how strong is the prejudice which exists upon this subject; I know how many persons believe that you cannot, without danger, place the patronage of the army under the control of a member of the civil government. But let me just point out how the present system works. Can any minister be justly made responsible for the conduct of a department, if he is not allowed to choose the instruments he employs; if he is not intrusted with the means of rewarding those who do good and faithful service? I would ask the noble earl, the Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, whether he would consent to be responsible for conducting the foreign relations of this country, if he had no voice in the appointment of any member of the diplomatic body, from the attaché up to the highest minister acting under him—if he had no means of advancing those who did well, or of recalling those who did ill? Would he consent to undertake the management of our foreign relations upon these terms? I think I cannot be at a loss for his answer. But with regard to the army, it is more particularly necessary that this power should be exercised by the person responsible for its efficiency. Upon what does that efficiency mainly depend? If there is one thing more than another upon which it depends, it is upon the manner in which the patronage is exercised—upon the care taken to advance deserving officers, and sternly refuse promotion to the incompetent. It is upon the care and zeal with which this is done that it mainly depends whether your army is efficient, or the reverse. Let me also observe, that in every other department of the public service, you do trust the minister of the crown with patronage. I have already referred to the diplomatic service. The naval service is the same, and throughout the whole of the civil service, the different branches are subject to the control of Her Majesty's Government. I don't deny that abuses may be committed in this way. I should be the last to deny that under every Government, and in every time, Parliamentary interest and other improper motives have influenced the appointments and promotions in the public service. Such abuses, I am afraid, have existed, and while human nature is what it is I am afraid they will exist. I know no country, no form of government, in which they have been avoided, and the greatest and most difficult problem for the solution of a government is to secure the appointment of the right men to situations in the public service. Upon the whole, however, admitting the abuses which have taken place in the administration of patronage, I believe that placing it under the control of the responsible Minister of the Crown is the best security you can obtain for the due discharge of this most important duty. I know that a comparison

has sometimes been drawn between the distribution of patronage in the Navy and in the Army. I should be prepared for answer to take issue upon that as a matter of fact. I deny that for the last sixty years the distribution of the patronage of the Army, under the existing system, has, upon the whole, been more pure than that of the Navy. The abuses may have been of a different character. I admit that they have, in some respects, been of a different character. But if you will go into detail and scrutinize appointments, I will undertake to shew you that the public service has suffered more in the Army than it has in the Navy during the last sixty years from injudicious appointments, made from improper motives. My Lords, I cannot help stating that, even now, at this moment, in the Crimea, judging by results, I cannot believe that the patronage of the Army has been exercised with so much greater judgment and discretion than that of the Navy. This I know—and I see a noble lord here present who can confirm the truth of what I am saying—this I know, that there is in the Army at this moment great dissatisfaction at the recent promotions for services; and I am told that it is the opinion of the Army—whether correctly or not I have not the means of judging—that men who were not really under fire at Inkermann, or Alma, or at Balaclava, and who have never undergone all the perils and the hardships of the trenches—that men of this kind have received the promotion which has been denied to most meritorious regimental officers. I know not whether that allegation be true, but I think it is a pregnant example of the inconvenience of the existing system, that such an allegation and such complaints can be made, and that no man in this House can distinctly say, if the mistake has been made, who is responsible for it. Is it the Secretary of State for War, or is it the Commander-in-Chief? I think it would be one of the great advantages of the change I propose, that in these matters any future responsibility would be brought distinctly home to one individual, and thus this great power of promotion, upon the judicious use of which the whole efficiency of an army depends, would be exercised under that check and under that feeling of responsibility which would then be created. When touching upon promotion, I cannot avoid mentioning one other subject. Look at the medical staff and at the medical service. I believe there has been no branch of the service which has been so completely withdrawn from the control of the civil government of the country as the army medical service; and, I ask, do the present state of that service, and the manner in which the duties have been performed, justify you in believing that that patronage has been so much more judiciously exercised than patronage in other branches of the service? I say, then, that you have failed in preventing those evils against which the measure was directed, by withdrawing the patronage of the army from the regular control of the country."

## II. The system of promotion and selection pursued in th-

British army must, beyond all question, be held answerable for a large portion of the disasters and disgraces which have befallen it on this and on previous occasions. No ministers are especially to blame for this system; or rather all governments and all political parties are equally to blame. All have endured it; all have defended it; all have administered it; all have profited by it. There are two rules which promotions may follow. They may be made according to proved professional merit, or according to that established rule of seniority which presupposes professional experience at least, if not talent. Both these modes are defensible, though objections may apply to each. It may be said that the first plan opens the door to favouritism, and the latter to incapacity. But both proceed upon an intelligible principle and offer special advantages. The system pursued in the British military service, however, follows neither of these rules. It combines all that is objectionable in both of them, and adds much that is objectionable besides. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that it unites all the undesirable characteristics that could possibly be collected from every conceivable arrangement. Every rule—*except* that of promotion by merit—is followed; but every rule is broken through when a worse can be substituted in its place. The system is a confused chaos of promotion according to wealth, political connexion, and decaying age. It is a system specially devised for advancing men of family influence, and chiefly the old and superannuated among *them*.

It may be necessary briefly to state to our readers what the rule of promotion in the British army is. It has lately been slightly modified, and still more considerable modifications have been recommended by a commission which reported last year, (and whose advice may ultimately be carried into effect, if the indignation of the nation lasts long enough and proves serious enough to alarm and overpower the aristocratic opposition it is sure to meet with;) but it is still mainly as follows:—Rarely, indeed, does a man rise from the ranks, or is a non-commissioned officer, however distinguished, rewarded by a commission. These cases do occur sometimes, especially of late and during war; but the result is, that the fortunate individual thus “kicked up stairs,” finds himself in a most uncomfortable position,—a plebeian thrown into the company of gentlemen and aristocrats—a poor man messing with the wealthy and extravagant. But passing over this, promotion, as a rule, goes by seniority in the service, corrected only by wealth. When a vacancy occurs by death, the ensign, lieutenant, captain, &c., next in rank steps up as a matter of course. But when a vacancy occurs, as most vacancies do, by promotion or by sale,

the commission goes to the next in rank *who is able to purchase it, i.e.,* who can pay down £500, £1000, or £2000, as the case may be.\* If the senior candidate have not the money, he is passed over, whatever his merits or his length of service, and his juniors are promoted over his head; and as it often happens that the most experienced officer is the poorest, it may be that he sees boy after boy pass him in the regiment and command him in the field, to whom perhaps he himself had taught the first rudiments of their profession. Now, when we remember that the sons of officers are generally poor men, and that poor men are precisely those who, knowing that they have their own way to make in life, are most likely to study and master their duties, we may easily conceive what the effect of such a system must be on the professional competency of the regimental officers. It is true that each young officer must now have served two or three years in his actual rank before he can be promoted to another, and must also pass a formal examination to test his knowledge of his duties; but all that this can do is to exclude absolute and monstrous incapacity; and it does not always effect this.

It is, however, right to remind our readers that this system of promotion according to a union of seniority and purchase, is honestly defended by many experienced men on plausible and intelligible grounds, as avoiding or mitigating evils that might be otherwise insurmountable. Promotion by seniority is defended on the ground—strong and probably irresistible in a country like this, where representative institutions are so cherished and aristocratic predilections so universal—that promotion by merit would be certain to degenerate into promotion by favour. Examinations are only imperfect and often deceptive proofs of capacity. Opportunities, especially in time of peace, are rarely afforded to young officers of displaying their fitness for advancement so clearly and so publicly as to leave no difficulty and no doubt about the matter. Opportunities of proving *relative* capacity must be still rarer. If the Commander-in-chief is to judge for himself of the claims of each candidate for promotion, we know well enough that the candidate will be most successful who has the most powerful, persevering, and propinquitous friends to proclaim and *faire valoir* his merits. If

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\* The regulation price of commissions is as follows, according to the Regiment :—

Ensign or Cornet,	.	.	.	.	.	£450 to £1260.
Lieutenant,	.	.	.	.	.	700 " 1785.
Captain,	.	.	.	.	.	1800 " 3500.
Major,	.	.	.	.	.	3200 " 5350.
Lieutenant-Colonel,	.	.	.	.	.	4800 " 7250.



the recommendation of the colonel of the regiment is to be taken, how probable is it that he will be influenced by the personal rather than the professional qualifications of the men with whom he lives in daily intercourse! And in either case, how much canvassing and possibly fawning for favour, and how much certain jealousy and ill-will would the system give rise to in the interior of the regimental mess, where the officers, in place of being intimate and friendly associates, would be transformed into competitors and rivals!

On the other hand, if purchase were abolished, and the rule of seniority were rigidly followed, promotion would be slower, and you would encounter a fearful aggravation of what is now felt to be the greatest mischief in our present military system—namely, the advanced age of the officers in the higher ranks. By purchase a man may occasionally now become general and often colonel while in the prime of life. If you abolished this system, not only would the higher officers always be very old men, but men would remain in the army to a much later period than now. Not being able to *sell out*, they would have no inducement to *go out*. An abolition of the system of purchase, if it is not to be positively mischievous, must be accompanied by a plan for comparatively early superannuation, and for consequently more rapid promotion. The question is a difficult one; we are not inclined to pronounce upon it dogmatically, nor have we space to discuss it fully here.

But there is another evil. Staff appointments, such as *aides-de-camp*, are much desired, both as bringing higher pay, lighter service, and pleasanter society than regimental duty, and also as affording a better chance of being mentioned in despatches. Fitly to discharge all their functions requires great knowledge and unusual capacity. They ought, therefore, beyond all question, to be reserved for officers of proved merit and well-earned distinction. As a rule, however, they are habitually distributed to the immediate connexions or personal friends of the General in command, or to those of the Minister who appointed him, or to those of some influential political person whose support or friendship the General or the Minister desires to reward and secure. This is so universal a custom that it is not invidious to mention that Lord Raglan's personal staff includes three nephews at least. The effect of this gross abuse is that the young staff officers, though amiable and agreeable gentlemen enough, are often the most uneducated and inexperienced in the whole army, and utterly unfit for the important duties which may devolve upon them. The consequences to the army and the country we have seen in every campaign;

and, if report speak truth, nowhere more signally or deplorably than in the Crimea.\*

When we reach the higher grades of the service, promotion depends mainly on seniority, though partly also on political influence. When general officers are needed for high command, it is customary to select the oldest who has any reputation, and any aristocratic connexion. The Duke of Wellington considered it but just to do so, till the liberality of the country provided some other way of rewarding veterans. The plan, therefore, when you need a commander for the most important critical and onerous duties,—on whom are to depend the salvation of an army and the honour of a country,—is to select invariably a man whose physical powers *certainly*, and whose mental vigour *probably* are on the decline. You appoint a man who cannot, save by miracle, supply the requirements of the hour. You place upon a grey-haired veteran a weighty function which it is scarcely possible he should discharge, under which he will probably sink, and by failing in which he will probably tarnish the well-won laurels of his previous career. You act cruelly to the man himself, sinfully to the army you place under his command.

As matters are arranged in our army this folly and wrong can hardly be avoided; for a man can scarcely ever become a general officer till he is *sixty*. Napoleon and Wellington both ended their career in the same battle, and at the same age,—*forty-six*. It was the opinion of both that at the age of *forty-five* a general should think of withdrawing from active command. The French generals who won the great battles of the last war were generally under *forty*; most of those now in command are not *forty-five*. Under Lamoricière the average age of the generals serving in Algeria was only *forty-three*. General Canrobert is *forty-six*, and General Bosquet *forty-two*. *The ages of our lieutenant-generals range from sixty to eighty.*

Surely we have had warning enough on this head. The appointments of General Elphinstone in Afghanistan, and General Godwin in Burmah ought to have been the last of their kind. It is of no use to point to Cathcart and Evans here, and to Radetsky abroad, as proofs that the oldest men may also be the

\* Of the extent to which political feeling influences, or did influence, military employment and promotion, we have a notable example in the career of Sir De Lacy Evans, a noted Radical. This officer was in active service in 1807, *forty-eight* years ago. He was engaged during the whole Peninsular War, and was thrice wounded. He distinguished himself in every conceivable way, was five times mentioned with distinction in despatches in *one* year, (*forty-four* years since,) and was lieutenant-colonel after Waterloo. From 1815 to 1836, he was *shelved*, both as to service and promotion. He was then appointed to the command of the Spanish legion, and was made colonel the year after. It was not till after *forty-seven* years service that he became general of division in the Crimea, where he shewed himself the ablest commander of the day.

ablest. You have no right to argue from exceptions, and the nation will not tolerate having the ruin of its armies defended by special pleading. The recommendation of the Military Commission we have already referred to must be carried out. Men must be induced to retire in time, and make way for younger hands and younger brains. Those who have worked hard in their profession must be able to become generals while in their prime;\* and Ministers who do not select according to the best of their judgment out of the men before them, *without regard to age or connexion*, must abide the merited and certain consequences.

III. Not only the system of promotion in our army, but the whole principle of its organization as far as the officers are concerned, is in fault. A large proportion of the young men who obtain commissions enter the army rather as they would choose a club, than as they would choose a profession; and they undergo no special training, and are expected to shew no special aptitude for the functions they are to perform.

Nearly every family in the upper ranks, and great numbers among the wealthier of the middle classes, send at least one son into the army. The most studious and quiet is selected for the Church; the most mischievous, idle, and adventurous is sent to serve Her Majesty. He may be an impracticable dunce; he may be an incorrigible dawdler; he may hate alike all learning and all restraint; he may be the despair alike of parents and preceptors; he may have reaped nothing but disgrace at college, and sown nothing but wild oats since he left it;—but he is still fit to wear the livery of the Crown. Indeed he is fit for nothing else. He has not talent for the bar; he has not steadiness for the Church; he has no taste for medicine, and no money for commerce;—there is, therefore, *nothing left for him* but the military service; and we readily admit that it is possible enough he might, under proper management, and with the stimulus of a wholesome system, become in time an energetic and useful officer. But unluckily the chances are that he does not look to the army as a profession at which he is to work, in which he is to rise, by which he is to live. His commission ensures him a comfortable social position: he does not regard it as a solemn obligation to perform certain most important duties. On the contrary, his whole ingenuity and all the influence of his friends are unceasingly exerted to exonerate him as much as possible from its duties. If there is war, of course he is generally anxious for active employment, because employment then brings excitement, adventure, possible fame, and probable promotion.

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\* "We are kept back till we are worn out," said Sir De Lacy Evans.

But in time of peace, he gets leave of absence whenever he can, and when he cannot, he lightens the tedium of a garrison life by the pleasures of miscellaneous society. He cannot live by his profession, at least in its lower grades. It is notorious that no officer lives upon his pay, till he becomes captain at the least. Till then he must spend £100 a year, as a general rule, out of his own or his father's private fortune. He does not commonly look to making his way up by hard work, by real merit, by slow degrees. He has *bought in*, and he probably intends to *sell out* as soon as he reaches a certain rank. He has no great motive to diligent study of his profession; for, supposing that he knows sufficient to *pass*, (and a very little has been hitherto sufficient,) he is well aware that his rise will depend not upon his knowledge or his talents, but on money, connexion, accident, or seniority. He does not throw his whole soul into his calling, as one by which he is to stand or fall, by which he is to fail or to succeed in life. If he finds himself comfortable he will continue in the profession, and gradually *live up* to a decent income and a fair rank: if he is not comfortable, or if he gets tired, or if promotion does not come fast enough, he will retire upon half-pay, and enjoy social life upon a moderate income. It is not with feelings of this sort that professional efficiency can be secured, or professional success commanded.

But there are many to whom this description does not apply—poor men, ambitious men, officers' sons, men with a real avocation for their work. These, and even the idlers might be made effective officers, were they really educated for their profession. But real *professional* education is a thing unknown in England, except in the medical and naval service. The clergyman has no theological education; the barrister no legal education; the officers no military education. *They are all left to pick up the requisite knowledge and practice as they can, after they have entered the profession, or to scramble on without it as they may.* There is nothing to prevent a man from accepting a cure of souls with scarcely the rudiments of real biblical or theological acquirements. There is nothing to prevent a barrister from receiving a brief, who has scarcely opened a law book, and could not draw a pleading or an indictment. There is nothing to prevent an officer being an aide-de-camp, or in case of accident to his superior, leading a troop or commanding a company, who has really learned nothing of soldiership except the goose-step and the drill. A few of the young men go to Sandhurst; but the instruction there is believed to be worse than useless, and regimental colonels would receive a subaltern from any school rather than that. A certain examination must now be passed by all candidates for a commission; but it is one for which

any save actual dunces can be crammed in three months, and several young men are "plucked" repeatedly before they pass even this easy ordeal.

The exceptions to this rule are the corps of artillery and engineers. For these services a scientific training is necessary; and this can be obtained at Woolwich. But even here it is too notorious that proficiency in the requisite attainments and proofs of the requisite qualities do not ensure, or do not solely and specially ensure promotion. Favour there, as elsewhere, reigns nearly supreme—except that actual ignorance and incapacity are excluded. In all the rest of the army, in the Guards and in the Line, it is beyond question that no intellectual endowments or acquirements are indispensable, and a great proportion of our young officers are principally influenced in the choice of the profession by the promise which it holds out to them of exemption from all mental labour; while their parents and guardians are guided by the consideration, or the supposition, that nowhere else can scanty capacity and small acquirements so readily pass muster.

To a certain extent, and only to a certain extent, is this last belief well founded. In ordinary times a very small amount of brain is adequate to enable a young man to discharge without discredit the daily functions of a subaltern. But it is not so in the higher grades of the service, to which it is presumed the subaltern hopes in time to rise; and it is not so even in the lower grades in periods of war, and in perilous contingencies. In active service, circumstances may any hour occur in which on the knowledge, judgment, and vigilance of a lieutenant or a cornet may depend the prevention of a surprise, the discomfiture of a foe, the safety of a regiment, the comfort and welfare of a troop or company. Moreover circumstances may any hour occur in campaigning in which capacity and information may enable a subaltern not only to distinguish himself, but to render most valuable service to his country. In such circumstances, it is imperative that every young officer should be competent to do his duty. Of such circumstances it is most desirable that every young officer should be able to take advantage. We have no desire that all who choose the army as their profession should be of studious habits, or should even give proof of the usual amount of literary acquirement expected of educated gentlemen. We are well aware that those most fond of active sports, and most averse to sedentary habits, will often make the best soldiers. We know that book learning is no test of military capacity; and that hundreds who abhor mathematics, and find the utmost difficulty in mastering a foreign language, may have within them the moral and mental gifts, however hidden and untrained,

which will qualify them admirably to lead a regiment or to command an army. We even think it specially fortunate that there should be a profession like the military one, for absorbing and turning to profit that sort of unintellectual energy and unstudious sense, which could not have attained eminence or done good in the more laborious departments of exertion. We are, therefore, averse to placing the ordeal of a *literary* examination on the threshold of military service. Unless a young man's deficiencies in the article of *learning* are so scandalous as to indicate not only stupidity but thorough and wilful neglect of the opportunities of education, we would not pronounce him disqualified from serving his Queen as a subaltern. But we would have those who are to decide upon his admission test closely his *qualities*—physical and intellectual—ascertain, which may easily be done, whether though unable to study he may be competent to *act*—whether, even if ill-instructed, he may not yet be intelligent, alert, disposed to learn, and willing to exert himself—whether, in a word, he may not make an excellent officer, though he would make but a stupid preacher, and a blundering lawyer. If he be spirited, *éveillé*, hardy, adventurous, willing to obey and anxious to excel, we would give him his commission, though he should know little mathematics, less French, and no Latin—though his literary attainments were confined to reading, writing, and cyphering with respectable accuracy.

But before he is suffered to *advance* in his profession, we would subject him to a far severer examination. No man who does not understand his profession has any claim to rise above its lowest grades. No man who has not fully mastered his ordinary duties, and shown promise at least of fitness for unusual exigencies, should be permitted to attain a post in which the lives and comfort of hundreds—to whom *unreasoning obedience is rigidly prescribed*—are in his hands. No one should be promoted to a company of infantry or a troop of horse who has not proved his competence on the severest scrutiny. This principle has of late been nominally introduced : if it were sternly and impartially enforced, nearly half the evil of the system of advance by purchase or by favour would be done away. Promotion would not be conferred on the *most* capable and meritorious ; but at least no one absolutely destitute of merit and capacity could obtain it.

There are many points in which we might advantageously study, if not actually imitate, the military system of our neighbours. In France the minister at war is supreme over all departments of the army, and has no chief but the Emperor. There every youth intended for the profession of arms goes at an early

age to one of the ten military schools. Here he is sedulously trained to a speculative and practical acquaintance with the duties of his calling; his proficiency is regularly and severely tested, and when ready for his commission he is appointed to that branch of the service for which he has shown most aptitude. When he enters his regiment he is not borne down or led into bad habits by the companionship of men wealthier than himself. Few of his fellow officers are rich, not many have anything to depend upon beyond their pay; as a rule they can live, and they must live, on their professional income; hence, in their messes, when they do mess together, the poor and not the affluent give the tone, and economy is the order of the day. Then the young aspirant knows that favour can do nothing for him in the way of promotion; it cannot conceal neglect, it cannot supply the want of merit or knowledge; at most it can offer him *opportunities* of distinction and advance. He knows, too, that if he shows superior capacity and deserving diligence, his promotion and success will be certain and possibly rapid. He may even look to being a general officer in the early prime of manhood. Hence he has every motive for the sedulous and scientific study of his profession, and generally, therefore, employs his leisure in acquiring all the special knowledge, geographical and mathematical, which is always serviceable, and may at critical moments turn out so signally important. The soldier, too, however low his grade, however humble his origin, is conscious that it rests only with himself to win his epaulette—perhaps his company—possibly even his regiment or his brigade. He knows, too, that if he profits by the means of instruction open to him, he will not, when he attains an officer's position, be subject to the daily annoyance of feeling himself the associate of men so greatly his superiors in rank, wealth, or education, as to preclude pleasant or equal companionship. Every man in the French army, therefore, whether private or commissioned officer, loves his profession, embraces it for better or worse, and looks to it alone for securing his success in life.

Now it is not probable that we shall ever be induced to adopt in all points a military system so admirably adapted to its end as that which prevails among our military neighbours and allies. Our national habits, prejudices, and institutions forbid this. We shall probably never make promotion from the ranks common or easy. It is doubtful whether privates greatly desire this, on account of the anomalous position in which such advance would place them in a country where the distinction of wealth, manners, and education in different ranks is so strongly and indelibly marked. But whenever the peculiarities of the individual case make such promotion desirable and unobjectionable, we may

remove any discomfort connected with it by attaching to it large extra pay, and also, as has been suggested, by giving the deserving soldier a captain's and not an ensign's commission, and there placing him among the seniors instead of among the boys of his regiment. And we may on all occasions reward especial merit in a mode which most privates would appreciate more—by a badge of distinction and a handsome pension conferred upon the spot. We shall probably always desire that our army should be officered by men of gentlemanly birth and education; but we need not make birth and education our sole requirements, or the certain and all-sufficient causes of advancement. We may confine *all* our commissions to gentlemen if we please; but we may go a step further and confine all field officers' commissions to gentlemen of proved ability and skill. We shall never, as long as parliamentary government exists, and as long as aristocratic predilections survive in this country, be able to prevent family connexion and political influence from interfering to some extent in the selection of men for the higher and more desirable appointments; but we may make such arrangements as will confine the choice within the range of officers of unquestionable capacity and competence. Favour itself cannot do much mischief when it can choose only among the deserving.

Having thus traced what we may term the permanent causes of our customary military disasters, we must say a few words as to the immediate causes of the calamities which have befallen our Crimean expedition. The evidence laid before Mr. Roebuck's Committee has enabled us, without entering into details, to lay our finger upon the weak and faulty points with tolerable certainty. We shall endeavour to do this without exaggeration or vituperation. It is not difficult now to specify the most fatal wants and the most prolific errors. It would be very difficult to assign the precise degree of blame attaching to the men who committed the errors and created, or did not remedy the wants.

All competent witnesses agree in affirming that, *overwork in the trenches*, far beyond any other cause, must be held answerable for the dreadful waste and dilapidation of our army. They might have made head against cholera, insufficient and unwholesome rations, rain, mud, snow, no huts, and poor clothing, if they had not been literally, deliberately, obviously, *worked to death*. They often did not change their clothes for months, or take them off for weeks. They often only got two nights' sleep in the week, and only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. In fact, they were compelled to do what it was perfectly certain human nature could not endure. Such proceedings could only have led to such results. It seems indisputable, that in ordering



and persevering in such proceedings, Lord Raglan committed an error in judgment, about the magnitude of which there cannot be two opinions; since, whatever might have been the importance of pressing on the siege, it was obviously still more important to preserve the lives of the men who were to do it.

From this cruel error sprang, directly or indirectly, a host of secondary evils. The men being overworked in the trenches, sickened and died; being so overworked, they had no time or strength to cook their food, or to make their tents dry, or to provide themselves with temporary shelter, or to collect necessary fuel to keep themselves warm, so they sickened and died the faster. They sickened and died so fast, that medical men and medical arrangements inevitably fell short. The surgeons were overdone, and got careless and hasty. The hospitals became overcrowded, insufficient, and miserable; every department was overpressed, and every department broke down under the excessive pressure. Then, the men being overworked in the trenches, there were none at liberty to make a new road in lieu of the Woronzow one, which the vicinity of the Russians rendered unsafe; consequently, stores, ammunition, clothing, and huts, could not be got up to the camp; consequently, the men died the faster for the want of them; consequently, the mules and horses being unsheltered and ill-fed, and strained beyond endurance by the mud of the track from Balaclava, died too; and men had to do beasts' work. Every mischief and calamity increased and propagated itself in a geometrical progression.

Now, it is possible enough that Lord Raglan might have been well aware that his men were frightfully overworked, but may have argued that his part must be done; that a certain space had to be covered by the camp, and defended; that the trenches, once begun, must be defended, or they would be carried and destroyed by the enemy. He may even (we cannot tell, and probably he will not tell) have told the French general that the task assigned to the English was beyond their strength, may have asked for aid, and have been refused. But this cannot exonerate him from the charge of having killed his troops wholesale, by a most deplorable mistake. No consideration—we now see, and probably he has long since seen, for he has altered his plan and curtailed his operations—should have been weighty enough to induce him thus to persist in destroying the army committed to his charge. As soon as it was decided that Sebastopol was not to be taken by a *coup-de-main*, as soon as the result of the bombardment on the 17th October shewed that, with the insufficient means at their disposal, the siege would be a long one, it is certain that he ought at once to have suspended all aggressive and trenching operations, and have

bent his whole attention and the entire strength of every department to the task of preparing for his troops those comfortable winter-quarters, those magazines and stores of clothing and provisions, those huts for the men and stables for the horses, which it was apparent would be wanted, and without which an army can neither preserve its existence nor do its duty. Can any one doubt that if this course had been pursued, all the extravagant suffering and disaster which have so decimated us might have been spared, or that our siege operations would have been at least as far advanced as at present, or that our army, by December, would have been healthy, comfortable, and formidable, instead of being a wretched and diseased remnant, and that our military reputation would now have been flourishing and intact, in place of being at the lowest ebb it has reached for fifty years?

The next cause of our sad disasters is to be found in the fatal defects or mismanagement in the Commissariat service. The troops were often ill-supplied, or half-supplied; the horses often not supplied at all. The department had not sufficient means of transport; and these means became daily more insufficient, because the beasts being too few were overworked, and being overworked, sank down and died. Where precisely lay the cause of the inefficiency of this service, we do not pretend to decide. It may be that it was well arranged on paper and for peace, but was quite inadequate for the strain of war.\* It may be, as the Duke of Cambridge and General Evans allege, that it ought to be made a military and not a civil department. It may be that formal routine, carried to the extent of stubborn stupidity, and persisted in by timid young men and stupid old men, prevented it from working under pressure. General Bentinck says that one Commissary refused one of his vouchers, because it was signed half an inch too low! Another, instead of sending food to a famished regiment, sent papers to be filled up! The Duke of Cambridge relates, that one part of his division was kept without forage for a whole day, because the Commissary alleged that the demand was for "two horses too many;" and that after much correspondence, it turned out that the Commissary was wrong after all! It may be, finally, that the head of the department was utterly unfit for his duties, whether from age, or slowness, or obstinacy, or carelessness; and that it was a sad mistake to have appointed him, and a sadder sin not to have recalled him. Certain it is, that for some cause or other, the work that lay with him to do was not done; that thousands of men and horses have fallen victims in consequence; and that now (March) he is still there.

The third cause of our calamities was the mismanagement at Balaclava. The evidence on this head is conclusive and damn-

ing. Ships arriving with cargoes urgently wanted, but not allowed to discharge; ships ill-moored in the harbour, so that twenty took up the space in which fifty might have ridden securely; vessels of incalculable value ordered to anchor off a lee shore with a south-wester coming on; no quays prepared for landing stores; no arrangements for sheltering them when landed; pestilential filth allowed to accumulate; valuable fire-wood *not* allowed to be removed—with hundreds of idle sailors and starved soldiers asking only to be employed. The frightful condition and conduct of the harbour on which the safety of our whole army depended while under Captain Christie's orders, seems as absolutely incredible as it is absolutely certain.

The fourth cause of our miseries appears to have been the mismanagement of the medical department; the want of ambulances, the want of medicines, the want of surgeons, but above all the want of skill or sense in the organization of the hospital arrangements. The degree of this last deficiency seems to have surpassed conception. For the original paucity of medical men attached to the army, we are not disposed to blame any of the authorities. No one could have anticipated such a combination of causes to create a sudden and enormous demand upon the services. Cholera, three bloody battles in six weeks, and deaths by thousands from exposure and excessive work, must have overpowered the largest medical staff in the best regulated army. But for the state of the hospital at Scutari there can be no excuse. And in tracing out the causes of this, we cannot stop till we come to the head of that special service whose business it was to appoint capable medical officers, and to fix upon and carry out a proper and workable system.\*

To the errors or incompetency, then, of four men, are mainly and *immediately* to be attributed the disasters of our Crimean expedition. Are we therefore severely to blame ministers for having appointed them? By no means. We believe that the choice of Lord Raglan, Mr. Filder, Captain Christie, and Dr. Andrew Smith, was an honest and a careful choice. Yet it seems certain that the three last men were about the worst that could have been selected. It has turned out so. It was not believed so to begin with. Lord Raglan, it now appears pretty clear, had one qualification and two disqualifications for his post. He was conciliatory to our allies, and maintained harmony with them, when probably a more brusque, resolute, and peremptory general might have brought it into jeopardy. But on the other hand, Lord Raglan is far too amiable, gentle, and considerate,

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\* We will not say anything of the management of the transport department, or we should have things still more grotesquely absurd to relate. The waste and clumsiness in this matter alone has, we believe, cost the country £2,000,000 already

or a commander-in-chief. He cannot find in his heart to be severe and stern. He cannot punish promptly and effectually. He is mild and yielding to a fault. And in the present case he has been unquestionably guilty in *acquiescing in* and tolerating a state of things which he should not have endured for an hour. He does not appear to have been well-informed; and his orders do not appear to have been well executed. They were not rigidly *enforced*. He appears to have been ill served by his staff. In a word he, like all Englishmen, seems to have shrunk from punishing the guilty, or superseding the incapable. The ministers seem to have done likewise. Scarcely a single man has been dismissed or recalled. Captain Christie has been replaced—but by the only man in the service more unfit than himself. And Dr. Smith, and Mr. Commissary Filder are still where they were. This scarcely, we think, can admit either of defence or pardon.

There is no doubt that all these men have had great difficulties to contend with in the routine system which they inherited, and in the human tools they had to work with; and that the fault of Government, of Lord Raglan, and of Mr. Filder, is in a great measure the special fault of the country likewise. We never appoint men for fitness. We never dismiss them for unfitness. In time of peace all posts, civil and military, are and have long been habitually filled up by men appointed for no special aptitude and trained by no special education—but some from personal kindness, some from political considerations. In ordinary periods these men perform their easy routine duties in a respectable, sleepy and decorous manner. Everything is done in order according to the old system, at the old rate, through the old channels. The machine jogs on in the ancestral ruts, with the minimum of energy and vigilance. All dread innovation and discourage zeal. But the moment a pressure comes, the instrument becomes inadequate or breaks down. The loose screws fall out. The weak springs give way. The old timbers, long decayed, have their decay made manifest. Some men cannot be hurried. Others will do exactly as they have been accustomed to do. They give out orders to the old houses. They make contracts on the old system. They load ships in the old way. They are mere clerks at a moment when something more than mere clerks is wanted. They individually are not much to blame. The superior officials who appointed them are not much to blame. The ministers, perhaps long dead or dismissed, who appointed these officials, are not much to blame. *The inveterate system and the nation which has so long endured it are the real sinners.* There are perhaps few among us who may not have solicited and obtained a clerkship in the Admiralty or the

Treasury, or in some one of the government offices for a dull, careless, or idle son—begged for it earnestly and without compunction, been grateful for it without misgiving when conferred. There are few who have not applied for or purchased a commission in the army for some scapegrace of a nephew or a ward, and spared no pains to induce General So-and-So to put him on his staff, or give him some responsible employment. There are many of us who have been thankful to get a lazy youngster, who could never have made his way to practice at home, made an assistant-army-surgeon. We all do these things without scruple and without reflection. Well! the absurd packing of goods on board "The Prince," which cost so much misery and has incurred so much censure, was owing to our stupid son, the Admiralty clerk. The neglected bills of lading, or the forgotten order, lie at the door of our worthless nephew, whom we foisted, as an election job, into some subordinate place in the Treasury. The officer who kept such careless guard one night in the trenches, that his picket was cut to pieces, and two valuable guns were lost, was our incorrigible dunce of a brother, who five years since we sent to ruin his country in Her Majesty's living, to prevent him from ruining his family at home. And the scandalous condition of the Avon hospital ship, the account of which makes our blood run cold, will make it run still colder when we learn that the surgeon to whom it was entrusted was the identical young relative whom we got appointed on the medical staff of the Army because no civilians at home would trust him with their lives. And so on to the end of the chapter. Ministers, however zealous, able, and powerful they may be, must work with the tools they have; and these are the tools with which for generations we have been careful to provide them. In process of time, and when much irreparable mischief has been done, and many invaluable lives sacrificed, incompetent functionaries will be gradually weeded out of every public department; but this will not be till their incompetency has been proved on the country's carcass and at the country's cost. Then we shall possess a staff of civil and military servants to whom we may safely confide both our interests and our honour, who will achieve any enterprise and surmount any difficulty. But such a reorganization is not the work of a day nor of a year; it will never be effected till danger and disgrace are knocking loudly at our doors;—happy if it be not neglected and forgotten the moment the immediate peril has passed away. If the awful calamities of the Crimea shall awaken the nation to a sense of its dangers and its follies, and to an undying, earnest, passionate resolution, that they shall not be repeated, we may have reason to bless the heavy dispensation. But, alas! since neither Walcheren

nor Cabool taught us wisdom, why should Sebastopol or Scutari read a more impressive lesson!

But in the midst of all our suffering and indignation let us endeavour to be just in our apportionment of blame, and let us take our own fair share—far the largest, as will presently appear. “The right man for the right place,” is the cry of the hour; and a very good cry it is. But do we enable Ministers to put the right man in the right place, or do we set them the example of doing so? Depend upon it, as Mrs. Barbauld said sixty years ago, “the sins of the Government are the sins of the nation.” Ministers make all sorts of bad appointments,—fawning physicians, deaf generals, aged commissaries, rheumatic commanders, cursing and swearing admirals who are a disgrace to them and to the service. We concede all this, observing by the way that it is done far oftener from want of knowledge or of judgment, than from favouritism or of bad design. They send Mr. Lowe, who knows something of Australia, but nothing of India, to the Board of Control. Mr. Layard would be very useful in the Crimea or at Constantinople, so they offer him first a clerkship of the Ordnance at home, and then the management of the colonies while his chief is at Vienna. Sir Thomas Redington has done good service in Ireland, so he is at once shelved at the India Board. Mr. Frederick Peel is essentially a routine and red tape man, and knows nothing whatever of military matters, so they send him to the War Office in the very crisis of a deadly struggle, and at a moment when routine and red-tape are made manifest as the fatalest of poisons. And Sir Robert Peel, who is fit for no post at all, is offered the Colonial Office, on the good management of which a whole future empire may depend. These things are undeniable; so we give up Ministers.

But is the House of Commons any better? The chief posts in the Government ought certainly to be filled by the ablest and wisest administrators we can find. “The right man for the right place,” is essential here if anywhere. How does the House fill these posts?—for virtually it does fill them. The *bona fide* appointments in ultimate resort rest with it. Does it always select Ministers for their administrative faculties, and place them in the offices for which they are best fitted? Does it often do this? Does it ever do this? On the contrary, is it not notorious that men are made Premiers, Secretaries of State, Chancellors of the Exchequer, on account of their skill in Parliamentary tactics, the political influence of their families, some sort of supposed hereditary claim, and above all, on account of rhetorical ability. Is not the one supreme certain passport to high office the capacity of making an effective speech? Does not this qua-

lification override every other—even high rank? Does not this qualification tell incomparably more upon a man's success than any amount of administrative talent? And is it not often in inverse proportion to a man's fitness for the deep, wide, rare responsibilities of Government? Would Lord John ever have been Premier, had he not been a scion of a great Whig family, and a consummate Parliamentary tactician? Would Lord Derby ever have become leader of the Tories, if he had not been a consummate debater? Has not his want of administrative ability and wisdom been condoned in consideration of his brilliant oratory? What made Bernal Osborne Secretary to the Admiralty?—his daring, biting, amusing, unlicensed tongue. What made Mr. D'Israeli Chancellor of the Exchequer?—his telling sarcasms, his epigrammatic rhetoric, his clever, pungent, malignant assaults upon all rivals and opponents. No one fancied that he had one special qualification for the post he occupied; but his party wanted him as a fighting senator. He was appointed to conduct the finances of the first empire in the world, not for his financial but for his gladiatorial capabilities. These things are notorious and undeniable,—so we give up the House of Commons.

But is the country any better? Are the electors who return the House of Commons one whit more pure or sensible in this point than the House itself? Do they habitually, when a vacancy occurs in the representation, seek out the fit man to fill it? Do they do this except in the rarest instances? Is "fitness," legislative capacity, large knowledge, wide vision, scrupulous probity, the first thing they think of when they begin to look around them for their member? How many of our senators are chosen because a majority of their constituents, honestly, deliberately, and conscientiously believe them to be the most wise and capable men within their reach? Alas! we know well how it is. One man is sent because he has been an unwearied solicitor, an indefatigable canvasser,—because, whatever the opinion of others as to his competency, his own opinion of it has had no variation or misgiving. Another is sent because he is so wealthy that no competitor likes to oppose him, and no elector likes to disoblige him. A third, because his family are powerful and noble, and have acquired a sort of hereditary right to the seat. A fourth, because half the borough belongs to him. Several are returned because they are official men, and have official patronage to dispose of; and we all know what that means. Many are returned not because we think them specially qualified as legislators, but because their party opinions agree with our own. And as a general rule, when a vacancy occurs, what does the Reform or the Tory Committee first ask itself?

*Not* "Will this man make a wise senator?" *but* "Can we carry him?—will he pay?—can he afford to put £2000 at our disposal?—will he be of use to the town in this pending matter of local interest?—has he the ear of the Government?—is he of good family?" Look round upon the House of Commons. See how many of its members are noblemen or sons of noblemen,—how many are baronets or country gentlemen of large property,—how many are railway directors, wealthy merchants, or pushing lawyers,—how many are men of violent prejudices or extreme opinions,—and how few are poor, steady, resolute, firm to their convictions, and adequate to their work. We complain that Ministers are always chosen from so narrow a circle. Are we careful to send up a large number of men out of whom the Queen could make or choose Ministers?

How is it in our individual capacity? Do we make a man's fitness for any post the first and principal reason for installing him in that post? Do not all of us look out for a "place that will do for our son," rather than a place for which our son will do? My brother is Attorney-General or Lord Chief Justice; so I send my son to the bar, knowing that he will be helped on. My uncle is a bishop; so another son goes into the Church. My intimate friend is a general; so a third son goes into the army. I myself am a merchant, and have a vacancy in my office; of course I offer it to my nephew—he is not by any means as clever as a poor youth who has been long my clerk, but he will do, and at all events he is my flesh and blood, and I must help him on. Or, without running through all lines of life, look at the clerical profession alone. Is not the circumstance of having a family-living, an invariable reason why one of the family should go into the Church? In how many large entailed estates, with a good incumbency included, is not the second son always the parson, as certainly as the eldest son is the squire,—though he may have as slight a vocation for the cure of souls as his tailor or his groom,—though he may have the strongest possible bent and fitness for some thoroughly discrepant profession? In a word, do we not all as a rule provide for ourselves and our children, not according to our gifts but to our opportunities,—not in the professions for which they or we are best adapted, but in those in which they or we have the best extraneous chances of being helped on? Are we not, in truth, ourselves just as bad as the members we elect, and the minister whom we abuse? And must we not give up the nation, as well as the House and the Administration?

In our judgment Ministers have a far worse sin to answer for than making knowingly bad appointments—an offence committed far less often than is commonly supposed. They fre-



quently appoint unfit men: they almost never supersede or dismiss these men when their unfitness becomes manifest. If they would do this, their original error would be comparatively harmless. But it seems to be an established axiom of public life that an officer once appointed is never to be removed unless for absolute iniquity. Men seem at once to acquire a sort of vested interest in their employment: it is considered not only harsh but unjust to recall or supersede them. The injustice to the country is little regarded. Now this we hold to be a great wrong in ministers—probably, practically the greatest they are guilty of. But it is precisely that of which the nation sets them the example, and enforces upon them the observance. The respect for *possession* is universal among us. We none of us like dismissing an incapable servant, especially if he have once been capable, and if he is still honest. We scarcely can remove him—we buy him out if we can bear him no longer. If we have a public employé who, though meritorious in his way is mischievous and impracticable, we endure him—*ognor frementi*—for long years, and then when we are nearly driven frantic, we give him £1000 a year to retire and leave us in peace. But above all, look at our conduct with regard to the men who fulfil what ought to be the most important functions in society—our “spiritual pastors and teachers”—the “accredited teachers” of religion—those entrusted with “the cure of souls.” Do we ever remove them for incapacity? Have we the power of doing so, even among Dissenters, much less in the Establishment? Such removal is not a recognised duty—it is not even a recognised possibility. It cannot be done. When once a clergyman is appointed, no power on earth can turn him out unless on actual conviction for some vice or crime. He may be so dull that he drives every one from his church; he may read the service in so careless and frivolous a manner, as to fill every earnest man with disgust; he may shirk nearly all his duties or perform them in the most slovenly and perfunctory manner; he may be gay, morose, or violent; he may be utterly disqualified either to teach the ignorant, to convince the doubting, to console the sorrowing, to strengthen the dying; he may suffer his parish to go to the bad entirely, and every principle and motive may imperatively command his removal;—yet so long as he does not heinously offend against the rubric, and is not seen drunk in the streets, and does not fall under the chastisement of the law, and does not ostensibly appropriate his neighbour's wife, neither his bishop, his patron, nor his parishioners, can supersede him by any process whatever. Ministers, therefore, in retaining incompetent admirals, generals, ambassadors, and judges, only follow the example and express the habitual feeling of the nation.

But more than this. Do we even encourage ministers to dismiss incompetent public servants? Do we make it easy for them to do so? If they even do such a thing, are they applauded for it, or the contrary? Does it make them friends or enemies? Does the country they have served by the dismissal maintain them against the individual whom that dismissal has exasperated? Is not a minister who ventures to act thus righteously invariably stamped as an ill-conditioned, ill-tempered man? Is he not universally unpopular? Has he not to run the gauntlet through a series of private reproaches and Parliamentary debates—a process in comparison with which the knout would be an agreeable excitement. Let us look at the Past. Lord Ellenborough's proceedings in India were thought so flagrant and so dangerous by the Company, that they took the unprecedented step of recalling him. We believe they were quite right and wise in doing so. But we may all remember how monstrous a stretch of authority it was regarded at the time, and by how persistent and effective an hostility his Lordship has ever since repaid the Company. Sir Harry Smith was supposed to have mismanaged matters at the Cape. At all events he did not succeed. There appeared the same reasons for recalling him which the country now declares are sufficient to justify the recall of Lord Raglan. Whether by his own fault or not, he had failed. Lord Grey recalled him;—and the country was open-mouthed against him. It was about the most unpopular act of an unpopular administration. It was considered as an unheard-of cruelty and insult to a brave old officer. Sir Charles Napier comes home from the Baltic: he is not “dismissed or censured;” he is simply told “to lower his flag.” His language has been so intemperate and insubordinate that he ought to have been struck off the list of admirals. He is merely superseded—or rather not re-appointed—at the expiration of his command. Immediately he brings his case before the House of Commons, makes vehement charges against the First Lord of the Admiralty, publishes the private correspondence of his official chiefs, and drags them through as much dirt and discomfort as possible. The House listens to him, and the country does not condemn him as one man. And lastly, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Aberdeen, in the performance of what they deemed their duty, and in the exercise of their undoubted right, removed Mr. Kennedy, because, in their judgment, the public interest demanded his removal. This judgment may have been right or wrong: that is not the matter in question, and we need express no opinion about it;—at all events it was deliberate and honest. But Mr. Kennedy had influential friends and high connexions: the dismissal of a well-connected man was an act of unprecedented daring; the case was brought before the House

of Commons. The political opponents of Mr. Gladstone were ready enough to take up the ready weapon; and a debate ensued which must have left the impression on the minds of all spectators that such a precedent of prompt courage and patriotic resolution was not likely to be repeated. Who will supersede a public servant whom it is possible to tolerate, if it must be at the cost of incurring an angry debate, and making a host of bitter enemies? As long as the feeling of the country is, as at present, that a dismissed man is an ill used man, and that his dismitter is a tyrant, no minister whose virtue or whose insensibility is not something preternatural can be expected to supersede any one for simple incompetency or ill success.

One thing at least will have resulted from the disasters of our first campaign and the investigations and exposures to which it has given rise. The conclusion is fixed in every mind that we must have no more such merited catastrophes. Not only can we not afford to lose again so valuable and costly an instrument as a British army; not only must we not again venture to expose our European influence and our national credit to so rude a shock; but we shall feel henceforth that it is *wicked* to sacrifice brave and patient men to the incompetence of untrained leaders, and to make the lives of soldiers pay for the inexperience of officers, or the stupidity of pedantic civilians, or the inherent inadequacy of a vicious system. The nation is indignant, exasperated and in earnest, and will not be turned from its purpose, or beguiled upon a false scent, or put off with imperfect changes, or with superficial weedings, or with sham reforms. The People seldom look far beforehand or very deep into original causes. They will be satisfied now, as they always are, with remedying the evil immediately in question, and with providing against its probable recurrence. But if they should find artificial obstacles placed in the way of those radical amendments which their sacrifices both of precious guineas and more precious friends entitle them peremptorily to demand; if ministers should be ill-judging enough or timid enough to seek to shield the guilty, or to maintain the incompetent in any office or in any grade, or to cling with sinister or senile fondness to the system which has proved so frightfully disastrous;—then the national outcry will become louder, and the national indignation fiercer, and the demand for reconstruction wider and more sweeping, and even moderate and cautious men will sit down to count the cost of an aristocracy so obstructive, and of representative institutions so imperfect and disappointing as those of Britain.

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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., &c., &c., &c. Two volumes 8vo. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, 1855.

NOTHING is more difficult than to settle who is the most illustrious, the most to be admired, in any walk of human greatness. Those who would brain us—if they could but imagine us to have any brains—for hinting that it may be a question whether Shakspeare be the first of poets, would perhaps have been *Homerites* a century ago. In these disputes there is more than matter of opinion, or of taste, or of period: there is also matter of quantity, question of how much, without any possibility of bringing the thing to trial by scale. This element of difficulty is well illustrated by an exception. Among inquirers into what our ignorance calls the *laws of nature*, an undisputed pre-eminence is given to ISAAC NEWTON, as well by the popular voice, as by the deliberate suffrage of his peers. The right to this supremacy is almost demonstrable. It would be difficult to award the palm to the swiftest, except by set trial, with one starting-place and one goal: nor could we easily determine the strongest among the strong, if the weights they lifted were of miscellaneous material and bulk. But if we saw one of the swiftest among the runners keep ahead of nearly all his comrades, with one of the heaviest of the weights upon his shoulders, we should certainly place him above all his rivals, whether in activity alone, or in strength alone. Though Achilles were the swifter, and Hercules the stronger, a good second to both would be placed above either. This is a statement of Newton's case. We can-

not say whether or no he be the first of mathematicians, though we should listen with a feeling of possibility of conviction to those who maintain the affirmative. We cannot pronounce him superior to all men in the sagacity which guides the observer of—we mean rather deducer from—natural phenomena, though we should be curious to see what name any six competent jurors would unanimously return before his. But we know that, in the union of the two powers, the world has never seen a man comparable to him, unless it be one in whose case remoteness of circumstances creates great difficulty of comparison.

Far be it from us to say that if Newton had been Cænopolis, a Sicilian Greek, he would have surpassed Archimedes; or that if Archimedes had been Professor Firstrede, of Trinity College, Cambridge, he would have been below Newton. The Syracusan is, among the ancients, the counterpart of the Englishman among the moderns. Archimedes is perhaps the first among the geometers: and he stands alone in ancient physics. He gave a *new geometry*—the name was afterwards applied to the infinitesimal calculus—out of which he or a successor would soon have evolved an infinitesimal *calculus*, if algebra had been known in the West. He founded the sciences of statics and hydrostatics, and we cannot learn that any hint of application of geometry to physics had previously been given. No Cavalieri, no Fermat, no Wallis, went before him in geometry: there was not even a chance of a contemporary Leibnitz. We cannot decide between Archimedes and Newton: the two form a class by themselves into which no third name can be admitted; and the characteristic of that class is the union, in most unusual quantity, of two kinds of power not only distinct, but so distinct that either has often been supposed to be injurious to the favourable development of the other.

The scientific fame of Newton, the power which he established over his contemporaries, and his own general high character, gave birth to the desirable myth that his goodness was paralleled only by his intellect. That unvarying dignity of mind is the necessary concomitant of great power of thought, is a pleasant creed, but hardly attainable except by those whose love for their faith is insured by their capacity for believing what they like. The hero is *all* hero, even to those who would be loath to pay the compliment of perfect imitation. Pericles, no doubt, thought very little of Hector dragged in the dust behind the chariot: and Atticus we can easily suppose to have found some three-quarter excuse for Romulus when he buried his sword in his brother's body by way of enforcing a retort. The dubious actions of Newton, certainly less striking than those of the heroes of antiquity, have found the various gradations of suppressors,

extentators, defenders, and admirers. But we live, not merely in sceptical days, which doubt of Troy and will none of Romulus, but in discriminating days, which insist on the distinction between intellect and morals. Our generation, with no lack of idols of its own, has rudely invaded the temples in which science worships its founders: and we have before us a biographer who feels that he must abandon the demigod, and admit the impugnors of the man to argument without one cry of blasphemy. To do him justice, he is more under the influence of his time, than under its fear: but very great is the difference between the writer of the present volumes and that of the shorter life in the *Family Library* in 1831; though, if there be any truth in metaphysics, they are the same person.

The two deans of optical science, in Britain and in France, Sir David Brewster and M. Biot, are both biographers of Newton, and take rather different sides on disputed points. Sir D. Brewster was the first writer on optics in whose works we took an interest: but we do not mean printed works. We, plural as we are, remember well the afternoon, we should say the half-holiday, when the kaleidoscope which our *ludi-magister*—most aptly named for that turn—had just received from London was confided to our care. We remember the committee of conservation, and the regulation that each boy should, at the first round, have the uninterrupted enjoyment of the treasure for three minutes: and we remember, further, that we never could have believed it took so very short a time to boil an egg. A fig for Jupiter and his satellites, and their inhabitants too, if any! What should we have thought of Galileo, when placed by the side of the inventor of this wonder of wonders, who had not only made his own telescope, but his own starry firmament? The inventor of the kaleidoscope must have passed the term allotted to man, before he put his hand to the actual concoction of these long-meditated volumes; in which we find the only life of Newton written on a scale commensurate with Newton's fame. But though he has passed the term, he has not incurred the penalty: his strength is labour without sorrow. We trust therefore that the still later age, the full fourscore, will find him in the enjoyment of the additional fame which he has so well earned. And since his own scientific sensibilities are keen, as evidenced by many a protest against what he conceives to be general neglect on the part of ruling powers, we hope they will make him fully feel that he has linked his own name to that of his first object of human reverence for as long as our century shall retain a place in literary history. This will be conceded by all, how much soever they may differ from the author in opinions or conclusions: and though we shall proceed to attack several of Sir D.

Brewster's positions, and though we have no hesitation in affirming that he is still too much of a biographer, and too little of an historian, we admire his earnest enthusiasm, and feel as strongly as any one of his assentients the service he has rendered to our literature. When a century or two shall have passed, we predict it will be said of our day that the time was not come when both sides of the social character of Newton could be trusted to his follower in experimental science. Though biography be no longer an act of worship, it is not yet a solemn and impartial judgment: we are in the intermediate stage, in which advocacy is the aim, and in which the biographer, when a thought more candid than usual, avows that he is to *do his best* for his client. We accept the book as we find it: we expect an *ex parte* statement, and we have it. The minor offence is sometimes admitted, with what we should call the art of an able counsel, if we did not know that the system of the advocate in court is but the imitation of all that is really telling in the natural practices of the partisan defender. But Sir D. Brewster stands clear of the imputation of art by the mixture of all which art would avoid. A judicious barrister, when he has to admit some human nature in his client, puts an additional trump upon the trick by making some allowance for the other side; and nothing puts the other side in so perilous a predicament. It is not so with Sir D. Brewster. When sins against Newton are to be punished, we hear Juvenal; when Newton is to be reprimanded, we hear a nice and delicate Horace, who can

In reverend bishops note some small defects;  
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,  
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.

We have more reasons than one for desiring that it should have been so, and not otherwise. Sir D. Brewster is the first biographer who has had unrestricted access to the Portsmouth papers: he has been allowed to have this collection in his own possession. Had the first life written upon knowledge of these papers taken that view of Newton's social conduct which stern justice to others requires, a condonation of all the previous offences of biographers would have followed. There was not full information: the fault lay with those who suppressed the truth; and so forth. And every great man who has left no hoard of papers would have had a seal of approval placed upon all his biographies: for, you see, Newton was exposed by the publication of the Portsmouth papers, that is easily understood; but A B left no papers, therefore no such exposure can take place, &c., &c. We, who hold that there is and long has

been, ample means of proving the injustice with which Newton and his contemporaries once and again treated all who did not bow to the idol, should have been loath to see the garrison which our opponents have placed in the contested forts march out with the honours of war, under a convention made on distant ground, and on a newly-discovered basis of treaty. Again, there is a convenient continuity in the first disclosure of these documents coming from an advocate: the discussion which they excite will be better understood when the defender of Newton is the first to have recourse to Newton's own papers.

Of Newton's birth, of his father's death and the subsequent marriage of his mother, we need say nothing. He was not born with a title, though he was the son of the lord of a very little manor, a yeoman's plot of land with a baronial name. But the knighthood clings strongly to his memory. Sir David (and on looking back, we see that the Doctor did just the same) seldom neglects it. When the schoolboy received a kick from a school-fellow, it was 'Sir Isaac' who fought him in the churchyard, and it was 'Sir Isaac' who rubbed his antagonist's nose against the wall in sign of victory. Should we survive *Sir David*, we shall *Brewster* him: we hold that those who are gone, when of a certain note, are entitled to the compliment of the simplest nomenclature. The childhood and boyhood of Newton were distinguished only by great skill in mechanical contrivance. No tradition, no remaining record, imputes any very early progress either in mathematics or general learning, beyond what is seen in thousands of clever boys in any one year of the world. That he was taken from farming occupations, and sent back to school, because he loved study, is told us in general terms; but what study we are not told. We have always been of opinion that the diversion of Newton's flow of reason into its proper channel was the work of the University and its discipline. He was placed at Trinity College as a subsizar in his nineteenth year. We have no proof, but rather the contrary, that he had then opened Euclid. That he was caught solving a problem under a hedge is recorded: perhaps a knotty question of wheelwork. He bought a Euclid at *Cambridge*, and threw it aside as a trifling book, because the conclusions were so evident: he betook himself to Descartes, and afterwards lamented that he had not given proper attention to Euclid. All this is written, and Sir David is bound to give it; but what Newton has written belies it. We put faith in the *Principia*, which is the work of an inordinate Eucleidian, constantly attempting to clothe in the forms of ancient geometry methods of proceeding which would more easily have been presented by help of algebra. Shall we ever be told that Bacon complained of the baldness of his own



style, and wished he had obtained command over metaphor? Shall we learn that Cobbett lamented his constant flow of Gallicism and west-end slang, and regretted that his English had not been more Saxon? If we do, we shall have three very good stories instead of one. We may presume, as not unlikely, that Newton, untrained in any *science*, threw away his Euclid at first, as very evident: no one need be Newton to feel the obvious premise, or to draw the unwise conclusion. But it would belong to his tutor to make him know better: and Newton was made, as we shall see, to know better accordingly. Our reader must not imagine that deep philosophy and high discovery were discernible in the young subsizar. He was, as to what had come out, a clever and somewhat self-willed lad, rather late at school, with his heart in the keeping of a young lady who lived in the house where he had boarded, and *vice versa*, more than commonly ingenious in the construction of models, with a good notion of a comet as a thing which might be imitated, to the terror of a rustic neighbourhood, by a lantern in a kite's tail, and with a tidy and more than boyish notion of an experiment, as proved by his making an anemometer of himself by trial of jumping with and against the wind. In that tremendous storm in which many believed that Oliver Cromwell's reputed patron came to carry him away, and in which he certainly died, the immortal author of the theory of gravitation was measuring he little knew what, by jumping to and fro. We do not desire to see boys take investiture of greatness from their earliest playtime: we like to watch the veneration of a biographer growing with its cause, and the attraction varying with some inverse power of the distance. And further, we are rather pleased to find that Newton was what mammas call a *great boy* before he was a great man.

Of all the books which Newton read before he went to Cambridge only one is mentioned—Sanderson's *Logic*: this he studied so thoroughly that when he came to college lectures he was found to know it better than his tutor. The work is, for its size, unusually rich in the scholastic distinctions and the *parva logicalia*; very good food for thought to those who can sound the depths. Newton's Cambridge successors are apt to defend their neglect of logic by citing his supposed example, and that of other great men: but it now appears that Newton was not only conversant with *Barbara*, *Celarent*, &c., but even with *Fecana*, *Cajeti*, *Dafenes*, *Hebare*, *Gadaco*, &c. We have often remarked that Newton, as in the terminal scholium of the *Principia*, had more acquaintance with the mode of thought of the schoolmen than any ordinary account of his early reading would suffice to explain. We strongly suspect that he made

further incursions into the old philosophy, and brought away the idea of fluxions, which had been written on, though not in mathematical form, nor under that name. Suisset's tract on intension and remission is fluxional, though not mathematical: in the very first paragraph he says that the word *intension* is used *uno modo pro alteratione mediante qua qualitas acquiritur: et sic loquendo intensio est motus*. For *qualitas* read *quantitas*, and we are as near to Newton's idea as we can well be.

In less than four years from the time concerning which we have presumed to ridicule the joint attempt of Conduitt and the biographers to create a dawn for which there is no evidence, the sun rose indeed. Shortly after Newton took his B.A. degree, in 1665, he was engaged on his discovery of fluxions: but there is neither record nor tradition of his having taken his degree with any unusual distinction. Conduitt's information on this period must be absurdly wrong in its dates. We are to believe that the young investigator who conceived fluxions in May 1665, was, at some time in 1664, found wanting in geometry by Barrow, and thereby led not only to study Euclid more attentively, but to "form a more favourable estimate of the ancient geometer when he came to the interesting propositions on the equality of parallelograms. . . ." And this when he was deep in Descartes's geometry of co-ordinates. We entertain no doubt that the unwise contempt for demonstration of evident things, so often cited as a proof of great genius, and its correction by Barrow, all took place in the first few months of his residence at Cambridge. His copy of Descartes, yet existing, is marked in various places, *Error, error, non est Geom.* No such phrase as *non est Geometria* would have been used, except by one who had not only read Euclid, but had contracted some of that bias in favour of Greek geometry which is afterwards so manifest in the *Principia*. Pemberton, who speaks from communication with Newton, and is a better authority than Conduitt, tells us that Newton regretted he had not paid *more* attention to Euclid. And Doctor Sangrado, when the patient died, regretted that he had not prescribed more bleeding and warm water. The *Principia* bears already abundant marks of inordinate attachment to the ancient geometry; in one sense, it has *died* in consequence. If Newton had followed his own path of invention, and written it *in fluxions*, the young student of modern analysis could have read it to this day, and would have read it with interest: as it is, he reads but a section or two, and this only in England. Before 1669, the year of his appointment to the Lucasian chair, all Newton's discoveries had germed in his mind. The details are notorious, and Sir D. Brewster is able to add a remarkable early paper on fluxions to those already before the world,

We here come upon the well-known letter to Mr. Aston, a young man about to travel, which, as Sir David says, "throws a strong light on the character and opinions of its author." It does indeed, and we greatly regret that the mode in which that character has been represented as the perfection of highmindedness compels us to examine this early exhibition of it, in connexion with one of a later date. Newton is advising his young friend how to act if he should be insulted. Does he recommend him, as a Christian man, to entertain no thought of revenge, and to fear his own conscience more than the contempt of others? Or, as a rational man, does he dissuade him from the folly of submitting the decision of his difference to the logic of sword or pistol? Or, supposing him satisfied by well-known sophisms that the duel is noble and necessary, does he advise his friend to remember that dishonour is dishonour everywhere? He writes as follows:—

"If you be affronted, it is better, in a forraigne country, to pass it by in silence, and with a jest, though with some dishonour, than to endeavour revenge; for, in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrell. But, in the second case, you may beare the marks of the quarrell while you live, if you outlive it at all."

This letter has often been printed, in proof of Newton's sagacity and wisdom. If Pepys or Boswell had written the preceding advice, they would not have been let off very easily. Again, when, many years after, Newton wrote, as member for the University in the Parliament which dethroned King James, to Dr. Covell the Vice-Chancellor, he requests a reasonable decorum in proclaiming William and Mary, "because," says he, "I hold it to be their interest to set the best face upon things, after the example of the London divines." And again, "Those at Cambridge ought not to judge and censure their superiors, but to obey and honour them, according to the law and the doctrine of passive obedience." What had Newton and passive obedience just been doing with King James? These instances, apart from science, show us the character of Newton out of science: he had not within himself the source from whence to inculcate high and true motives of action upon others; the fear of man was before his eyes. But his mind has been represented as little short of godlike: and we are forced upon proof of the contrary. Had it been otherwise, had his defects been duly admitted, it would have been pleasant to turn to his uncompromising philosophic writings, and to the manner in which, when occupied with the distinction between scientific truth and false-

hood, no meaner distinction ever arose in his mind. This would have been, but for his worshippers, our chief concern with him. The time will come when his social weaknesses are only quoted in proof of the completeness with which a high feeling may rule the principal occupation of life, which has a much slighter power over the subordinate ones. Strange as it may seem, there have been lawyers who have been honest in their practice, and otherwise out of it: there have been physicians who have shown humanity and kindness, such as no fee could ever buy, at the bedside of the patient and nowhere else.

Sir David Brewster gives Newton's career in optics at great length; it is his own subject, and he makes us feel how completely he is at home. He gives a cursory glance at the science even down to our own time; and he does the same with astronomy. The biographer would rather have had more of the time of Newton, and particularly, more extracts from the Portsmouth papers. But we must think of our neighbours as well as of ourselves: and the general reader will be glad to know that so much of the work is especially intended for him. We have not space to write an abstract: but the book is very readable. In the turmoil of discussion which arose out of his optical announcements, Newton made the resolution, which he never willingly broke, of continuing his researches only for his own private satisfaction. I see, said he, that a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it. It seems that he expected all his discoveries to be received without opposition.

About 1670, or later, Newton drew up a scheme for management of the Royal Society, which Sir D. Brewster found among the papers. Certain members, some in each department, should be paid, and should have fixed duties in the examination of books, papers, experiments, &c. In this paper our biographer, whose views on this subject are very large and of old standing, sees the recommendation of an Institute, which indeed, on a small scale, the plan seems to advocate. Sir David would have all the societies congregated at Kensington Gore, under liberal patronage, and images to himself that "each member of the now insulated Societies would listen to the memoirs and discussions of the assembled Academy,\* and science and

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\* The members of the French Institute receive a part of their emoluments at the Board, and the quorum of each day on which any one is absent is forfeited. This insures good attendance, and we have, on pay-day, seen men of profound science, during the memoirs and discussions of the assembled Academy, practising the first rule of arithmetic, called numeration, upon rouleaux of five-franc pieces. To this it must be added that the Institute has much patronage, and constant attendance is necessary to keep up influence and connexion.

literature would thus receive a new impulse from the number and variety of their worshippers!" If all *Fellows* were *savans*, and if all *savans* studied all sciences, this might be practicable. There is one body in London which cultivates a large range of subjects, the Royal Society itself: and all the world knows that the meetings of this society, abounding in Fellows of such universality of knowledge as in our time is practicable, are less interesting and worse attended than those of any of the societies for special objects. And reason good: the astronomer or the geologist goes down to his own place for he knows what; but the astronomer is shy of a society of which it is as likely that any one evening may give him a treat of physiology as of astronomy, and the geologist, who wants a stone when he asks for bread, turns very sleepy under a dose of hyperdeterminants or definite integrals.

Newton's reputation rests on a tripod, the feet of which are fluxions, optics, gravitation. Each one of these words must be used in a very large sense: thus by fluxions we mean all mathematics as bearing upon a system of which the fluxional calculus is at the completion. Of the three supports of this tripod one only has received any damage, though left quite strong enough, in conjunction with the rest, to support the fabric through all time. In optics only, the subject on which Newton showed his first impatience of opposition, his opinion, even his system, has been set aside in our own day. The hypothesis of an undulating ether, as the immediate agent in the production of light, has superseded that of particles emanating from the luminous body: and though the undulationists, now a large majority, have long maintained their theory with a higher order of certainty than they were entitled to, yet it seems that time is drifting their conclusion to a stable anchorage. There is something like coincidence in the almost simultaneous appearance of the first elaborate biography of Newton, who well-nigh strangled the undulatory theory in its cradle, and of that of Young, who first played a part of power in its resuscitation. As yet, Young is fully known but to a few: his early education was not, like that of Newton, conducted under a system which corrects the false impressions of green age. Had he been trained in a University, he would have been, as they say of the globe, rectified for the latitude of the place: but speculation on what he might have become may be deferred until what he did become is of more popular notoriety. Dean Peacock's *Life* is one of the best of scientific biographies, and the three volumes of Young's collected writings are treasures to all who know what intellectual wealth is.

We come to the *PRINCIPIA*, and we confess that we heartily

wish it were but just and right to persuade ourselves that the author of this work could do no wrong. One of the greatest wonders about it is the manner in which it was thrown off in eighteen months. Certainly the matter had fermented in Newton's mind many years before : but it was not the irresistible call of his own genius which drew him to the work in December 1684 ; it was Halley, and the influence of the Royal Society brought to bear by Halley. Sir D. Brewster very properly contends that to Halley, not to the Society, the *Principia* is due. Who found out, casually, that Newton had had some great success in the question which had occupied many of the first minds, the connexion of the planetary motions with mechanical second causes ? Who went to Cambridge to learn the truth of the report, obtained specimens from Newton with a promise to go on, got himself appointed by the Royal Society to "keep Mr. Newton in mind of his promise," did keep Mr. Newton in mind, and doubtless let him have no peace unless he continually reported progress ? Who, when Newton, disgusted with the unfair claim of Hooke, proposed to leave out the third book (that is, all the application of the previous books to the *actual solar system*), soothed him with skilful kindness, and made what Sir D. Brewster calls his "excellent temper" recover its serenity ? Who paid the expense of printing, when the Royal Society found it could not afford to fulfil its engagement ? To all those questions the answer is—Halley, who shines round the work, as Newton shines in it. When Newton proposed to leave out the third book, he felt that *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* was no longer the true title, but rather *De Motu Corporum Libri Duo* : but, feeling this, he intended to preserve the wrong title, because, as he says to Halley, "Twill help the sale of the book, which I ought not to diminish now 'tis yours." The greatest of all works of discovery, with a catch-penny title ! We can hardly excuse this, even though the penny were angled for by a feeling of gratitude. We never liked the "*Eme, lege, fruere*," which figures in the titlepage of Copernicus : this was the work of an injudicious friend ; but Newton was only saved from worse by his incomparable adviser.

We are come to the time when the morbid dislike of opposition which would, but for Halley, first have prevented the *Principia* from being written, and next have deprived it of its essential conclusions, is no longer regarded as the modesty of true greatness, and served up for us to admire, as we shall answer the contrary at our peril. It is passed without comment ; we are now in slack water, and the turn of tide will be here in due season. The sooner the better ; for the indul-

ence due to the mother failings of a great public benefactor cannot be cheerfully and cordially given so long as our gratitude is required to show itself in misnomers and make-believes. Candid acknowledgment would convert censure into regret: sufficient acknowledgment would turn the reader into an extenuator: the *Principia* would neutralize greater faults than Newton's; but it will not convert them into merits. The quarrel is not with Newton for his weaknesses, but with the biographer for his misconception of his own office. How indeed would it be possible to think for a moment with harshness of a great man of all time, and a good man of an evil time, on account of errors which we never could have known but for the benefits to ourselves in the achievement of which they were committed?

If faults had exhibited themselves in matters affecting society at large, by offences, as it were, against the Crown, the fountain of justice would also have been that of mercy, and the evidence to character and services would have secured a nominal sentence. But the suits we have to deal with are in civil process. The memory of more than one illustrious contemporary brings an action for damages, and palliation of the defendant is injustice to the plaintiff.

Though not much relying on Conduitt's memoranda of mathematical conversations, we trust that which follows, and it will much please young mathematicians to read of Newton in one of their own scrapes. When Halley visited him in 1684,—

“he at once indicated the object of his visit by asking Newton what would be the curve described by the planets on the supposition that gravity diminished as the square of the distance. Newton immediately answered, *an Ellipse*. Struck with joy and amazement, Halley asked him how he knew it? Why, replied he, I have calculated it; and being asked for the calculation, he could not find it, but promised to send it to him. After Halley left Cambridge, Newton endeavoured to reproduce the calculation, but did not succeed in obtaining the same result. Upon examining carefully his diagram and calculation, he found that in describing an ellipse coarsely with his own hand, he had drawn the two axes of the curve instead of two conjugate diameters, somewhat inclined to one another. When this mistake was corrected, he obtained the result which he had announced to Halley.”

This anecdote carries truth on the face of it, for Conduitt was neither mathematician enough to have conceived it, nor to have misconceived it into anything so natural and probable as what he has given. Little things illustrate great ones. Newton, whose sagacity in pure mathematics has an air of divination, who has left statements of result without demonstration, so far advanced

that to this day we cannot imagine how they were obtained, except by attributing to him developments of the doctrine of fluxions far, far, beyond what he published, or any one of his time—this Newton was liable, both in his own closet and in his printed page, to those little *incuriæ* which the man of pen and ink must sometimes commit, and which the man who can push through a mental process may indeed commit, but is almost sure to detect when he empties his head upon paper. Now join what precedes to Newton's own assertion that he had no peculiar sagacity, but that all he had done was due to patience and perseverance; an assertion at any common interpretation of which we may well smile, but which, all things put together, may justify us in such an irreverent simile as the supposition that he hunted rather by scent than by sight.

We now come to the second volume, and to those points on which we more especially differ from Sir D. Brewster. Our plan must be to take one or two prominent cases, and to discuss them with the biographer. We do not express disapprobation at the facility with which he credits the opponents of Newton with bad motives: we are glad of it, and thank him for it. There is a pledge of earnest sincerity in the wildness with which the barbed arrow is fired at Leibnitz or at Flamsteed; and if the partisan be too much led away by his feelings to be a judicious counsel, it is not we, to whom trouble is saved, who ought to blame him for it. We take the following as an instance, chiefly because we can be brief upon it.

Newton and others, acting for Prince George, entered into an agreement with Flamsteed: articles of agreement were signed, out of the execution of which quarrels arose. We must know, as Sir David justly observes, what these articles were before we can judge. No signed copy appears: Mr. Bailly found none among Flamsteed's papers, Sir David found none among Newton's. But draught articles occur in *both* repositories: and, wonderful to relate, the unsigned draughts actually differ; Flamsteed's draughts bind him less, Newton's draughts bind Flamsteed more. The case is a very common one: the manner in which Sir David treats it is not quite so common. Speaking of Flamsteed, he informs us that "of these he has left no copy, because he had wilfully violated them:" speaking of the draughts in Newton's possession, he says, "I regret to say that they are essentially different from those published by Mr. Bailly;" by which he means that Newton's unsigned papers are of course copies of the signed agreement, and Flamsteed's of course no such thing; the false draughts being purposely retained by Flamsteed, in preference to the final articles purposely destroyed. We need not tell our readers that a man is not to be pro-



nounced dishonest because his draught proposals do not agree with his signed covenants, still less because they do not agree with the other parties' draught proposals. Newton and Flamsteed were both honest men, with very marked faults of different kinds: we may be sure neither of them privately destroyed a document for the suppression of evidence. When Sir D. Brewster not merely *opines*, but *narrates*, that Flamsteed left no copy because he had wilfully violated them, he is our very good friend, and lightens our task very much.

When Newton allowed himself to perpetrate, not the suppression of a document, for a third edition does not suppress the first and second, but a revocation so made as to do all that could be done towards suppression, Sir David Brewster is his defender, and in this instance, we really believe, one of the last of his defenders. He thinks the step was "perhaps unwise," but proceeds to say that Newton was "not only entitled but constrained" to cancel the passage.

When Leibnitz applied to Newton for information on the nature of the discoveries with rumours of which the English world was ringing, Newton communicated some of his algebraic discoveries, but studiously concealed a descriptive mention of fluxions under the celebrated anagrams, or sentences with their letters transposed into alphabetical order. Leibnitz (1677) replied, almost immediately, with a full and fair disclosure of his own differential calculus, and in so doing became the first publisher of that method, and under the symbols which are now in universal use. He adds that he thinks Newton's concealed method must resemble his own; thus holding out an invitation to Newton to say yes or no. Not one word of answer from Newton. Accordingly, when Leibnitz printed his discovery in the *Leipsic Acts* for 1684, he did not affirm that Newton was in possession of a method similar to his own. What ought he to have done, we ask of our readers, under these circumstances? Ought he to have given Newton's assertions about his method, as assertions, leaving it to a suspicious temper to surmise that the reader was desired not to believe without proof? Ought he, as a matter of compliment, to have promulgated what Newton was doing everything in his power to conceal? Seven years had passed, and Newton had made no sign: was Leibnitz bound, either in fairness or in courtesy, to take on himself to affirm that he had a method similar to his own? Not in fairness; for if a man studiously conceal and continue to conceal his discovery, those to whom he may have stated that he had a discovery are not bound to be his trumpeters until such time as he shall please to reveal himself. Not in courtesy; a man who sends only anagrams, and when he receives from his correspondent a full

and open account of that correspondent's discoveries, and an invitation to state whether his own resemble them, returns no answer, cannot complain of want of courtesy if his correspondent keep silence about him thenceforward. What Leibnitz did, was merely to state that no one would successfully treat such problems as he had treated, except by his own calculus, or one similar to it. Sir D. Brewster calls his silence with respect to Newton the first fault in the controversy: we see no fault at all; and if we did, we should call it the second. The paper had no historical allusions; Cavalieri, Fermat, and Hudde, each of whom had shown the world something approaching to *calculus*, are not named in it: and either of these had more claim to mention than Newton at that time. But, two years afterwards, in 1686, Leibnitz published a paper in the same *Leipsc Acta*, a paper which Newton did not cite when, long after, he was writing against Leibnitz, a paper which the Newtonians are very shy of citing, and of which, apparently, Sir David knows nothing. In this paper he explains the foundation of the *integral calculus*, the matter of which was much more likely to recall Newton to mind than his former paper on the differential calculus: for his application to Newton, in the first instance, was to know what he had done on series, and especially with reference to their use in *quadratures*, which we now call *integration*. Here he gives an historical summary; and speaking of those who had performed quadratures by series, he proceeds thus;—"A geometer of the most profound genius, Isaac Newton, has not only arrived at this point independently of others, but has solved the question by a certain universal method: and if he would publish, which I understand he is now preparing to do, beyond doubt he would open new paths, to the great increase, as well as condensation, of science." A passing word on Leibnitz. We shall not stop to investigate the various new forms in which Sir D. Brewster tries to make him out tricking and paltry. We have gone through all the stages which a reader of English works can go through. We were taught, even in boyhood, that the Royal Society had made it clear that Leibnitz stole his method from Newton. By our own unassisted research into original documents we have arrived at the conclusion that he was honest, candid, unsuspecting, and benevolent. His life was passed in law, diplomacy, and public business; his leisure was occupied mostly by psychology, and in a less degree by mathematics. Into this last science he made some incursions, produced one of the greatest of its inventions, almost simultaneously with one of its greatest names, and made himself what Sir D. Brewster calls the "great rival" of Newton, in Newton's most remarkable mathematical achievement.

Newton, in the first edition of the *Principia*, gave a fair and candid account of the matter. But, many years after, when this important passage was quoted against those (and we now know that Newton was *always* one of them) who endeavoured to prove Leibnitz a plagiarist, he tried to explain away the force of his own admissions. This he did twice; once in a private paper which Sir D. Brewster has published—and, strange to say, in vindication of the suppression of the passage which took place in the third edition—and once in those observations on Leibnitz's last letter which he circulated among friends until Leibnitz died, and then sent at once to press. We give the Scholium from the *Principia*, and the two *explanations*.

*Scholium from the Principia (first edition.)* "In letters which passed between me and that most skilful geometer G. G. Leibnitz ten years ago, when I signified that I had a method of determining maxima and minima, of drawing tangents to curves, and the like, which would apply equally to irrational as to rational quantities, and concealed it under transposed letters which would form the following sentence—*Data æquatione quocunque fluentes quantitates involvente, fluxiones invenire, et vice versa*—that eminent man wrote back that he also had fallen upon a method of the same kind, and communicated his method, which hardly differed from mine in anything except language and symbols. The foundation of both is contained in the preceding Lemma."

*Newton's explanation, left in manuscript.*

"After seven years, viz. in October 1684, he published the elements of this method as his own, without referring to the correspondence which he formerly had with the English about these matters. He mentioned, indeed, a *methodus similis*, but *whose that method was, and what he knew of it*, he did not say, as he should have done. And thus his *silence put me upon a necessity of writing the Scholium upon the second Lemma of the second Book of Principles, lest it should be thought that I borrowed that Lemma from Mr. Leibnitz.*"

*Newton's explanation circulated in writing, and printed in Raphson's Fluxions (1716, date of title 1715) after Leibnitz's death.*

P. 115. He pretends that in my book of Principles, p. 253, 254, I allowed him the invention of the *Calculus Differentialis* independently of my own; and that to attribute this invention to myself, is contrary to my knowledge. But in the paragraph there referred unto, I do not find one word to this purpose. On the contrary, I there represent that I sent notice of my method to Mr. Leibnitz before he sent notice of his method to me: and left him to make it appear that he had found his method before the date of my letter; that is, eight months at least before the date of his own. And by referring to the letters which passed between Mr. Leibnitz and me ten years before, I left the reader to consult these letters, and interpret the paragraph thereby.

The first explanation is from a manuscript supplement to that

printed answer to Leibnitz of which the second explanation is part. We think better of Newton in 1687 than to believe either, though we do not doubt that Newton in 1716 saw his former self through the clouds of 1712. Though the morbid suspicion of others which was his worst fault of temperament, the fault alluded to by Locke, did act to some extent throughout his whole life, yet we do not believe that it was in 1687 what it afterwards became when he had sat on the throne of science for many years, the object of every form of admiration, and every form of flattery. Could we believe his first explanation, could we think that in 1687 his hidden anagrams, answered by Leibnitz's candid revelations, produced no effect except a diseased feeling that perhaps Leibnitz would *rob* him, instead of a generous confidence that Leibnitz would not *suspect* him, we should turn from him with pity. We must now change our position, and defend him from his biographer. Sir D. Brewster does not *quote* the second explanation: he only cites the page, and quotes a few words occurring further on, which are much less to the purpose, and which he says "fortunately" give us Newton's opinion. Now we say that the second explanation, as quoted by us, fortunately saves Newton from his own imputation upon himself. The two explanations cannot stand together: according to the first, Newton was guarding himself from a charge of plagiarism; according to the second, he was putting upon Leibnitz the *onus* of averting a similar charge from himself. Both motives might have been simultaneous; but both could not be so much the chief motives as to be separately worthy of standing alone. But the most precious inference in Newton's favour is that the second explanation\* is demonstrably not the true one, and the disorder of mind which perverted the best-known facts may as easily, and

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\* In reference to both explanations, the following is remarkable. Just after Leibnitz made his publication of 1684, a young Scotchman, Craig, then of Cambridge, took it up, and published a short tract upon the quadrature of curves, in which he uses, with high praise, the differential calculus of Leibnitz. He had been in communication with Newton, had asked for help in this very subject of quadrature, and had received the Binomial theorem, then unprinted. But not one word did Newton drop to the effect that *he* also had a method like that of Leibnitz, and that he and Leibnitz had communicated seven or eight years before. Craig says, long after, in 1718, that Newton examined the manuscript: it is clear, however, that his memory is at fault here, and that it was the second edition (1693) which Newton examined. Are we to believe that Newton was brooding over the matter of the two explanations, at a time when he allowed his young friend to proclaim Leibnitz as the author of the new calculus, with that negation of himself which was implied in acknowledgment of assistance on *another point*? We rather suspect that, at the time, when the geometrical form which is so prominent in the *Principia*, then on the anvil, was in his mind, he greatly undervalued his own fluxions. And we think they never would have been heard of if the mighty force which the calculus had developed by 1693 had not shown him how much there was to contend for.

more easily, have perverted the memory of impressions. Those letters which Newton *referred to* that the reader might *consult* them, for interpretation of his printed paragraph, had never been published, had never been announced, were not then likely to be published, and in fact never were published till 1699, thirteen years afterwards. Moreover, the letters were not written by Leibnitz and Newton to one another, but by both to Oldenburg: how could the readers of the Principia have known what to go to; or how could they have gone to the letters, if they had known? The truth we suspect to be as follows;—In 1712, when those letters were first republished, the *second* edition of the Principia was in preparation, and the battle of fluxions was raging: we believe that in 1716, all that Newton said of himself in reference to the first edition of the Principia, must be referred to the Newton of the *second* edition. On any other supposition, except morbid confusion of ideas, Newton must be charged with worse than we ever believed of him. What well-read and practised investigator, with his mind in its normal state, and all his books before him, ever mistakes the date of first publication of any of his own works by thirteen years, in a deliberate answer to an acute opponent? Again, Newton is quite wrong as to the *eight months* which he gives Leibnitz to execute his alleged fraud in. His own *Commercium Epistolicum* would have taught him better. Though his second letter to Oldenburg (the one in question) was dated October 24, 1676, and Leibnitz's answer June 21, 1677, yet Collins informs Newton that the copy intended for Leibnitz was in his hands on March 5, 1677, but that in a week it would be despatched to Hanover by a private hand.

We are of opinion that the *moral intellect* of Newton—not his moral *intention*, but his power of judging—underwent a gradual deterioration from the time when he settled in London. We see the faint traces of it in his manner of repudiation of the *infinitesimal* view of fluxions, in 1704. A man of sound judgment as to what is right does not abandon a view which he has held in common with a great rival, and this just at a time when the world is beginning to ask which came first in their common discovery, without a clear admission of the abandonment: he does not imply that *some* have held that view, and declare against the opinion of those *some*, without a distinct statement that he himself had been one of them: still less does he quietly and secretly alter what he had previously published, or allowed to be published, so as to turn the old view into the new one, and to leave the reader to understand that he had never changed his opinion. Newton of the mythologists would have felt to his fingers' tips that such a proceeding had a tendency to give false im-

pressions as to the case, and to throw suspicion on his own motives. This is a small matter, but it is a commencement of worse. We come to the *Commercium Epistolicum*, the name given to the collection of letters, accompanied by notes and a decision of the question, on the part of a Committee of the Royal Society. To this well-known part of the history Sir D. Brewster has a very important addition to make; and he makes it fairly, though we confess we wish he had given us what they call chapter and verse. "It is due to historical truth to state that Newton supplied all the materials for the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and that though Keill was its editor, and the Committee of the Royal Society the authors of the Report, Newton was virtually responsible for its contents."

Before we proceed further, we must address a respectful word to Lord Portsmouth, the descendant of Newton's niece, the representative of his blood, and the possessor of these valuable papers, to whose liberality and judgment the permission to publish their contents is due, after long concealment from fear of hurting Newton's reputation, and long abeyance from family circumstances. We submit to him that either too much is done, or not enough. Great harm arose out of the rumours which circulated during the period in which the papers were concealed: both the opponents and the defenders of Newton's conduct were, without any fault of their own, put in a wrong position as to interpretation of facts and appreciation of probabilities. Much more harm will be done if the regretful admissions of so warm a partisan as Sir D. Brewster be allowed to stand instead of these rumours. The papers cannot possibly contain anything from which any such injury would arise as unquestionably will arise from the above substitution, which, to all the indefiniteness of mere rumour, adds all the authority of a judicial decision. For when Sir D. Brewster declares against Newton, it is as if a counsel threw up his brief: we mean nothing disrespectful, for we remember when we ourselves would have held it, on such retainers as the *Principia*, the fluxions, and the optics. Why should not these papers be published? It must come to this at last. We have little doubt that the Government would defray the expense, which would be considerable: and the Admiralty publication of the Flamsteed papers would be a precedent of a peculiarly appropriate character. Those who were scandalized at the idea of the nation paying for the printing of an attack upon Newton would take it as reparation: while those who entirely approved of the proceeding would as heartily approve of the new measure. It is impossible that the matter should rest here. Sir D. Brewster himself will probably desire, for his own sake, for that of Newton, and for that of truth, that these

documents should undergo public scrutiny. And we have no delicacy in saying that they ought to come under the eyes of persons familiar with the higher parts of mathematics, which Sir D. Brewster neither is, nor pretends to be.

The Committee of the Royal Society was always considered in England as *judicial*, not as expressly defensive of Newton. A few years ago, Professor De Morgan, a decided opposer of Newton and the Committee in the fluxional dispute—and one whose views Sir D. Brewster states himself to have confirmed on several points—rescued the objects of his censure from the inferences which this notion would lead to, and showed that the Royal Society intended its Committee for purposes of advocacy, and that the members of the Committee had no other idea of their own function. Sir D. Brewster says that Newton himself asserted this also: he does not say where, and this is only one of several *obiter dicta* which ought to have been supported by reference; we remember no such statement. It is now of course perfectly settled that the Committee was *not* judicial; and we find Newton to have been the real source of the materials of the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and answerable for all the running notes which accompany the published correspondence. We might easily proceed to justify our assertion that his moral intellect was undergoing deterioration: but for want of space we shall pass on to 1716, and shall make one extract from his letter to Conti, in which, in his own name, he makes the assertion that Leibnitz had stolen from him. He says that he had explained his “method” to Leibnitz, “partly in plain words and partly in cyphers,” and that Leibnitz “disguised it by a new notation pretending that it was his own.” His statement contains two untruths, which we impute to the forgetfulness of irritation. He did *not* describe part of his *method* in plain words: all that he described in plain words was the species of problems which he could solve. When Glendower said, “I can call spirits from the vasty deep,” no one ever supposed that he “partly described” the “method” of doing it. Secondly, he did not describe the rest in *cypher*: he put the letters of his sentences into alphabetical order, and gave what was called an *anagram*. There are many good decypherers in the country, and the task is one for a mathematician: Wallis in past times, and Mr. Babbage now, may be cited as instances. But no one will undertake to say what the sentence is which we have decomposed into the following string of letters: 6a 2c 5d 19s 2f 3h 5ij 3kl 6n 5o 8r 9s 9t 3u 2vw 3y; 93 letters in all, six of which are a's, two are c's, &c.

Yet a few years more, and the deterioration is more decided. In 1722, Newton himself wrote a preface and an *Ad Lectorem*

to the reprint of the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and caused to be prefixed a Latin version of the account of that work which he had inserted anonymously in the Philosophical Transactions for 1715. His authorship of this paper, constantly denied, and for very cogent reasons, by his partisans, but proved from evidence internal and external, is now admitted by Sir D. Brewster. Much is to be got from those documents, but we shall only add that a few years ago Mr. De Morgan discovered that some alterations, one in particular of great importance, had been made in this reprint, *without notice*. Of this Sir D. Brewster says not one word. He calls the reprint a *new edition*, which it was not : so completely does it profess to be only a reprint, that the old titlepage, and the old date, are reprinted after the new title and the avowedly new matter at the beginning. We now believe that Newton was privy to the alterations, and especially to the most important of all : we believe it independently of what may possibly arise from further scrutiny ; and we suppose from Sir D. Brewster's silence that he has no means of contradicting this natural inference. The famous letter of Newton to Collins, on which the Committee (very absurdly) made the whole point turn, was asserted to have been sent to Leibnitz, but no date of transmission was given with the letter, though the *report* of the Committee affirmed a rough date of which nothing was said in their *evidence*. A date of transmission was smuggled into the reprint. Where does this date first appear ? Who first gave it ? Newton himself in the Philosophical Transactions, anonymously, and without stating any authority.

Lastly, in the third edition of the *Principia*, Newton struck out the scholium in which he had recognised the rights of Leibnitz. It has been supposed that Pemberton, who assisted him, was the real agent in this "perhaps unwise" step : but it appears distinctly that Newton alone is responsible. He struck out this scholium ; did he state openly why, and let his reader know what had been done ? He supplied it by another scholium, beginning and ending in words similar to the old one, but describing, not the correspondence with Leibnitz, but the celebrated letter to Collins. If the old scholium had been misunderstood, as Newton affirms it was, nothing would have been more easy than to annex an explanation : if the suppression were done in the way of punishment, it should have been done openly. Newton, in the second edition of the *Principia*, had revenged himself on Flamsteed by omitting Flamsteed's name in every place in which he could possibly do without it : the omission of his candid and proper acknowledgment of what had passed between himself and Leibnitz was but a repetition of the same conduct under more aggravated circumstances. Of this letter



to Collins, asserted to have been sent to Leibnitz, and falsely, as proved in our own day both from what *was* sent to Leibnitz, now in the Library at Hanover, and from the draught which has turned up in the archives of the Royal Society, we shall only say that it proved that Newton was more indebted to Hudde than Leibnitz would have been to him if he had seen the letter. But the relations of Hudde to the two inventors of the differential calculus would be matter for a paper apart.

To discuss every subject would require volumes ; and we shall therefore now pass on to Sir D. Brewster's treatment of the curious question of the relation which existed between Newton's half niece, Catherine Barton, and his friend and patron, Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax. Sir D. Brewster declares that for a century and a half no stain has been cast on the memory of Mrs. C. Barton, and then proceeds to quote Voltaire's insinuation as scarcely deserving notice ; so that by "no stain" we are to understand no stain which *he* thinks worthy of notice. Now the fact is that, though respect for Newton has kept the matter quiet, there has always been a general impression that it was a doubtful question, a thing to be discussed, whether or no Mrs. C. Barton was the mistress of Lord Halifax. Mr. De Morgan took up this subject in the *Notes and Queries* (No. 210) and, perfectly satisfied that she was either a wife or a mistress, came to a balanced conclusion that, as he says, "the supposition of a private marriage, generally understood among the friends of the parties, seems to me to make all the circumstances take an air of likelihood which no other hypothesis will give them : and this is all my conclusion." Sir D. Brewster, whose mind admits no such balance, makes this the "inference" of a private marriage. The grounds of the alternative are that she was publicly declared, by the writer of the Life of Halifax, to have lived, when very young, and she herself distinguished by beauty and wit, in the house of Lord Halifax as "superintendent of his domestic affairs : " and this not in attack, but defensively, with a declaration that she was a virtuous woman, though "those that were given to censure passed a judgment upon her which she no ways merited." Further, Lord Halifax held in trust an annuity for her of £200 a year, bought in Newton's name : besides which, he left her £5000, with Bushy Park and a manor for life : while neither she nor any one of her friends contradicted the admission made in the Life of Halifax, which came out at the time when the legacies and the annuity would have turned public attention upon Miss Barton. This is a subject unconnected with mathematics ; and we dwell upon it more than its intrinsic importance deserves, because it will enable us to show to every reader the kind of reasoning which can be pressed into the ser-

vice of biography, when biography herself has been tempted into the service of partisanship. We may judge from the arguments which Sir David is driven to employ, that he would have followed the example of other biographers in slurring this subject, if Mr. De Morgan's closing words had not reminded him that the day for such a suppression was past :—"such points, relating to such men as Newton, will not remain in abeyance for ever, let biographers be as timid as they will." And we may also judge from these arguments why it is that the subject has been allowed to remain in abeyance.

And first, as to the annuity. Halifax holds in trust an annuity for Miss Barton, and directs his executor to give her all aid in the transfer : this annuity was bought in Newton's name. Sir D. Brewster declares that "an annuity purchased in Sir Isaac Newton's name can mean nothing else than an annuity purchased by Sir Isaac Newton." This is an assertion of desperation—it *could* have meant, not thereby saying that it *did* mean, a settlement by Halifax on Miss Barton, done in Newton's name, with or without Newton's knowledge ; and done in Newton's name purposely that people might think it *was* made by Newton, or at least, not by Halifax. This may appear impossible to Sir D. Brewster in 1855, and yet it may have been done in 1706. We may fairly infer that Halifax did not draw his will with the intention of giving colour to those reports against which his biographer protests, or with the intention of exciting such reports : if the annuity were bought *by Newton*, what more easy than to have said so ? In spite of Sir D. Brewster, who is neither lawyer nor actuary, we affirm positively that the description of an annuity upon the life of A. B, as bought in the name of C. D, does not imply that C. D paid for it, and that so far as it implies anything on the point, which is little enough, it is the very contrary. Again, Conduitt does not mention this annuity in his list of the benefactions which Newton, who was very generous to his family, bestowed on his poorer relations. For this Sir D. Brewster has to find a reason : Conduitt was the husband of Catherine Barton, knew of the assertions in Halifax's biography, had read Halifax's will, and must have been cognisant of the fact that the existence of a scandal had been asserted in print. And he finds a curious reason.

"But the annuity was not a benefaction like those contained in Conduitt's list. It was virtually a debt due to his favourite niece whom he had educated, and who had for twenty years kept his house ; and if she had not received it from Sir Isaac, his conduct would have been very unjust, as, owing to his not having made a will, she got only the eighth part of his personal estate, along with his four nephews and [three other] nieces."

Let us first take Sir D. Brewster's statement, as here given, erroneous as it is. When a single man educates a favourite niece, thereby distinguishing her from his other nieces, and gives her shelter and maintenance until she marries (for we must here take Sir D. Brewster's assertion that she did *not* leave him to live with Lord Halifax) all the world knows that the least that favourite niece can do is to keep house for him, and that the idea of her services in looking after the dinner, which he pays for and gives her share of, running him into debt, actual or *virtual* (O the *virtue* of this word!) is an absurdity. No doubt a man ought to provide for such a niece after his death: but if he should leave her, as Newton did to Miss Barton, the eighth part of £32,000, producing an income of more than £200 a year, he treats her very handsomely: especially if a friend of his should have left her a large fortune, and his introduction should have married her to a member of Parliament. Now to Sir D. Brewster's statement. Just before our quotation begins, he informs us that by the act of transference it appears that this trust was created in 1706, so that he seems to say that Miss Barton, aged six years, began to keep Newton's rooms in Trinity College, when he was writing the *Principia*: for he says she "had" kept his house for twenty\* years. He does not mean this: but here and elsewhere he heaps circumstances together without sufficient attention to consistency. We very much doubt if Newton *could* have afforded the price of that annuity in 1706. He came to London with very little in 1696: by 1706 he had enjoyed £600 a year for four years, and £1500 a year for six years. An annuity of £200 on a life of twenty-six, money making five per cent., now costs above £3000: if we say, which is straining the point to the utmost, that Miss Barton's annuity cost £2000, we confess we think it not very likely that Newton could have bought it, or that he would have held it just to his other relatives to have bought so large an an-

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\* Conduitt tells us that his wife lived with her uncle nearly twenty years, before and after her marriage: it is believed that the Conduitts resided with Newton from the very marriage. Newton lived in London *thirty* years; therefore, ten or more of those years his niece did not live with him. The annuity was bought in 1706 and Halifax died in 1715. Miss Barton, being sixteen years old when Newton came to London, must have finished her school education shortly afterwards. Either Newton did not invite his favourite niece, whom he had educated, to live with him for ten years afterwards, or there is a gap which tallies most remarkably with the hypothesis of her residence under the roof of Halifax. But, as a presumption against the first supposition, there is extant a short letter from Newton to his niece, written in 1700, which by the contents seems written to an inmate of his house, absent for change of air.

Newton has been charged with avarice; of which there is really no proof, unless his dying worth more than £30,000 be one. But Conduitt was in easy circumstances, and his wife also: their daughter was said to have had £60,000. Supposing, as is probable, that they bore their fair share of the joint expenses, Newton might have saved nearly all his income for the last ten years of his life.

nuity. But we are quite sure that Conduitt, under all the circumstances, would never have held this annuity as payment of a debt due to his wife; *he* would not have made the twenty years end with 1706, to speak of nothing else.

Next, we come to the way in which Sir D. Brewster treats the assertions of Halifax's biographer. Those assertions are not in attack, but in defence; the witness is a friendly one, and the publication was made at the very time when Halifax's will had just drawn public attention to the legacies.

"I am likewise to account for another Omission in the Course of this History, which is that of the Death of the Lord *Halifax's* Lady; upon whose Decease his Lordship took a Resolution of living single thence forward, and cast his Eye upon the Widow of one Colonel *Barton*, and Neice to the famous Sir *Isaac Newton*, to be Superintendent of his domestick Affairs. But as this Lady was young, beautiful, and gay, so those that were given to censure, pass'd a Judgment upon her which she no Ways merited, since she was a Woman of strict Honour and Virtue; and tho' she might be agreeable to his Lordship in every Particular, that noble Peer's Complaisance to her, proceeded wholly from the great Esteem he had for her Wit and most exquisite Understanding, as will appear from what relates to her in his Will at the Close of these Memoirs."

Now Sir D. Brewster is so far biassed by the necessities of his case, as to affirm that it is *not* here stated that Miss Barton (that she had been married is a mistake) lived under Halifax's roof. "His biographer makes no such statement. . . . How could any person contradict the *cast of an eye*—the only act ascribed to Halifax by his biographer?" The writer of "*Newton*" in the *Biographia Britannica*—as strong a partisan as Sir David—could not get so far as this ingenious solution: for he makes Halifax's continuance in his widowed state "the less to be regretted" on account of this "*cast of an eye*." We are to infer, according to Sir David, that this friendly biographer, wishing to defend Miss Barton from censure she no ways deserved, and alluding to rumours which had no source except a "*plan or a wish*" of Lord Halifax, omitted to state that the plan was all Montague's eye; and forgot to assert the very material circumstance that she did *not* accede to the plan, that she did *not* live in the house of her earnest admirer. We make no doubt, on the other hand, that the apologist means to say that she did live there, and made her a widow to give some colour of respectability to it. Her noble admirer left his large legacy "*as a token*," he writes, "*of the sincere love, affection, and esteem, I have long had for her person, and as a small recompence for the pleasure and happiness I have had in her conversation.*" Sir D. Brewster appends a note to prove that

*love and affection* "had not, in Halifax's day, the same meaning which they have now." Does he really think that they mean nothing *now* except conjugal love and its imitations? Does not a man still love his friends, and might not Pope write to H. Cromwell now, as then, of his affection and esteem? If we come to *old meanings*, we might remember that *conversation* did not always mean *colloquy*. If Miss Barton did live with Halifax under one roof, and if Halifax did buy the annuity, these words are to be interpreted accordingly. And they must be looked at jointly with the other things. There is a fallacy which has no name in books of logic, but is of most frequent occurrence. It is that because neither A, nor B, nor C, will separately give moral conviction of D, that therefore they do not give it when taken together.

We have seen that Sir D. Brewster can omit, as in the case of the secret alterations in the reprint above mentioned: we shall now see that he can omit when he distinctly declares he has not omitted. We are far from charging him with any unfair intention: we know the effect of bias, and nothing disgusts us more than the readiness with which suppressions and misrepresentations are set down to deliberate intention of foul play. Sir D. Brewster informs us that he has given in an appendix "all the passages" in which Swift mentions Miss Barton or Halifax. He has *not* given all. When he wrote this (vol. ii. p. 278), he intended to give all; but when he came to the appendix, he altered his mind, omitted two, and forgot his previous announcement. It was not oversight, because Mr. De Morgan had particularly mentioned these curious passages, in which Swift quotes to Stella some of Miss Barton's conversation, which has the freedom of a married woman (we mean of that day; our matrons are more particular). Either the Professor, who declines to repeat the stories, is over fastidious, or is unskilful in rendering the license of the seventeenth century into the decorums of the nineteenth: we think we can convey an idea of the good joke over which Catherine Barton, aged 31, and Jonathan Swift, aged 43, enjoyed a hearty laugh. A man had died, leaving small legacies to those who should bear him to the grave, who were to be an equal number of males and females: provided always that each bearer, male or female, should take a declaration that he or she had always been a strict votary of Diana. The joke was, that there lay the poor man, unburied, and likely to remain so: and this was the joke which Miss Barton introduced, in a tête-à-tête with Swift; at least so says Swift himself. Mr. De Morgan thinks that "Swift's tone with respect to the stories, combined with his obvious respect for Mrs. Barton, may make any one lean to the supposition that he be-

lieved himself to be talking to a married woman." Certainly it can hardly be credited that the maiden niece of Newton (then living in Newton's house, according to Sir D. Brewster) would bring up such a joke for the entertainment of a bachelor friend : and Swift's great and obvious respect for Catherine Barton will justify us in thinking that he never would have invented such a story as coming from her.

We do not intend to decide the question whether the lady was the platonic friend, the mistress, or the secretly married wife, of Lord Halifax : in consequence of the reserve of biographers, it has never been fully put forward until our own day. Further research may settle it : what we have to do with is our biographer's mode of dealing with his case. Sir D. Brewster certainly handles the phenomena of mind and conduct as if they were phenomena of matter : he requires that any conclusion shall be as a theory, which is to explain how all the circumstances arose. No such thing is possible in grappling with circumstantial evidence as to the dealings of human beings with one another. Never a day passes without the prisoner's counsel triumphantly bringing to notice a circumstance which is perfectly inexplicable on the supposition of his client's guilt. So says the judge too, and so feel the jury : and both parties are in a difficulty. If it were a question about an explanatory theory, as of light, an obstinate dark band or coloured fringe might put the undulations out of the question, till further showing. But the court asks the jury, not for their *theory*, but for their *verdict* : that verdict is guilty, and the prisoner generally confirms it, at least in capital cases, and explains the difficulty. The matter we have been discussing has two counts : the first opens the question whether, under the circumstances, the conclusion that Miss Barton lived with Halifax can be avoided ; the second, on the supposition that it cannot be avoided, opens the question whether she lived with him as a mistress or as a secretly married wife. Sir D. Brewster works hard against the supposition of the marriage, and, by an *ignoratio elenchi*, believes himself to be forwarding his own alternative ; but we strongly suspect that his reasons against the marriage, be their force what it may, will not avail against the other alternative of our second count.

We will now take the vexed question of Newton's religious opinions, a vexed question no more, for the papers so long, and, in the first instance, so unworthily suppressed, are now before the world. Sir D. Brewster, in his former *Life*, followed his predecessors in stoutly maintaining *orthodoxy*, by which, in this article, we mean a belief of at least as much as the churches of England and Scotland hold in common. But many circumstances seemed to point the other way. There was a strong and

universal impression that Horsley had recommended the concealment of some of the Portsmouth papers, as heterodox : and here and there was to be found, in every generation, a person who had been allowed to see them, and who called them dubious, at least. Newton was the friend of the heretics Locke and Clarke, and sent abroad, for publication, writings on the critical correction of texts on which Trinitarians relied, without a word against the conclusion which might be drawn respecting himself. Nay, he spoke of the Trinity in a manner which Sir D. Brewster admits would make any one *suspect* his orthodoxy. Whiston, always indiscreet, but always honest, declared from his own conversation with Newton, that Newton was an Arian ; Haynes, Newton's subordinate at the Mint, declared to Baron, a Unitarian minister, that Newton was what we now call a Unitarian. He himself, in the *Principia*, allowed himself a definition of the word *God* which would have permitted him to maintain the Deity of the second and third persons of the Trinity. He said that every spiritual being having dominion is God : *Dominatio entis spiritualis Deum constituit*. And he enforces his definition by so many exemplifications that it is beyond question he means that, if the Almighty were to grant some power, for only five minutes, to a disembodied spirit, that spirit would be, for that time, a God.

In the papers now produced for the first time, we have certain *paradoxical questions* (the word *paradox* then meant an unusual opinion) concerning Athanasius and his followers, in which many historical opinions of a suspicious character are maintained ; but no matters of doctrine are touched upon. In *A short Scheme of the True Religion*, the purpose is rather to describe religion as opposed to irreligion, and all who are conversant with opinion know that a Trinitarian and a Unitarian use the same phrases against atheism and idolatry. Hence, some language which in controversy would be heterodox, may be counted orthodox. But in another manuscript, *On our Religion to God, to Christ, and the Church*, there is an articulate account of Newton's creed, in formal and dogmatical terms. This we shall give entire : and it is to be remembered that Newton destroyed many papers before his death, which adds to those he left behind him additional meaning and force.

"Art. 1. There is one God the Father, ever living, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

"Art. 2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

"Art. 3. The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.

"Art. 4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

"Art. 5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other beings are movable from place to place.

"Art. 6. All the worship (whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving), which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.

"Art. 7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

"Art. 8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.

"Art. 9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright he will intercede.

"Art. 10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

"Art. 11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

"Art. 12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests."

In a paper called *Irenicum, or Ecclesiastical Polity tending to Peace*, are many remarks on church-government, but on doctrine only as follows. After insisting, in one place, that those who introduce any article of communion not *imposed from the beginning* are teaching another gospel, he gives, in another place, the *fundamentals*, by which he means, the terms of communion imposed from the beginning.

"The fundamentals or first principles of religion are the articles of communion taught from the beginning of the Gospel in catechising men in order to baptism and admission into communion; namely, that the catechumen is to repent and forsake covetousness, ambition, and all inordinate desires of the things of this world, the flesh, and false gods called the devil, and to be baptized in the name of one God, the Father, Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of one



Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and of the Holy Ghost.—See Heb. v. 12, 13, 14, and vi. 1, 2, 3."

In some queries on the word *ὁμοούσιος*, Newton asks, among many questions of a similar tendency, whether *unius substantiæ* ought not to be *consubstantialis*—whether *hypostasis* did not signify *substance*—whether Athanasius, &c., did not acknowledge three substances—whether the worship of the Holy Ghost was not "set on foot" after the Council of Sardica—whether Athanasius, &c., were not Papists. We prefer giving the reader Newton's opinions in full to arguing on them ourselves. It would be difficult, we think, to bring him so near to orthodoxy as Arianism. Though his exposition of his own opinions goes far beyond the simple terms of communion, there is not a direct word on the divinity of Christ, on his pre-existence, on the miraculous conception, on the resurrection, on the personality of the Holy Ghost, or on the authority of Scripture. Those who think that some of these points (as we think of the fourth and sixth) must be implied, will perhaps bring in the rest: but those who look at the emphatic *first article* of the twelve, unmodified and unqualified by the rest, though enforced by the eighth and ninth, will, we think give up the point, and will class Newton, as Haynes did, with the Humanitarians, and not, as Whiston did, with the Arians. Sir D. Brewster leaves it to be implied that he does not any longer dispute the heterodoxy of Newton's creed; that is, its departure from the creed most commonly believed by Christians. Of this we have no doubt, that in his theological opinions, Newton was as uncompromising and as honest as in his philosophical ones. And he was no dabbler in the subject, having in truth much reading, both as a scholar and a theologian.

We cannot easily credit the story of Newton in love at sixty years of age. In Conduitt's handwriting is a letter entitled "Copy of a letter to Lady Norris by —," docketed, *in another hand*, "A letter from Sir I. N. to —." The letter is amusing. After informing the lady that her grief for her late husband is a proof she has no objection to live with a husband, he advises her, among other things, that a widow's dress is not acceptable in company, and that it will always remind her of her loss: and that "the proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband;" the question being whether she "should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies." Sir D. Brewster seems rather staggered by this letter: but there is no authority for it coming from Newton, and surely we may rather suspect that his friend, Lady Norris, sent him, or perhaps Miss Barton, a copy of a letter from some

coxcomb\* of a suitor. Newton was always a man of feeling, right or wrong, and, though perhaps he would have been awkward at the expression of it, he never would have addressed a woman for whom he experienced a revival of what he once felt for Miss Storey, in such terms as the young bucks in the *Spectator* address rich widows. The letter reminds us much more of Addison's play, and of the puppy who was drummed away from the widow by the ghost, than of Newton.

To us it has always been matter of regret that Newton accepted office under the Crown. Sir D. Brewster thinks otherwise. "At the age of fifty, the high-priest of science found himself the inmate of a college, and, but for the generous patronage of a friend, he would have died within its walls." And where should a high-priest of science have lived and died? At the Mint? Very few sacrifices were made to science after Newton came to London. One year of his Cambridge life was worth more to his philosophical reputation and utility than all his long official career. If, after having piloted the country safely through the very difficult, and as some thought, impossible, operation on the coinage, he had returned to the University with a handsome pension, and his mind free to make up again to the "litigious lady," he would, to use his own words, have taken "another pull at the moon," and we suspect Clairaut would have had to begin at the point from which Laplace afterwards began. Newton was removed, the high-priest of science was translated to the temple of Mammon, at the time when the differential calculus was, in the hands of Leibnitz and the Bernoullis, beginning to rise into higher stories. Had Newton remained at his post, coining nothing but ideas, the mathematical sciences might have gained a century of advance.

We now approach the end of our task, and, in spite of our battle with the biographer, we cannot express the pleasure with which we have read his work. It is very much superior, new information apart, to the smaller *Life* which he published long ago. Homer's heroes are very dry automatons so long as they are only godlike men: but when they get into a quarrel with one another, out come the points on which we like and dislike. Newton always right, and all who would say otherwise excathedrally reprov'd is a case for ostracism; we are tired of hearing Aristides always called the just. But Newton of whom wrong may be admitted, Newton who must be defended like other men, and who cannot always be defended, is a man in whom to feel interest even when we are obliged to dissent from his eulogist.

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\* The original letter, written shortly after 1702, is copied in the handwriting of Conduitt, who did not become a member of Newton's family till 1717. Say that Lady Norris sent it to Mrs. Conduitt, to amuse her, and that Conduitt copied it.

As we have said before, it is the defence which provokes the attack. Newton, with the weak points exposed and unprotected, is not and cannot be an object of assault: our blow is on the shield which the biographers attempt to hold before him. A great predecessor was guilty of delinquencies before which the worst error of Newton is virtue itself: he sold justice for bribes, so committing wilful perjury—for who may dare to deny that the oath of the false judge rose before his mind when he fingered the price of his conscience—that the perjury itself is forgotten in the enormity of the mode of committing it. But how often is this remembered when we think of Bacon? The bruised reed is not broken, because even biographers admit that it is a bruised reed: let them hold it up for a sturdy oak, and the plain truth shall be spoken whenever the name is mentioned. And so, in its degree, must it be with the author of the *Principia*.

All Newton's faults were those of a temperament which observers of the human mind know to be incapable of alteration, though strong self-control may suppress its effects. The jealous, the suspicious nature, is a part of the man's essence, when it exists at all: it is no local sore, but a plague in the blood. Think of this morbid feeling as the constant attendant of the whole life, and then say, putting all Newton's known exhibitions of it at their very worst, how much they will amount to, as scattered through twenty years of controversy with his equals, and thirty years of kingly power over those who delighted to call themselves his inferiors. Newton's period of living fame is longer than that of Wellington: it is easy to talk of sixty years, but think of the time between 1795 and 1855, and we form a better image of the duration. In all this life, we know of some cases in which the worse nature conquered the better: in how many cases did victory, that victory which itself conceals the battle, declare for the right side? Scott claims this allowance even for Napoleon; how much more may it be asked for Newton? But it can only be asked by a biographer who has done for the opponents of his hero what he desires that his readers should do for the hero himself. When once the necessary admissions are made, so soon as it can be done on a basis which compromises no truth, and affords no example, we look on the errors of great men as straws preserved in the pure amber of their services to mankind. If we could but know the real history of a flaw in a diamond, we might be made aware that it was a necessary result of the combination of circumstances which determined that the product should be a diamond, and not a bit of rotten wood. Let a flaw be a flaw, because it is a flaw: Newton is not the less Newton; and without the smallest rebellion against Locke's maxim—*Whatever is, is,—nobis gratulamur tale tantumque extitisse humani generis decus.*

- ART. II.—1. *The Last Days of Pompeii*. London, 1840.  
 2. *Zanoni*. London, 1842.  
 3. *The Last of the Barons*. London, 1843.  
 4. *Night and Morning*. London, 1845.  
 5. *Lucretia*. London, 1846.

THE list, which we have prefixed to this article, contains some of the most remarkable works, of one of the most remarkable novelists, of this age of novels; of a novelist of European, indeed, of more than European celebrity. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is read, original or translated, wherever Spanish dollars are spent, or English porter is drunk. It cannot be necessary to call attention to writings far more popular than our own, but a Journal which is supposed to give something approaching to a general view of cotemporary literature, ought not to omit works which are among its most distinguished ornaments; and although we cannot pretend to extend their popularity, we may be usefully employed in stating our own views as to the grounds on which that popularity rests—in stating to what extent we concur in the general verdict of approbation, and how far it appears to us to be ill-founded or deficient; the points in which it falls short of our estimate of the author's merits, and those, if any, in which it exceeds them. For this purpose we have selected from the long succession of works with which Sir Edward has almost covered the wide field of fiction, five, as among the most characteristic specimens of his great and varied powers. Two of them are historical. The manners and habits are copies, or at least are suggested by originals which have long disappeared: but in one the actors are wholly invented, in the other many of them are real characters. Another is purely imaginary. The author supposes a state of things which never has existed, and never can exist, and peoples his hypothetical world with fictitious inhabitants. The two which remain paint the present, they represent England in the 19th century. It is very seldom that a critic has the advantage of seeing his author under so many different forms.

But Sir Edward has done still more. He has admitted us to his laboratory. He has told us what were his objects, and what were the means by which he endeavoured to attain them. He has himself supplied the canons by which he wishes to be judged. As nothing is more instructive to a moralist than autobiography, nothing is more instructive to a critic than autocriticism. All that we have to regret is, that he has not been more

explicit and more definite. The prefaces and appendices which he has added to his tales, valuable as they are, would be more useful if he had not often employed words in a manner differing from their ordinary acceptation; or if, having employed them in a sense of his own, he had formally defined them. We extract from the preface to "The Last of the Barons," the following passage, partly as an illustration of our last remark, and partly as introductory to some further views which we think deserving of consideration.

"To my mind, a writer should sit down to compose a fiction, as a painter prepares to compose a picture. His first care should be the conception of a whole as lofty as his intellect can grasp—as harmonious and complete as his art can accomplish; his second care, the *character* of the interest which the details are intended to sustain.

"It is when we compare works of imagination in writing, with works of imagination on the canvas, that we can best form a critical idea of the different schools which exist in each; for common both to the author and the painter are those styles which we call the Familiar, the Picturesque, and the Intellectual. By recurring to this comparison, we can without much difficulty classify works of Fiction in their proper order, and estimate the rank they should severally hold. The Intellectual will probably never be the most widely popular for the moment. He who prefers to study in this school, must be prepared for much depreciation, for its greatest excellencies, even if he achieve them, are not the most obvious to the many. In discussing, for instance, a modern work, we hear it praised perhaps, for some striking passage, some prominent character; but when do we ever hear any comment on its harmony of construction, on its fitness of design, on its ideal character, on its essentials—in short, as a work of art? What we hear most valued in a picture, we often find the most neglected in a book—viz. *the composition*; and this, simply, because in England painting is recognised as an art, and estimated according to definite theories. But in literature, we judge from a taste never formed,—from a thousand prejudices and ignorant predilections. We do not yet comprehend that the author is an artist, and that the true rules of art by which he should be tested, are precise and immutable. Hence the singular and fantastic caprices of the popular opinion—its exaggerations of praise or censure—its passion and reaction. These violent fluctuations betray both a public and a criticism utterly unschooled in the elementary principles of literary art, and entitle the humblest author to dispute the censure of the hour, while they ought to render the greatest suspicious of its praise.

"It is then, in conformity, not with any presumptuous conviction of his own superiority, but with his common experience and common sense, that every author who addresses an English audience in serious earnest, is permitted to feel that his final sentence rests not with the jury before which he is first heard. The literary history of the day consists of a series of judgments set aside.

"But this uncertainty must more essentially betide every student, however lowly, in the school I have called the Intellectual, which must ever be more or less at variance with the popular canons; it is its hard necessity to use and disturb the lazy quietude of vulgar taste, for unless it did so, it could neither elevate nor move. He who resigns the Dutch art for the Italian, must continue through the dark to explore the principles upon which he founds his design—to which he adapts his execution; in hope or in despondence, still faithful to the theory which cares less for the amount of interest created, than for the sources from which the interest is to be drawn—seeking in action the movement of the prouder passions or the subtler springs of conduct—seeking in repose the colouring of intellectual beauty.

"The low and the high of art are not very readily comprehended; they depend not upon the worldly degree or the physical condition of the characters delineated; they depend entirely upon the quality of the emotion which the characters are intended to excite,—viz. whether of sympathy for something low, or of admiration for something high. There is nothing high in a boor's head, by Teniers—there is nothing low in a boor's head, by Guido. What makes the difference between the two?—The absence or presence of the Ideal! But every one can judge of the merit of the first—for it is of the Familiar School—it requires a connoisseur to see the merit of the last, for it is of the Intellectual.—Vol. i. p. xxv.

We understand what Sir Edward means by the Familiar School. It is the school which pleases by the accurate imitation of ordinary life. Its types are Fielding and Miss Austen. We understand too what he means by the Picturesque. It is the school which pleases by the beauty or the sublimity of the natural objects, or by the novelty of the manners and habits, which it describes. To this class belong some of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and all those of Cooper and of Mrs. Ratcliffe. But what is the Intellectual School? It must be something different from the first and from the second, for Sir Edward's classes are distinct, each excludes the two others. In the ordinary sense of the word it describes a fiction addressed rather to the intellect than to the feelings, one which interests not by rousing the passions, but by offering to the judgment an analysis of the less obvious portions of the human mind. Of this class of fictions, the most remarkable is Don Quixote, and next, perhaps, comes Robinson Crusoe. This, however, is not the sense in which Sir Edward uses the word; for he appears to include among intellectual fictions, all those which we are now reviewing, and certainly includes among them "The Last of the Barons," a work quite as much addressed to the passions as to the reason. Some expressions in the passage which we have quoted, might lead the reader to infer that by "intellectual," Sir Edward means merely an elaborate work, a work in which

the writer, after having deeply meditated the principles of his art, has done his utmost to carry them out. But as he distinguishes the familiar, from the intellectual, school, he excludes from the latter some of the tales to which the rules of art have been most carefully and most successfully applied. Tom Jones, for instance, and Persuasion. By intellectual, therefore, he cannot mean elaborate.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that Sir Edward uses the word "*intellectual*" to express *tragic*. Not in its common acceptation of calamitous, but in its original meaning, of serious. In this sense an intellectual fiction is one which addresses itself only to our more earnest emotions; which endeavours to excite our pity, or admiration, or awe; which does not invite us to be amused by brilliancy or wit, but to sympathize with courage and patience, in which we have not to smile at follies or weaknesses, but to abhor vice or to shudder at crime.

But if this be Sir Edward's meaning, we cannot admit that the principles of serious fiction, or to use a shorter expression, of Tragedy, are less understood than those of Comedy, or that the former is more difficult of execution than the latter.

The progress, if it can be called progress, which the science of criticism and the art of poetry have made since the times of Aristotle and Menander, has been so slight and so irregular, that we scarcely know by what media of proof Sir Edward's views can be supported or attacked. Whatever be the class of subjects which he selects, the poet, whether serious or comic, must in a great measure "explore in the dark the principles upon which he founds his design—to which he adapts his execution;" but we are inclined to think that as a Tragedian he will have most assistance both from criticism and from example. In fact, serious narrative fiction was the first form which literature assumed—comic narrative fiction was one of the very last. And this was to be expected. Fierce passions and ludicrous weaknesses and affectations exist, without doubt, in human nature in all its varieties, but it is only in a refined and complicated state of society that the latter are sufficiently remarked to be selected as subjects of imitation and exposure. And in poetry, perhaps, more than in any other employment of the mind, the theory is gradually elicited from the practice, the science slowly follows the art.

If, again, we estimate the comparative difficulty of these two forms of composition, from the comparative success with which they have been attempted, we find in almost every language the number of eminent tragic writers by far the greater. How few are the great comic writers of Greece, how much fewer are those of Rome! What are the really great comic novels of modern

Italy, except those of Boccaccio; or of France, except those of Le Sage; or of Spain, except those of Cervantes?

Sir Edward appears to have been led into these opinions, partly by the natural tendency of an author to over-estimate the difficulty and the importance of the branch of art which he himself peculiarly pursues, and partly by carrying much further than we think legitimate, the analogy between poetry and the other imitative arts, painting and sculpture. "When," he asks in the language of a pictorial critic, "on discussing a modern work, do we hear any comment on its harmony of construction, on its fulness of design, on its ideal character, on its essentials, in short, as a work of art?" Certainly we do not hear such comments, for they would be inapplicable or vague; they belong to painting, not to poetry. Harmony of construction in a painting means the absence of the intermixture of ludicrous and serious images. Such an intermixture is habitual in Dutch paintings, and not uncommon in Flemish. It is found even in Rubens' *Raising of the Cross*. Some of the great Italian masters are not free from it. It is sometimes, as in Hogarth, very effective, and adds both truth and force; in general, however, it offends. Why it offends is not easily explained: probably because, as painting can represent only a single place and a single instant, the ludicrous portions of the picture shew that some, at least, of the spectators or actors, did not feel the seriousness of the principal event; and perhaps, as the eye takes in the whole at once, it may be disagreeable to pass rapidly backwards and forwards from one emotion to another. But well managed *tragi-comedy* is of all poetry the most delightful. Who would remove the comic scenes from the *Alcestis* of Euripides, or from *Henry the Fourth*? Who would part with the Baron of Bradwardine or Dugald Dalgetty? Even in the darkest of Walter Scott's tragedies, the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Kenilworth*, he has largely mixed the ludicrous with the severest tragic elements, crime and fate.

Again, in a poem what is "fulness of design?" Is it individuality in the characters, or is it a well-constructed plot? It can be neither of these, for it is something for which writers are rarely praised. We suspect that Sir Edward uses these words without any definite meaning.

The last quality which Sir Edward enumerates among the essentials of a work of art, is "its ideal character." Here we believe that we do understand, but if so, we dissent from him, and as the difference of opinion is important, we will explain our views at some length.

The object of serious painting is partly to afford the pleasure derived from imitation merely as imitation, and partly to repre-



sent beauty of form, colour, and expression. We might perhaps add, to represent power; but the means at the painter's disposition scarcely enable him to represent more than dignity, and dignity may be considered as one of the elements of beauty. This may be effected by exhibiting the human form and features in perfect repose. Many of the noblest pictures, particularly those of the earlier periods, are either single figures, or groups of figures with scarcely any action or mutual relation. A virgin on a throne with the infant Jesus in her arms, and one or two saints or bishops below, generally constitute the altar pieces of the great masters of the fourteenth and of the earlier part of the fifteenth century. No story is told. Beauty, dignity, and sometimes adoration, are all that is attempted to be expressed. But as the beauty of the human form is best displayed in movement, and that of the human countenance when under emotion, in the progress of art it became more and more common to increase the number of figures and to engage them in some action. A painter, however, is anxious to leave nothing to the imaginations of the observers. He does not wish their attention to be diverted from the obvious beauties of the figures by having to conjecture what they may be employed on. He selects, therefore, the tritest subjects. Probably nine-tenths of the great pictures that we possess are taken from the New Testament, and more than half of the remainder from legends nearly as well known. The action in which the figures are engaged is merely a means of displaying their beauty and dignity. To this beauty and dignity there are no bounds, except the power of the painter to conceive them, and of his colours to express them. For the purpose of contrast, or as an agent, a disagreeable object may sometimes be introduced—a cripple, for instance, who is to be healed, or an executioner; but in many of the finest pictures, every figure has as much beauty as the painter could bestow on it. The beauty may be different in kind—it may be that of age, of infancy, or of youth—it may be austere or winning, but still it is beauty. Not exceeding perhaps what nature may have produced, but exceeding all that we are accustomed to—exceeding, probably, all that the observer or even the painter has ever actually beheld. This is the *ideal* of painting. It is the human form and countenance in the utmost perfection that is conceivable. We say the human form and countenance, because, as respects brute and inanimate nature, the real excels the ideal. Titian and Raffaele could imagine and could represent beauty and grace which we have never seen embodied; but Africa has produced finer lions than Rubens, and Arabia horses superior to those of Landseer. No mind can conceive scenery more grand than that of the Andes, or of the Niagara; and no pencil can paint anything that approaches to either of them.

The objects of the serious poet are to excite admiration, sympathy, and awe—awe of power, and admiration and sympathy for virtue, which is moral beauty. His instrument is for many purposes far less efficient than that of the painter. He has to paint with words. But the same words may suggest different images to different readers; and, in fact, it is very difficult to make words suggest any precise and vivid image at all.

When Horace says that Achilles—

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis,”

we recognise the character which the “Iliad” has painted. But to one unacquainted with Homer these words suggest nothing precise. In order to enable the reader to form distinct conceptions the poet must set his characters in motion. He must make them speak and act. The reader must gradually become acquainted with them as we become acquainted with real men, by hearing what they say and seeing what they do; and the more numerous and the more distinct the qualities which they display, provided those qualities be not incompatible, the more full, the more vivid, and the more individual will be the idea which the reader will gradually form for himself.

Hence arises the necessity of introducing into poetry moral evil. We have already seen that in painting the introduction of deformity or even of imperfection is unnecessary. The painter, imitating visible objects with visible materials, always produces a definite image. He can exhibit physical beauty without action, and the action, if he chooses to represent one, may be pleasing in all its details. But the moral beauty which the poet exhibits can be shown only in a contest with evil. If he were to resolve to compose a fiction in which every agent should be beneficent and wise, he would be stopped by the impossibility of making his characters display their wisdom or their virtue. They could not stand, like the saints in an altar-piece, admiring one another. Milton’s Adam and Eve are perhaps the nearest approach to such an attempt; but even Milton could not sustain long the description of a state of innocence; and in his endeavour to represent the Deity, a Being unapproachable by evil, a Being therefore to whom the term virtuous is never applied, he has utterly failed.

The *vis motrix* of human life is evil,—evil to be warded off, or to be remedied, or to be borne. In order to introduce action, therefore, the poet must introduce evil, and that evil may either be inflicted by some supernatural power, the form frequently adopted by the ancients, under the names of destiny or fate, or may arise, as is generally the case in modern fictions, from the

bad passions of human nature. But some maleficent power, human or superhuman, must be employed. Moral beauty cannot be shown without the intervention of moral deformity. Without doubt some perfect characters may be introduced; or, rather, in framing and colouring his characters the poet may omit all imperfections. So far as he paints them by description he may describe them as possessing in its greatest excellence every quality which he ascribes to them. So far as he paints them in action he may represent them as acting and speaking with unfailing propriety. Virgil attempted this in *Æneas*, Richardson in *Sir Charles Grandison*.

But to this there are many objections. In the first place, it offends our sense of probability. Perfect physical beauty does not produce this effect, for we have seen approaches to it; but no one has ever narrowly observed a human Being without being struck by the defects and even by the positive blemishes both of his moral and of his intellectual character.

Again, such a representation is indistinct. It is like a picture without shadows. To form a vivid idea of a person, whether real or fictitious, we must see him on all sides. Perhaps the most distinct portrait ever painted by words is the Johnson of Boswell: But, how vague would be our idea of him, if his weaknesses or even his positive faults had been omitted!—if he had been painted *en beau*, as the great thinker and writer and talker, the pious Christian, the man of earnest friendship and active benevolence, while his vanity, his irascibility, his indolence, his superstition, and his intolerance, were all suppressed, as injurious to the harmony of the character! It is probably on account of this indistinctness, that perfect characters excite little sympathy. We are deeply interested by Dido and by Turnus, but are utterly indifferent to *Æneas*. *They* are real human beings: *he* is merely a virtuous phantom. We almost fancy that we have known Lovelace: we forget *Sir Charles Grandison* as soon as we close the book.

And lastly, the principal actors in a serious fiction must, as we have seen, be engaged in a contest with evil. If they are represented as faultless, that evil must be menaced or inflicted by some exterior agent, since it cannot be incurred by any misconduct of their own: and if they sink in the struggle, the effect is revolting. Few can bear to read the death of Cordelia: no manager ventures to represent it. Agreeing as we do with the eloquent passage in the “*Last of the Barons*,” in which Sir Edward disclaims poetical justice; admitting, as we do, that the calamities inflicted by Tragedy may far exceed, and indeed ought far to exceed, the faults of her victims, still we require that they should not be wholly undeserved. It is with great skill that Sir

W. Scott, in "*Kenilworth*," has deviated from historical truth, and attributed to Amy Robsart filial disobedience; and that, in the "*Bride of Lammermoor*," he has darkened Lucy with a shade of inconstancy. These defects do not justify the sufferings by which they are punished, but they seem to account for them. This objection does not, indeed, apply, if the event be fortunate. But, in that case, it is difficult to save the plot from an artificial appearance. The heroes and heroines are shown at first in a state of prosperity. The scene darkens: misfortunes and danger, occasioned by no weakness or error of their own, surround them. But the danger rolls off, the misfortune is remedied, and they are restored to their original happiness. Even the first time that a story, constructed on this plan, is in his hands, the experienced reader sees that he is in the world of fiction. And it is still less fit for a second perusal. He knows that the lost deed is to be found, or that the rich uncle is to die in India; or, if the scene be laid in a loftier sphere, that the supposed treason is to be disproved, that the champion of innocence is to conquer in the judicial combat, or that the crestless adventurer is to discover his royal birth.

If, then, a poet ought not to attempt to invest his heroes with an ideal character, by attributing to them no defects, can he raise them above real life, by attributing to them superhuman excellencies? As respects intellectual qualities, this is obviously impossible. His own intellectual powers are the limits to theirs. He cannot give to them more eloquence or more wisdom than he possesses himself. Without doubt he can give to them moral qualities superior to his own; but even in these we do not believe that he can describe excellence greater than has been actually attained. We cannot conceive courage more daring or more intrepid than that of Alexander or of Nelson, justice more perfect than that of Aristides, patriotism more fervent or more patient than that of Hannibal, benevolence more active or more comprehensive than that of Howard or of Wilberforce, more resolute perseverance than that of Frederic the Great, a more decided will than that of Napoleon, or more fervent or more humble piety than that of St. Paul. The heroes of fiction are less heroic than those of reality. Superhuman bodily powers, indeed, a poet can give; and this has generally been the resource of the poets of uncivilized times. They endow their heroes with the strength of a hundred men, under the same feeling which leads the Hindoos to arm their gods with a hundred hands. To educated readers such representations are puerile. The Knights of the Round Table, who could shatter with their maces the gates of cities, and vanquish lions in single combat, have been turned over to the nursery. They live only in Jack the Giant-

killer. We tolerate, indeed, the exaggerations of Homer. We are not offended when the Trojan army flies before the onset of Achilles. But, to a considerable extent, this is merely a poetical representation of actual facts. We know how much the efficiency of troops depends on the example and the impulse which they receive from their immediate leader. Though Rupert had little skill, his charge almost always scattered the Parliamentarians. Napoleon maintained that, if Murat had fought at Waterloo, the British squares would have been broken. The victory of Marengo is always mentioned as the work of Dessaix: the thousands who accompanied him go for nothing. A poet naturally embodies in his hero the power which he in fact exerted through the intervention of others, and ascribes to his personal prowess the results which he really produced by his influence.

If, then, a poet ought not to raise his characters above humanity by omitting their defects, if it be impossible to adorn them with virtues or powers, moral or intellectual, greater than those which are exhibited in real life, and if to attribute to them superhuman bodily force be merely puerile, in what does the Ideal in fiction consist?

We believe, as respects human characters—in nothing—for we believe that there is no such thing. We believe that it is the duty of a poet to give to his principal persons qualities as elevated and as striking as his art will enable him to give, and to intermix with those qualities the weaknesses and faults by which the most brilliant characters, quite as much as any others, perhaps more than any others, are impaired. But, in doing this, his business is with the real, not with the ideal. His combinations may be new, and the triumph of his art is to unite qualities (like those which constitute Othello) so various, so apparently opposed, and yet so consistent, that we feel their union to be possible, though we never saw it, and expect never to see it. All the elements of his characters must, nevertheless, be taken from real life. If he attempt to improve human nature, the picture will be either indistinct or absurd.

Of course, much of what we have been saying is inapplicable to characters avowedly supernatural. Ariel and Undine, the White Lady in the "Monastery," and the Monster in "Frankenstein," are undoubtedly ideal: not as superior to human nature, but as differing from it. They are formed like the Sphinx and the Centaur, or the monsters of Arabesque, out of known elements grotesquely put together, and are distinguished from real existences more by the qualities which they want than by those which they possess. When Milton wished to give a solemn picture of divine or angelic nature into which nothing fantastic could be admitted, he was forced to paint merely men.

Satan and Belial, and Michael and Gabriel, and even the still higher Beings whom he has ventured to introduce, are endowed, as far as we can judge them by their actions and their speeches, with moral and intellectual qualities of a high, but not of a super-human excellence.

Again, a poet may obtain the ideal, by attributing to his actors qualities really incompatible with one another, or with the circumstances in which they are placed. The shepherds and rustics of Virgil and Pope and Goldsmith, unite the simplicity and content of the peasant with the refinement which belongs only to education and leisure. They are as conventional as Fauns or Satyrs. The reader returns to the "Vicar of Wakefield" with unabated delight, though he almost knows it by heart. But charming as it is, it is rather a pastoral than an imitation of real life. Mr. Primrose and his daughters, intellectual and refined, living on £15 a-year and the produce of their farm, working in the fields, and performing themselves the menial drudgery of the house, cut off from educated society, and yet happy, form a picture which is ideal, because it is impossible.

But the ideality of Sir Edward Lytton is not that of a fairy tale or of a pastoral. It is not merely different from human nature, but raised above it; and therefore, we believe, unattainable.

We have been led into this long discussion, partly by the interest of the subject, and partly because it appears to us that Sir Edward's theories as to the ideal have injuriously affected his practice. In attempting to raise his characters above ordinary life, he sometimes ascribes to them qualities of which we doubt the real existence. Take as an example the following description of Helen in "Lucretia":—

"There is a certain virtue within us, comprehending our subtlest and noblest emotions, which is poetry while untold, and grows pale and poor in proportion as we strain it into poema. Nay, it may be said of this airy property of our inmost being, that more or less it departs from us, according as we give it forth into the world, even as, only by the loss of particles, the rose wastes its perfume on the air. So this more spiritual sensibility dwelt in Helen, as the latent mesmerism in water, as the invisible fairy in an enchanted ring. It was an essence or divinity, shrined or shrouded in herself, which gave her more intimate and vital union with all the influences of the Universe, a companion to her loneliness, an angel hymning low to her own listening soul. This made her enjoyment of Nature, in its merest trifles, exquisite and profound; this gave to her tendencies of heart all the delicious and sportive variety love borrows from imagination; this lifted her piety above the mere forms of conventional religion, and breathed into her prayers the ecstasy of the Saints."—Vol. ii. p. 268.

We must say that these appear to us to be mere words.

A worse effect, because it is more diffused, of this straining at the ideal, is its influence on his language. Sir Edward Lytton, when he chooses, or rather when he does not choose to do the contrary, can write admirably. If his novels resembled his history, his pamphlets, or his speeches, they would be always written in a clear, forcible, and natural style. But he often seems to think it his duty, as a poet, to clothe his thoughts in words raised above ordinary use. He has not profited by the advice given by Falstaff to Ancient Pistol, the best that ever was given to a narrator :

" If thou hast news,  
I prithee deliver them like a man of this world."

And he frequently interweaves apostrophes to the reader or to some object under description, which not only interrupt the narrative, but bring before us, what in a narrative ought always most carefully to be kept out of sight, the author. There is a long passage in the first volume of "*Lucretia*" about Moonbeam and Starbeam, beginning in page 120, and ending with "Hide in the Cloud, O Moon—shrink back, ye Stars," in which all these affectations are combined. It might perhaps be converted into good poetry, but we must affirm it to be very bad prose.

In our detailed remarks on the novels which we are reviewing we shall not adhere to their order of publication ; but shall begin by the last two, "*Night and Morning*" and "*Lucretia*." The plot of "*Night and Morning*" is simple ; a quality which it owes to its unity of action. A Mr. Beaufort, the heir of an ancient name and the presumptive heir of a large estate, marries a woman of a rank inferior to his own. For sixteen years, during the life of his uncle, the uncontrolled master of the property, whose prejudices would have led him to punish a misalliance by disinheritance, the marriage is concealed : the wife does not assume her husband's name, and necessarily passes as his mistress. The two sons, Philip and Sidney, are supposed to be illegitimate. The uncle dies deceived, like the rest of the world, and leaves to Beaufort the whole property, charged only with a money legacy to Robert Beaufort, the younger brother. But a fortnight after, before he has made a will, before he has even discovered to his wife the secret repository in which the certificate of his marriage is to be found, Beaufort is thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. The wife asserts her marriage and the children their legitimacy, but without proof. The certificate cannot be found, the Parish Register has been destroyed, the clergyman who performed the ceremony is dead, and of the two witnesses one is certainly dead, while the other

has left Europe, and, even if living, cannot be heard of. Robert Beaufort, as sole heir and next of kin, takes possession of every thing, and offers a trifling provision to the wife and children, which is indignantly refused.

The narrative then divides itself into two portions, each of about a year, with an interval of ten years.

During the first period of a year the mother dies broken-hearted. The eldest son, Philip, in his sixteenth year, first serves as shopman to a bookseller, a Mr. Plaskwith, whom he quits abruptly on hearing of his mother's illness. As a great part of the subsequent events depend on this event, we extract the description of it :—

“ ‘ There's a letter for you,’ cried Mrs. Plaskwith ; ‘ you owes me for it.’ It was the letter of the physician.

“ His mother then was ill—dying ; wanting, perhaps, the necessities of life. She would have concealed from him her illness and her poverty. His quick alarm exaggerated the last into utter want ;—he uttered a cry that rang throughout the shop, and rushed to Mr. Plaskwith.

“ ‘ Sir—Sir ! my mother is dying !—She is poor, poor—perhaps starving ;—Money, money !—lend me money !—ten pounds !—five ! I will work for you all my life for nothing ; but lend me the money !’ ”

“ ‘ Hoity-toity !’ said Mrs. Plaskwith, nudging her husband. ‘ I told you what would come of it ; it will be “ money or life ” next time.’ ”

“ Mrs. Plaskwith quitted the shop for the parlour. Mr. Plaskwith stopped ; and had Philip then taken but a milder tone, all had been well. But, accustomed from childhood to command, and his fierce passions loose within him, despising the very man he thus implored—the boy ruined his own cause. Indignant at the silence of Mr. Plaskwith, and too blinded by his emotions to see that in that silence there was relenting, he suddenly shook the little man with a vehemence that almost upset him, and cried,—

“ ‘ You, who demand for five years my bones and blood—my body and soul—a slave to your vile trade—do you deny me bread for a mother's lips ?’ ”

“ ‘ Trembling with anger and, perhaps, fear, Mr. Plaskwith extricated himself from the gripe of Philip, and hurrying from the shop, said, as he banged the door :—

“ ‘ Beg my pardon for this to-night, or out you go to-morrow, neck and crop ! Zounds ! a pretty pass the world's come to ! I don't believe a word about your mother. Baugh !’ ”

“ Left alone, Philip remained for some moments struggling with his wrath and agony. He then seized his hat, which he had thrown off on entering—pressed it over his brows—turned to quit the shop—when his eye fell upon the till. Plaskwith had left it open, and the beam of the coin struck his gaze—that deadly smile of the arch tempter. Intellect, reason, conscience—all, in that instant, were confusion and



chaos. He cast a hurried glance round the solitary and darkening room—plunged his hand into the drawer, clutched he knew not what—silver or gold, as it came uppermost—and burst into a loud and bitter laugh. That laugh itself startled him—it did not sound like his own. His cheek turned white, and his knees knocked together—his hair bristled—he felt as if the very fiend had uttered that yell of joy over a fallen soul.

“‘No—no—no!’ he muttered; ‘no, my mother—not even for thee!’ And, dashing the money to the ground, he fled, like a maniac, from the house.”—P. 103.

Philip arrives too late at the suburban village of H—, (we presume Hornsey,) where his mother has just died. Mr. Plaskwith, believing himself robbed, has pursued him, accompanied by an officer. He recognises and flies from his pursuers, comes across a stage-coach acquaintance, a William Gawtreys, an accomplished swindler, destined to act an important part in the subsequent events, escapes through his assistance, and goes in search of his younger brother, Sidney. Sidney, in his tenth year, has been received into the family of his maternal uncle, Mr. Morton, living in a town in the north of England. He is harshly treated, and the instant he sees his brother, (the meeting takes place in the streets,) begs to be taken away. They quit the town on foot, and after some wanderings, Philip, under an assumed name, becomes foreman in a livery stable. Two parties are in search of the brothers,—their cousin, Arthur Beaufort, the son of their uncle Robert, and a Mr. Spencer, an old bachelor, a former admirer of their mother. Arthur Beaufort discovers Philip, but the offer of assistance only impels him to quit the town, taking with him his brother. On the second evening of their travels, Sidney becomes too fatigued to walk further. Philip leaves him on the roadside, in the hands of a passing traveller. While he runs towards a light visible at some distance to ask assistance, a carriage passes; the traveller stops it, and implores the passengers to give the boy a lift. It happens (a coincidence on which we shall have to remark hereafter) to contain Spencer. He recognises Sidney, is delighted at the opportunity of separating him from a brother whom he believed to be a *mauvais sujet*, and carries him off. Philip returns, finds his brother gone, expends all his little means in vain endeavours to recover him, and then, reduced to extremity, without money or employment, takes refuge with his only friend Gawtreys, whom with an associate, named Birnie, he finds keeping a marriage-broker's office in Paris. We shall sum up Gawtreys's previous history in his own words:—

“‘I have never been a murderer, or a burglar, or a highway robber, or what the world calls a thief. I can only say that I have

lived upon my wits, and they have been a tolerable capital on the whole. I have been an actor, a money-lender, a physician, a professor of animal magnetism, (*that* was lucrative till it went out of fashion, perhaps it will come in again). I have been a lawyer, a house-agent, a dealer in curiosities and china; I have kept a hotel; I have set up a weekly newspaper; I have seen almost every city in Europe, and made acquaintance with some of its gaols; but a man who has plenty of brains generally falls on his legs.'—P. 225.

The marriage-office succeeds until Gawtreys is recognised by the police, and Paris becomes a dangerous residence. They go to Tours, where Morton passes as a young heir, Gawtreys for his tutor, and Birnie as valet.

"The task of maintenance fell on Gawtreys, who hit off his character to a hair; larded his grave jokes with University scraps of Latin: looked big and well-fed; wore knee-breeches and a shovel-hat: and played whist with the skill of a veteran vicar. By his science in that game, he made, at first, enough, at least, to defray their weekly expenses. But, by degrees, the good people of Tours, who, under pretence of health were then for economy, grew shy of so excellent a player; and though Gawtreys always swore solemnly that he played with the most-scrupulous honour, (an asseveration which Philip, at least, implicitly believed,) and no proof to the contrary was ever detected, yet a first-rate card-player is always a suspicious character, unless the losing parties know exactly who he is. The market fell off, and Gawtreys at length thought it prudent to extend his travels."—P. 248.

They resume their parts in Milan, where their success, which appeared likely to be more permanent, is cut short by another recognition of Gawtreys. They return to Paris, where Gawtreys and Birnie have resources unknown to Philip. What those resources are may be suspected from the following conversation between Gawtreys and Philip, which takes place a few weeks after their return.

"The house in which they lodged was in the lordly *quartier* of the Faubourg St. Germain; the neighbouring streets were venerable with the ancient edifices of a fallen *noblesse*; but their tenement was in a narrow, dingy lane, and the building itself seemed beggarly and ruinous. The apartment was in an attic on the sixth story, and the window, placed at the back of the lane, looked upon another row of houses of a better description, that communicated with one of the great streets of the *quartier*. The space between their abode and their opposite neighbours was so narrow that the sun could scarcely pierce between. In the height of summer might be found there a perpetual shade.

"The pair were seated by the window, looking at the parallel apartment in the opposite house. Gawtreys said, mutteringly,—'I

wonder where Birnie has been, and why he is not returned : I grow suspicious of that man.'

" 'Suspicious of what ?' asked Morton. 'Of his honesty ? Would he rob you ?'

" 'Rob me ! Humph—perhaps. But you see I am in Paris, in spite of the hints of the police ; he may denounce me.'

" 'It was but yesterday Birnie gave me fifty napoleons, for which he said you wished change in silver.'

" 'Did he ? The ras—Well ! and you got change for them ?'

" 'I know not why, but I refused.'

" 'That was right, Philip. Do nothing that man tells you.'

" 'Will you then trust me ? You are engaged in some horrible traffic : it may be blood ! I am no longer a boy—I have a will of my own—I will not be silently and blindly entrapped to perdition. If I march thither, it shall be with my own consent. Trust me, and this day, or we part to-morrow !'

" 'Well, then, if it must be. Sooner or later it must have been so, and I want a confidant. You are bold, and will not shrink. You desire to know my occupation—will you witness it to-night ?'

" 'I am prepared : to-night !'

" Here a step was heard on the stairs—a knock at the door—and Birnie entered.

" He drew aside Gawtreys, and whispered him, as usual, for some moments.

" Gawtreys nodded his head, and then said aloud,—

" 'To-morrow we shall talk without reserve before my young friend. To-night he joins us.'

" 'Good-bye, then, till we meet,' said Birnie, and withdrew.

" 'I wonder,' said Gawtreys, musingly and between his grinded teeth, 'whether I shall ever have a good fair shot at that fellow ? Ho ! ho !' and his laugh shook the walls.

" Morton looked hard at Gawtreys, as the latter now sunk down in his chair, and gazed with a vacant stare, that seemed almost to partake of imbecility, upon the opposite wall. The careless, reckless, jovial expression, which usually characterized the features of the man, had for some weeks given place to a restless, anxious, and at times ferocious, aspect ; like the beast that first finds a sport while the hounds are yet afar, and his limbs are yet strong in the chase which marks him for his victim, but grows desperate with rage and fear as the day nears its close, and the death-dogs pant hard upon his track : but at that moment, the strong features, with their gnarled muscle and iron sinews, seemed to have lost every sign both of passion and of will, and to be locked in a stolid and dull repose. At last he looked up at Morton, and said, with a smile like that of an old man in his dotage,—

" 'I'm thinking that my life has been one mistake ! I had talents—you would not fancy it—but once I was neither a fool nor a villain ! Odd, isn't it ? Just reach me the brandy.'"—P. 257. •

The place where the mystery of Gawtreys's business is to be

revealed is a cellar, which a gang of coiners, of which he is the chief, make their workshop,—

“Where, with the rapid precision of honest mechanics, the machinery of the Dark Trade went on in its several departments.

“‘*Courage, mes amis!*’ said Gawtrety, closing his book,—‘*Courage!*—a few months more, and we shall have made enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days. Where is Birnie?’

“‘Did he not tell you?’ said one of the artizans looking up. ‘He has found out the cleverest hand in France,—the very fellow who helped Bouchard in all his five-franc pieces. He has promised to bring him to-night.’

“Here the door slid back, and Birnie glided in.

“‘Where is your booty, *mon brave!*’ said Gawtrety.

“‘If you mean the celebrated coiner, Jacques Giraumont, he waits without. You know our rules—I cannot admit him without leave.’

“‘*Bon!* we give it,’ said Gawtrety.

“In a moment more he returned with a small man in a mechanic’s blouse. The new-comer wore the republican beard and moustache,—of a sandy-grey—his hair was the same colour; and a black patch over one eye increased the ill-favoured appearance of his features.”—P. 271.

M. Giraumont delights the coiners by some specimens of his skill.

“‘And now, Monsieur Giraumont,’ said Gawtrety, as he took the head of the table, ‘come to my right hand. A half holiday in your honour. Clear these infernal instruments; and more wine, *mes amis!*’

“The party arranged themselves at the table. Among the desperate there is almost invariably a tendency to mirth. A solitary ruffian is moody, but a gang of ruffians are jolly. The coiners talked and laughed loud. Mr. Birnie, from his dogged silence, seemed apart from the rest, though in the centre. For in a noisy circle, a silent tongue builds a wall round its owner. But that respectable personage kept his furtive watch upon Giraumont and Gawtrety, who appeared talking together, very amicably, towards the bottom of the table. The younger novice of that night, equally silent, was not less watchful than Birnie. An uneasy, undefinable foreboding had come over him since the entrance of Monsieur Giraumont; this had been increased by the manner of Mr. Gawtrety. His faculty of observation, which was very acute, had detected something false in the chief’s blandness to their guest—something dangerous in the glittering eye that Gawtrety ever, as he spoke to Giraumont, bent on that person’s lips as he listened to his reply. For, whenever William Gawtrety suspected a man, he watched not his eyes but his lips.

“Waked from his scornful reverie, a strange spell fascinated Mor-

ton's attention to the chief and the guest, and he bent forward, with parted mouth and straining ear, to catch their conversation.

" 'It seems to me a little strange,' said Mr. Gawtrety, raising his voice so as to be heard by the party, 'that a coiner so dexterous as Monsieur Giraumont, should not be known to any of us except our friend Birnie.'

" 'Not at all,' replied Giraumont; 'I worked only with Bouchard and two others since sent to the galleys. We were but a small fraternity—everything has its commencement.'

" '*C'est juste: buvez donc, cher ami!*'

" The wine circulated: Gawtrety began again.

" 'You have had a bad accident, seemingly, Monsieur Giraumont,—how did you lose your eye?'

" 'In a scuffle with the *gens d'armes* the night Bouchard was taken and I escaped: such misfortunes are on the cards.'

" '*C'est juste: buvez donc, Monsieur Giraumont!*'

" Again there was a pause, and again Gawtrety's deep voice was heard.

" 'You wear a wig, I think, Monsieur Giraumont? to judge by your eyelashes your own hair has been a handsomer colour.'

" 'We seek disguise, not beauty, my host! and the police have sharp eyes.'

" '*C'est juste, buvez donc—vieux Rénard!*—when did we two meet last?'

" 'Never, that I know of!'

" '*Ce n'est pas vrai, buvez donc, Monsieur Favart!*'

" At the sound of that name the company started in dismay and confusion, and the police officer, forgetting himself for the moment, sprung from his seat, and put his right hand into his blouse.

" 'Ho, there!—treason!' cried Gawtrety, in a voice of thunder: and he caught the unhappy man by the throat."—P. 274.

Favart, the disguised agent of the police, is killed, the coiners disperse. Through a labyrinth of cellars Gawtrety and Philip regain their attic. But in a few minutes they hear on the stairs the steps of pursuers.

" At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. 'Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!'

" 'Hist!' said Gawtrety. 'One way yet—the window—the rope.'

" Morton opened the casement—Gawtrety uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrety flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

" 'Go first,' said Morton; 'I will not leave you now: you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

" 'Hark! hark!—are you mad? You keep guard! What is your

strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her,—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!

"With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtreys was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtreys seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

"*'Le voilà! le voilà!'* cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtreys; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtreys, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtreys arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him;—his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half-laugh, half-yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtreys's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

"*'You are saved!'* cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardest on whose ear it came. Morton sprung to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God's breath,—what glory, genius, power and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

" 'There is another!' cried the voice of one of the pursuers. 'Fire!'

" 'Poor Gawtreys!' muttered Philip, 'I will fulfil your last wish;' and scarcely conscious of the bullet that whistled by him, he disappeared behind the parapet."—P. 283.

Philip finds an open window, passes unobserved through a garret in which the inmate is dying, descends the stairs, but as he reaches the landing-place of the first floor, sees below in the court-yard pursuers who are mounting. The ante-chamber of the first floor is open, he enters, and passes through empty rooms still lighted, till he comes to that at the end, the bedroom of the lady of the house, in which she is sitting reposing from the fatigues of a party just broken up. This lady is Eugénie de Merville, a widow, young, beautiful, and rich. By another of the coincidences in which Sir Edward delights, they had met before, and each had been struck by the other. He announces himself as pursued, and innocent, asks refuge, and obtains it till the pursuit is over; and is then despatched by Madame de Merville to a safe retreat. On his way thither, another coincidence throws him in the path of Arthur Beaufort, returning by the morning sun from a gaming-house. Arthur watches him to his lodging, and sends him, anonymously, 4000 francs. Re-equipped as a gentleman, he returns to Mademoiselle de Merville.

"And it would have been difficult to have recognised the wild and frenzied fugitive in the stately and graceful form, with its young beauty and air of well-born pride, which the next day sat by the side of Eugénie. And that day he told his sad and troubled story, and Eugénie wept; and from that day he came daily; and two weeks—happy, dreamlike, intoxicating to both—passed by; and as their last sun set, he was kneeling at her feet, and breathing to one to whom the homage of wit, and genius, and complacent wealth, had hitherto been vainly proffered, the impetuous, agitated, delicious secrets of the First Love. He spoke, and rose to depart for ever—when the look and the sigh detained him."—P. 302.

The Fanny, who engrossed the last thoughts of Gawtreys, is the grand-daughter of his first love; a girl seduced from him by a Lord Lilburne, the author's type of vice, as Gawtreys is of crime. She is now seven years old, exquisitely beautiful, but defective in mind, and by the death of all her acknowledged relations had been thrown on Gawtreys's protection. Philip, obeying his friend's last injunctions, carries her to Hornsey, and leaves her with Gawtreys's aged and blind father. He returns to Paris, is presented by Madame de Merville to her circle as M. de Vaudemont, the son of an old friend, brought up in England; and he is engaged to marry her, when she dies

and leaves to him the bulk of her fortune. He accepts only a portion, sufficient, however, to give him independence; and goes to India to seek fame and fortune in the service of one of the native princes.

"When from the grief that succeeded to the death of Eugénie, he woke to find himself amidst the strange faces and exciting scenes of an Oriental court, he turned with hard and disgustful contempt from Pleasure, as an infidelity to the dead. Ambition crept over him—his mind hardened, as his cheek bronzed, under those burning suns—his hardy frame, his energies prematurely awakened, his constitutional disregard to danger,—made him a brave and skilful soldier. He acquired reputation and rank. But, as time went on, the ambition took a higher flight—he felt his sphere circumscribed; the Eastern indolence that filled up the long intervals between Eastern action chafed a temper never at rest: he returned to France."—P. 368.

In France he obtains a commission in the Guards; but the three days of July 1830 follow, and he accompanies Charles the Tenth into exile.

These events, related as briefly as we have told them, are all that we know of his history during the ten years that follow Gawtreys death. Sidney's story is told with equal conciseness. He is adopted by Mr. Spencer, takes his name, and grows up in contented seclusion on the banks of Windermere. In the meantime, Fanny, though intellectually weak, rises into great beauty. She attracts Lord Lilburne's attention, and he orders her to be waylaid in a church-yard, which she frequently passes at night, and carried off. His emissary seizes her.

"Still violently struggling, the girl contrived to remove the handkerchief, and once more her shriek of terror rang through the violated sanctuary.

"At that instant a loud deep voice was heard, 'Who calls?' And a tall figure seemed to rise, as from the grave itself, and emerge from the shadow of the church. A moment more, and a strong gripe was laid on the shoulder of the ravisher. 'What is this? On God's ground, too! Release her, wretch!'

"The man, trembling, half with superstitious, half with bodily fear, let go of his captive, who fell at once at the knees of her deliverer."—P. 358.

The reader of "*Night and Morning*" is so much accustomed to coincidences that he is not surprised to find that this deliverer is Philip, just returned from his wanderings over Europe and Asia, and brought by accident precisely to the place and at the time when his protégée requires his assistance. He establishes himself as a lodger in the house, containing Fanny and the aged Gawtreys. A further coincidence brings back to England at the same time one Smith, the missing witness of the marriage be-



tween Philip's father and mother. Still he is only a single witness, old and timid, and liable to be bullied out of his consistency by an unscrupulous cross-examiner. Philip's lawyer sighs for documentary proof. Coincidences are again called on to supply it.

Lord Lilburne has succeeded, during one of Philip's absences, in getting possession of Fanny, and carrying her to Fernside, a place formerly belonging to the elder Beaufort, and purchased with its furniture by Lord Lilburne on his death. Fanny is indignant; and Lord Lilburne, in the hope of softening her by presents, searches for some jewels in one of his repositories, a bureau, part of the old furniture: he touches accidentally a secret spring, and brings to light the following paper:—

*"Marriages. The year 18—.*

*"No. 83, page 21.*

*"Philip Beaufort, of this parish of A—, and Catherine Morton, of the parish of St. Botolph, Aldgate, London, were married in this church by banns, this 12th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and —, by me.*

*CALEB PRICE, Vicar.*

*"This marriage was solemnized between us,*

*PHILIP BEAUFORT.*

*CATHERINE MORTON.*

*"In the presence of*

*DAVID APREECH.*

*WILLIAM SMITH.*

*"The above is a true copy, taken from the registry of marriages, in A— parish, this 19th day of March, 18—, by me,*

*MORGAN JONES, Curate of C—.—P. 487.*

While Lord Lilburne is looking at this paper, a carriage drives up, and Robert Beaufort (who, it should be observed, is his brother-in-law) enters the room, while Fanny comes down stairs, and stands at the door an unobserved witness of what follows. Lilburne shews to him the certificate:—

*"Robert Beaufort glanced over the paper held out to him—dropped it on the floor—and staggered to a seat. Lilburne coolly replaced the document in the bureau, and, limping to his brother-in-law, said with a smile,—*

*"'But the paper is in my possession—I will not destroy it. No; I have no right to destroy it. Besides, it would be a crime; but if I give it to you, you can do with it as you please.'*

*"'O, Lilburne, spare me—spare me. I meant to be an honest man. I—I—.' And Robert Beaufort sobbed.*

*"Lilburne looked at him in scornful surprise.*

*"'Do not fear that I shall ever think worse of you; and who else*

will know it? Defy a single witness—entrap Vaudemont back to France, and prove him (I think *I* will prove him such—I think so—with a little money and a little pains)—prove him the accomplice of William Gawtreys, a coinor and a murderer! Pshaw! take yon paper. Do with it as you will—keep it—give it to Arthur—let Philip Vaudemont have it, and Philip Vaudemont will be rich and great, the happiest man between earth and paradise! On the other hand, come and tell me that you have lost it, or that I never gave you such a paper, or that no such paper ever existed; and Philip Vaudemont may live a pauper, and die, perhaps, a slave at the galleys! Lose it, I say—*lose it*,—and advise with me upon the rest.’

“Horror-struck, bewildered, the weak man gazed upon the calm face of the Master-villain.

“‘I can’t destroy it—I can’t,’ he faltered out; ‘and if I did, out of love for Arthur,—don’t talk of galleys,—of vengeance—I—I—’

“‘The arrears of the rents you have enjoyed will send you to gaol for your life. No, no; *don’t* destroy the paper!’

“Beaufort rose with a desperate effort; he moved to the bureau. Fanny’s heart was in her lips;—of this long conference she had understood only the one broad point on which Lilburne had insisted with an emphasis that could have enlightened an infant; and he looked on Beaufort as an infant then. *On that paper rested Philip Vaudemont’s fate—happiness if saved, ruin if destroyed.* Robert Beaufort moved to the bureau—he seized the document—he looked over it again, hurriedly, and ere Lilburne, who by no means wished to have it destroyed in *his own* presence, was aware of his intention—he hastened with tottering steps to the hearth—averted his eyes, and cast it on the fire. At that instant, something white—he scarce knew what, it seemed to him as a spirit, as a ghost—darted by him, and snatched the paper from the embers! There was a pause for the hundredth part of a moment: a gurgling sound of astonishment and horror from Beaufort—an exclamation from Lilburne—a laugh from Fanny, as, her eyes flashing light, with a proud dilation of stature, with the paper clasped tightly to her bosom, she turned her looks of triumph from one to the other. The two men were both too amazed, at the instant, for rapid measures. But Lilburne, recovering himself first, hastened to her; she eluded his grasp—she made towards the door to the passage; when Lilburne, seriously alarmed, seized her arm;—

“‘Foolish child!—give me that paper!’

“‘Never but with my life!’ And Fanny’s cry for help rang through the house.”—*Vide* p. 494.

But the certificate is not yet safe. A child is opposed to two men. Another coincidence is necessary:—

“At that instant a rapid stride was heard without—a momentary scuffle—voices in altercation;—the door gave way, as if a battering-ram had forced it;—not so much thrown forward, as actually hurled into the room, the body of Dykeman fell heavily, like a dead man’s,

at the very feet of Lord Lilburne—and Philip Vaudemont stood in the doorway!

"The grasp of Lilburne on Fanny's arm relaxed, and the girl, with one bound, sprung to Philip's breast. 'Here, here!' she cried; 'take it—take it!' and she thrust the paper into his hand. 'Don't let them have it—read it—see it.'"—P. 406.

Armed with evidence, documentary as well as oral, Philip of course establishes his right. He gives up to Robert Beaufort the arrears, and the bulk of the property for his own life and for that of his son, Arthur. But fortune, as usual, remedies this generosity. Arthur dies immediately; Robert soon after; and, when we last hear of him, Philip is in the possession of the estate and married to Fanny, whom love has endowed with intellect.

Such is a brief outline of the plot of "*Night and Morning*," which of course must not be judged by the meagre skeleton which is all that our limits can afford. In the original it is full of spirit, action, and interest, of details well conceived and admirably executed, of vivid description and acute mental analysis. And it has, as we have already remarked, the great and rare merit of unity of action. From the beginning to the end, the preservation of Philip and his restoration to the halls of his ancestors is the purpose, which every incident resists or promotes, which every actor advances or retards. Even the love stories, very slight it must be admitted, which in obedience to one of the most absurd of the conventional laws to which fiction is subject, Sir Edward has submitted to introduce, scarcely interrupt the progress of the narrative. But this unity is purchased at a considerable sacrifice, by the omission of all details as to the events and the struggles, by which the hero was transformed from a low adventurer, the companion, the dependant, and to a considerable degree the accomplice of gamblers and swindlers, into a man of spotless honour and masculine virtue. In his preface Sir Edward tells us, that his hero is an example of resolute manhood. But, in fiction as in reality, we estimate men by their actions. In the earlier portion of his life, Philip Beaufort flounders from degradation to degradation, until he submits to act the part of an heir in order to enable Gawtrey to act that of his tutor, and to obtain access to societies, on whose spoils, obtained by play, the confederates live. At length he is saved from the galleys not by enterprise or resolution, but by his personal beauty, which tempts a woman, ten years his senior, to fall in love with him, to decorate him with a noble name, which he usurps without scruple, and, when her death prevents their marriage, to leave him an independence.

Of his Indian life we know nothing; and, when he returns, he is carried by good fortune and a clever attorney, with scarce

any interference of his own to wealth and station. What evidence is there in all this of resolute manhood? We are told that his conduct in India afforded it. But, to convince us, it ought to have been laid before us. This certainly would have interfered with the unity of action. It would have been difficult to make the utmost heroism conduce to the proof of legitimacy. We do not see how this blemish could have been avoided; but a blemish it certainly is.

Another blemish, and a more important one, we must dwell on at greater length, as it is one of Sir Edward's characteristics. It is the profuse use of coincidence. Without doubt, many important results in real life are occasioned by what we term *accident*; that is to say, they consist in the concurrence of two or more events, each arising from separate and unconnected causes. The causes which occasion a man to purchase a particular lottery ticket, and the causes which occasion that lottery ticket to be drawn a prize, have no connexion with one another. Their concurrence produces what we call the *accident* of the purchaser's gaining a prize. But, the proportion of important events accidentally produced to those of which we can trace the causes, is so small, that this occurrence always startles us. We never willingly acquiesce in it. If a man were to draw twenty times running the first prize in a lottery of ten thousand tickets, no one would believe the proofs, however powerful, that it was accidental. The improbability of such an accident would be too strong to be removed by any evidence of its having occurred. Now, several of the coincidences which we have mentioned, are as improbable as a man's drawing such a prize twenty times running. What were the chances that Mr. Spencer's barouche should come by just when Sidney was alone and sinking from fatigue, and should carry him off?—That the room in which Philip takes refuge should be that of the only person in Paris interested in his favour?—That, after a ten years' absence from England, he should suddenly start up in the Hornsey Churchyard at the instant that Fanny is there and is in danger?—That Fanny should be present, when Beaufort throws the certificate on the fire?—or that Philip should rush in when it is about to be torn from her grasp?

One evil of such a system of writing is its want of plausibility. We say plausibility, not probability; because an avowed fiction never can be probable, in the strict sense of that word. Probability, as applied to past events, implies belief, though imperfect. It differs from certainty only in degree. When we think that the chances in favour of an event's having occurred preponderate, we call it probable—when we think that there is no chance against its having occurred, we call it certain. But, as

we utterly disbelieve a fiction, it is never probable. It ought, however, to be always plausible; that is to say, it ought to resemble a probable history. Every event should be preceded by a sufficient cause.

Another objection is its facility. One of the principal means by which art pleases, is its triumph over difficulty. But, if the poet be allowed to draw on the bank of chance, his resources are obviously inexhaustible.

Most of the characters of "Night and Morning" have great merit. They are well conceived, and well executed, and remarkably well contrasted. The timid selfishness of Sidney is well opposed to the pride, boldness, and generosity of Philip; the reckless jovial rascality of Gawtreys, to the deliberate calculating wickedness of Lilburne, and to the heartless propriety of Robert Beaufort. Sir Edward may justly boast that "avoiding all that might savour of extravagance, patiently subduing every tone and every line to the aspect of those whom we meet daily in our thoroughfares, he has shewn in Robert Beaufort, the man of decorous phrase and blameless action, the systematic self-server, in whom the world forgives the lack of all that is generous, warm, and noble, in order to respect passive acquiescence in methodical conventions and hollow forms."

Arthur Beaufort is a sketch, but a very happy one, of a young man of talents and excellent disposition, ruined by early prosperity. As is frequently the case, the character that we least approve is the heroine, Fanny. The author tells us, that he has invented her, as an example of tender womanhood. But, from her first appearance until within a few weeks of the catastrophe, he has blemished her with mental imbecility; imbecility so obvious that she goes by the name of the "idiot girl." "She could not," he says, "be taught to reason"—

"She was like a creature to which Nature, in some cruel but bright caprice, has given all that belongs to poetry, but denied all that belongs to the common understanding necessary to mankind; or, as a fairy changeling, not indeed according to the vulgar superstition, malignant and deformed, but lovelier than the children of men, and haunted by dim and struggling associations of a gentler and fairer being, yet wholly incapable to learn the dry and hard elements which make up the knowledge of actual life."—P. 309.

She has learnt nothing from books and nothing from companions. Under such circumstances, even a well-constituted brain would be tenanted by a torpid and vacant mind. What must be the case of one naturally imperfect? But as soon as she is told that her intellectual inferiority unfits her to be an object of love, her mind opens; she feels the wish and the

power to acquire knowledge, and to use it, and in a few weeks the changeling becomes an intellectual woman. Love can do much, but it can no more teach an ill-organised brain to reason, than it can give strength to ill-framed limbs.

We have been tempted to give an outline of the plot of "Night and Morning," partly because the unity of action made it easy, and partly because we wished to afford one specimen of Sir Edward's mode of constructing a narrative. As to the four remaining novels, we shall assume, as we safely may, that the reader is already acquainted with them, and does not require, in order to make our remarks intelligible, a recapitulation of the story.

It may be assumed, from our opening observations, that we do not join in the outcry which has been raised against "LUCRETIA" as a tale of crime. Evil, as we have already remarked, and as Sir Edward in his "Few words to the public" has more fully explained, is necessary to serious fiction, and if it be not inflicted by a supernatural power, (a supposition which the modern reader does not readily admit,) must arise from human wickedness or folly. If from folly, it falls within the province of Comedy; Tragedy, therefore, is necessarily thrown upon crime. Nor do we think better founded the complaint, that Lucretia affords lessons to the poisoner. It is perhaps a fault, and it is injurious to probability, that the poison supposed to be used internally, though sanctioned by tradition, is not now known to exist. The Woorali poison, immortalized by Waterton, might have been that employed in the ring; but it is so difficult to obtain it, even in South America, where it is produced, that no one need fear its employment in Europe.

What we object to, in "Lucretia," is a quality which Sir Edward himself ascribes to it:—that it is a "painful book." Now, *animis natum inventumque poema juvandis* has no right to be painful. Sir Edward asks, "where," if he had made it less painful, "would have been the lessons which we can derive only from the workings of the passions, and the deeps of the mind?" The obvious answer is, that it is not the business of a poet to give lessons. His business is to give pleasure. Without doubt, a true picture of life is instructive. It gives us experience without danger; but this instruction is merely incidental. It may be true that Homer—

" Quid sit rectum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore monstrat;

But, neither the "Iliad" nor the "Odyssey" shew traces of any such intention. The great creator of the art of fiction,

when he gave a vivid picture of human character and of the external world, and details and reality to the meagre legends, which must have formed his materials, thought only of delighting his audience. If his object had been to instruct, he would not have stained his deities with the worst passions and the most contemptible weaknesses of humanity. Whenever a poet labours to be a teacher, whenever he suffers his attention to be withdrawn from its legitimate object, his work, like everything else, "contrived a double debt to pay," attains each of its purposes imperfectly. It is this which has destroyed the popularity of Richardson and of Miss Edgeworth. The instructor is constantly peeping out. We are constantly reminded that we are reading; not a narrative of real events, but a tale constructed for the purpose of enforcing and illustrating a precept.

Something of this fault is observable in "Lucretia;" but, though it diminishes its interest, it is not enough, taken by itself, to render it painful. It may be worth while to examine, what are the defects to which it owes this quality—a quality opposed to the great, we might say to the only, object of poetry.

The cause cannot be the mere amount of crime. There is much more crime in "Richard the Third;" yet "Richard the Third" was never called painful. Perhaps something may depend on the nature of the crime which is employed. Crime, as we have already observed, is necessary to serious fiction, as a source of evil; and evil to be resisted, endured, or remedied, affords the only field in which its characters can exert their moral and intellectual force. But poison cannot be remedied, or resisted, or even consciously endured. Almost all Lucretia's victims perish without even knowing that they are attacked. They die, and make no sign. The great instrument, therefore, of Tragedy,—the means by which she allures us to endure pity and terror, feelings in themselves painful,—the exhibition of the human powers tasked to their utmost in a contest with evil, is thrown away. A greater defect lies in the characters of the criminals. With the exception of Lucretia, their depravity is not softened by the least mixture of virtue. Dalibard, Varney, and even the subordinates, Grabman and the body snatcher, are pure villains. Such beings may, perhaps, exist: they certainly have been employed by the greatest poets. Iago is an instance; and the Varney of "Kenilworth." But we believe that they are very rare in real life, and ought to be introduced into fiction with great forbearance. The criminal, in whom we are interested, is one with great powers for good as well as for evil: who is conquered, indeed, by temptation, but falls only after vigorous resistance, who preserves some virtues in his fall, and even then looks back with regret to those which he has lost.

Macbeth carries crime to its utmost horror. With his own hands he assassinates his guest and his benefactor; he kills the two pages by the side of their master. He procures the assassination of his friend Banquo, and regrets that Fleance has escaped. He destroys the whole family of Macduff, and at last indulges in almost indiscriminate cruelty and murder. But his conscience, though subdued, is never silenced. His first crime is preceded by a long struggle, and followed by immediate repentance. He wishes that the knocking could wake Duncan. He thinks with terror that he has

“Put rancours in the vessel of his peace,”

and

“his eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man.”

He writhes under the feeling that in this life he has sacrificed to ambition friendship and sympathy. Even while confident of victory, he avoids Macduff, lest he should add to the blood with which he is charged, and at the last fights only as the alternative to being baited with the rabble's curse. Such a character is Tragic. The mixture of good and evil elements renders it probable, and the contest between them renders it exciting. Wicked as they are, we never quite lose our interest in Macbeth or in his wife. The more we abhor their crimes, the more we sympathize with their remorse. Lady Macbeth, in the sleep-walking scene, and Macbeth, when he asks for a medicine to “pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,” when he thinks with anguish, that

“That which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
He must not look to have, but in their stead  
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,”

are objects of greater pity than even their victims.

Even the Satan of “*Paradise Lost*,” though his rebellion be an act of foul ingratitude, and his destroying the happiness of an innocent pair, in the hope of giving pain to their Creator, one of fiendish malignity, has virtues, and very high ones. Many men are more unamiable than Milton's Devil. Dalibard and Varney are merely hateful: Grabman and the resurrectionist merely disgusting. We take no interest in their proceedings or in their feelings; we do not care even about their punishment. What we wish is to hear no more about them. Hate and disgust are painful feelings, and are not willingly undergone unless some motive be held out, unless the causes which produce them are mixed with others of which the effects are agreeable. The



gratification of curiosity often leads us to submit to disgust : admiration of force or of energy may tempt us to gaze at what we hate. But, with one exception, the villains of "Lucretia" neither excite our curiosity by their strangeness, nor our admiration by their powers. The impression, therefore, that they produce is painful ; and they fill so large a portion of the work, that that character is communicated to the whole.

From this censure we except Lucretia herself. Her character is boldly conceived, and carefully and successfully executed. Sir Edward is unjust to her and to himself, when he affirms that he has given to her "as little as imagination can conceive to redeem her guilt ;" that "he has not once held her up to compassion." During the first part of the work, she is an object of deep compassion. She was born with high talents and strong passions. She loses her parents in infancy, and is adopted by a rich childless uncle, to whom she is one of several relations. She hears early that she is likely to be selected as his heir. This at once puts her in the situation least likely to produce a frank or an affectionate character. The moral training even of an heir in tail, to whom the inheritance sooner or later must come, is not very favourable. He often frets under the poverty of the present, and dwells on the future with an eagerness very disgusting to the person in possession. But he need not wear a perpetual mask. He need not fear an enemy and a rival in every relation, in every visitor, perhaps in every servant. He has not to combat plots and intrigues, nor to plot and intrigue himself. He need not watch the countenance of the master of his fortunes, and assume the conduct, the opinions, and the language, which suit the prejudices of his patron. He does not tremble at the thought that, if the life of the testator be prolonged, the will, which is now favourable, may be altered by the caprice or by the weakness of old age. He is not, in short, in a state of mental slavery, more demoralizing even than that which principally affects the body.

Under these unfavourable circumstances, her education is abandoned to dependants. The most important of them, Dalibard, dedicates his great talents and knowledge to the sharpening her intellect and to the perversion of her feelings. He succeeds in rendering her utterly unscrupulous. He succeeds in filling her with ambition,

"The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

He nourishes in her the settled pride, which, when she is injured, must turn to revenge. If selfishness had been added to these qualities, she would have been as hateful as Shakspeare's Richard. But it is not. She is capable of an ardent and pure

affection. She is ambitious, but it is for her lover. Her first affection is unhappily placed. Manwaring is inferior to her in rank. Such are her uncle's prejudices, that should he suspect her love, she is ruined. Her first fault is to contract a secret engagement. Her next is, that finding her uncle's life an obstacle, she indulges a wish for his death. The engagement and the wish are detected. She first loses the inheritance of Laughton. The man, for whom she has lost it, is irresolute and false. She detects his love for another, and instantly resigns him.

We extract a fine picture of her state of mind :—

"It was not the mere desolation of one whom love has abandoned and betrayed. In the abyss were mingled inextricably together, the gloom of the past and of the future ;—there, the broken fortunes, the crushed ambition, the ruin of the worldly expectations long inseparable from her schemes ; and amidst them, the angry shade of the more than father, whose heart she had wrung. These sacrifices to love, while love was left to her, might have haunted her at moments ; but a smile, a word, a glance, banished the regret and the remorse. Now love being rased out of life, the ruins of all else loomed dismal amidst the darkness ; and a voice rose up whispering, 'Lo! fool! what thou hast lost because thou didst believe and love!' And this thought grasped together the two worlds of being—the what has been and the what shall be. All hope seemed stricken from the future, as a man strikes from the calculations of his income the returns from a property irrevocably lost.

"At her age but few of her sex have parted with religion ; but, even such mechanical faith as the lessons of her childhood, and the constrained conformities which Christian ceremonies had instilled, had long since melted away in the hard scholastic scepticism of her fatal tutor—a scepticism which had won, with little effort, a reason delighting in the maze of doubt, and easily narrowed into the cramped and iron logic of disbelief—by an intellect that scorned to submit where it failed to comprehend.

"But her love—for love is trust—had led her half way forth from this maze of the intellect. That fair youth of inexperience and candour, which seemed to bloom out in the face of her betrothed—his apparent reliance on mere masculine ability, with the plain aids of perseverance and honesty—all had an attraction that plucked her back from herself. If she clung to him firmly, blindly, credulously, it was not as the lover alone. In the lover she beheld the good angel. Had he only died to her, still the angel smile would have survived and warned. But the man had not died—the angel itself had deceived—the wings could uphold her no more—they had touched the mire, and were sullied with the soil ; with the stain was forfeited the strength—all was deceit and hollowness and treachery. Lone again in the universe rose the eternal *I*. So, down into the abyss she looked, depth upon depth, and the darkness had no relief, and the deep had no end."—Vol. i. p. 265.

Dalibard, to whom France under the Consulate presents a field in which his powerful intellect must succeed, offers her a hand, and, as she may fairly believe, a heart. She becomes a faithful and almost an affectionate, though not a fond wife. She surrenders to him her fortune; she is a kind stepmother to his son. But he is tempted by the prospect of a brilliant second marriage. She detects his plots against her life. She finds herself under the influence of slow poison. If Dalibard lives, she must die. She engages in the dreadful strife, and becomes the survivor by betraying him to an assassin. This is her first crime—atrocious, revolting, but palliated by the feeling of wrong and by the instinct of self-defence.

Now, in this long train of misconduct there is much ground for blame—little for sympathy, in the true sense of the word—but, at the same time, much for compassion. Lucretia, under fortunate circumstances, would have been certainly a great character—probably a virtuous one. Her misfortune—not her fault—abandoned her to mischievous influences. Neglected by her uncle, misguided by her tutor, deceived by her lover, and poisoned by her husband, she gives herself up to revenge. She is seduced into faults, and then impelled into crime. And, when once she has tasted blood, and tasted it with impunity, her courage and strength of will, admirable instruments while controlled by a sensitive conscience, but most dangerous from the moment that the moral regulator is out of order, hurry her across every obstacle towards her object, whether that object be the gratification of ambition or of vengeance—whether the obstacle be human happiness or human life. But we think it the great poetical merit of her character, though Sir Edward Lytton disclaims it, that in her worst crimes she is still an object of compassion—that she never is more to be pitied than when her conduct, if considered without reference to the training which has occasioned it, appears least to deserve our pity.

Of the remaining characters the best is that of Sir Miles St. John. It is one of the best, indeed, that Sir Edward Lytton has ever drawn. Its basis is benevolence; not the benevolence which arises from the experience of misfortune and from sympathy with those who now feel what we have once endured, but the good nature of one on whom the world has smiled and who smiles on it in return. Coupled with this is a strong sense of duty and of justice. It seems that nothing but good can come from a character so constituted. But he is deeply infected with the prejudices of caste. The representative of a long aristocratic line, untainted by any plebeian mixture, he believes his first duty to be the preservation of the purity of the Norman blood of the St. Johns. For this purpose he rejects domestic happi-

ness himself. His only sister takes for her second husband a physician whose relations are in trade. He breaks off all intercourse with her, and allows her to die in poverty, poverty mainly occasioned by his hostility. Her only child by her second marriage he refuses to acknowledge as a member of his house. Her daughter by the first marriage, with a man of good family, he educates as his heir, and destines to a *mariage de convenance* with a relation of pure birth, but with a mind and body impaired by excess. He detects her engagement to a man whom he does not choose to consider as her equal, expels her from his house, reduces the splendid expectations which he had allowed her to cherish from infancy into a modest provision, and solemnly enjoins his newly selected heir not to increase it. The perfectly natural steps by which an amiable and just man is led into all these acts of tyranny, firmly convinced in every case that he is only performing a painful duty, form a piece of high art.

Charles Vernon is, we suspect, a favourite of the author's, but, as is frequently the case even among the children of the mind, not a very worthy one. He is rather too affected for a man of high fashion and rather too mercenary for a man of high honour. Mr. Fielden is a composite, of which the Vicar of Wakefield and Parson Adams have contributed the materials. His conversation, and still more his letters, betray that they are copies, by an affectation of simplicity.

The characters that we like least are the hero and heroine of the latter volumes, Percival and Helen. In the first place, they are characters of description, not of action; and, as we have already remarked, such characters are always indistinct. Nor do the qualities attributed to either of them afford good materials for fiction. Helen is what the world calls a sentimental, Sir Edward a poetical, young lady. There is a letter of hers to Mr. Fielden full of fine writing. Such expressions as "my hushed footstep," "my eyes suffused with sweet tears," and "thoughts dwarfed when they climb the highest," do not belong to prose. Percival is merely an amiable young man; a character very agreeable in real life, but apt to be dull in a novel. He is made guilty, too, of love at first sight. Sir Edward affirms that this "nameless and inexplicable sympathy" is a matter of common experience—that "whatever of love sinks the deepest is felt at first sight, streams out as abrupt from the cloud, a lightning flash, a destiny revealed to us face to face." We utterly disbelieve this. We believe that whatever of love sinks the deepest is the result of mental and external beauties gradually perceived. Even under favourable circumstances the admiration excited by a pretty face is a mere transient emotion. But, in the case before

us, the circumstances are all unfavourable. Percival and Helen are jostled together in the streets. She loses her friends. He protects her from the crowd until she finds them again; and they separate with the following farewell, pronounced by the head of the party:—"Much obligated, and good night. I have a long journey to take to set down this here young lady, and the best thing we can do is to get home and have a refreshing cup of tea—that's my mind, Sir—excuse me." On this introduction, knowing nothing of the girl, but that she is very pretty, and has a set of intensely vulgar associates, he falls in love.

The plot is deficient in unity; it cannot be said to have any main action. Lucretia's schemes fail. Percival and Helen are not married. The succession of events is connected only by the agency in all of Lucretia and Varney. This, however, is rather the absence of a rare merit than a positive fault. Many of our best novels are equally defective.

A more serious objection is one which we have already mentioned as characteristic of Sir Edward Lytton—the profuse use of coincidences. John Ardworth goes to India, leaving in Europe a wife and a son, whose legitimacy he falsely suspects. It is important to the story, that he should be undeceived. Therefore, "by a strange hazard," the priest, who confessed the wife in her last illness in Ireland, meets with him five-and-twenty years after in Madras, and convinces him of her innocence. Percival has two cousins in London. There is no intercourse between his branch of the family and either of theirs. He does not even know of their existence. Chance brings him into contact with both of them on the same evening. One is the girl whom he falls in love with, when he encounters her in the crowd. The other is the sweeper at the next crossing, whom he sends in pursuit of the coach, in which she goes home.

We cannot dismiss these two novels, the only ones among those which we review that paint modern English society, without expressing a doubt whether the vulgar life, which affords materials to a great portion of them, be a fit subject of imitation. By vulgar, of course, we do not mean humble. Humble life, simple and unaffected, is one of the best subjects of poetry. The farm-house of Dandie Dinmont, the cottage of Burns's *Saturday Night*, the casaccia of Lucia and of Renzo supply delightful pictures. The vulgar life, which we dislike to see selected for imitation, is that which is tainted by pretension and affectation in the middle-classes, and by slang in the lowest—the vulgarity that produces snappish wives, coarse husbands and rude children, that shews itself in the envy and the ill temper, the vanity and the affectation, which good breeding corrects, or at least conceals,—the vulgarity, in short, of the

Plaskwiths, and Plimmenses, and Perkinses, and Edward Mortons, and Miverses of "Night and Morning," and "Lucretia." As any intercourse with the originals would be simply disagreeable, no pleasure can be derived from the copies, except that which an accurate imitation affords, *as an imitation*; the pleasure, which is given by L. Carracci's butcher's shop, or by an interior of D. Teniers. But, the public which Sir Edward Lytton addresses, the highly-educated classes, cannot derive this pleasure from his vulgar scenes; since they cannot tell whether the imitation be accurate or false. There is nothing which they so scrupulously and so successfully avoid, as any contact with vulgarity. The slipslop which Sir Edward put into the mouth of Mrs. Mivers, the gibberish in which Beck gabbles, may, for all that we know, be totally unlike the language of the back-parlour and of the crossing; and while that doubt continues, the imitation gives us no pleasure. A still further objection to this style of writing, is its extreme facility. To paint the manners of the highly-bred classes, to give graceful levity to their lighter hours, and shew them temperate, yet not cold, when under emotion, is within Sir Edward Lytton's powers, for he has done it well, and done it frequently; but it must cost him labour. To describe folly, affectation, and rudeness, is the easiest thing in the world, if a man, to use an expression of Dr. Johnson's, "will abandon his mind to it."

We now come to the author's favourite work, "Zanoni." We feel, however, some difficulty in criticising it, as we are not quite sure that we understand the work itself, or the principles on which it is constructed. In the following passage, Sir Edward Lytton proposes to give us some clue to the latter:—

"The curiosity, which 'Zanoni' has excited among those who think it worth while to dive into the subtler meanings they believe it intended to convey, may excuse me in adding a few words, not in explanation of its mysteries, but upon the principles which permit them. 'Zanoni' is not, as some have supposed, an allegory; but beneath the narrative it relates, *typical* meanings are concealed. It is to be regarded in two characters distinct, yet harmonious:—1st, That of the simple and objective fiction, in which (once granting the license of the author to select a subject which is, or appears to be, preternatural) the reader judges the writer by the usual canons, viz. by the consistency of his characters under such admitted circumstances, the interest of his story, and the coherence of his plot;—of the work regarded in this view, it is not my intention to say anything, whether in exposition of the design, or in defence of the execution. No typical meanings (which, in plain terms, are but moral suggestions, more or less numerous, more or less subtle) can afford

just excuse to a writer of fiction, for the errors he should avoid in the most ordinary novel. We have no right to expect the most ingenious reader to search for the inner meaning, if the obvious course of the narrative be tedious and displeasing. It is, on the contrary, in proportion as we are satisfied with the objective sense of a work of imagination, that we are inclined to search into its depths for the more secret intentions of the author. Were we not so divinely charmed with "*Faust*," and "*Hamlet*," and "*Prometheus*"—so ardently carried on by the interest of the story told to the common understanding, we should trouble ourselves little with the types in each, which all of us can detect—none of us can elucidate;—none elucidate, for the essence of type is mystery. We behold the figure, we cannot lift the veil. The author himself is not called upon to explain what he designed. An allegory is a personation of distinct and definite things—virtues or qualities—and the key can be given easily; but a writer who conveys typical meanings, may express them in myriads. He cannot disentangle all the lines which commingle into the light he seeks to cast upon truth; and therefore the great masters of this enchanted soil—*Fairyland of Fairyland*—poetry embedded beneath poetry—wisely leave to each mind to guess at such truths as best please or instruct it."—P. 435.

"*Zanoni*" is here declared to be typical—but what the word *type* means is not clearly expressed. In its primitive sense, a type is a mould; in a transferred sense, it is a copy, a representation. In this sense, all poetry is typical, since all poetry is an imitation of reality. In a sense still further transferred, it is a representation not direct, but analogous. This is its usual meaning in theology. Many of the events in the Old Testament are in this sense typical of those of the New. The brazen serpent is typical of our Saviour, because it stood in some respects in the same relation to those who gazed on it, in which our Saviour stands to mankind. An allegory is a succession of types. *Mr. Worldly-minded* stands in the same relation to Christian, in which the cares of the world stand to us. But Sir Edward expressly distinguishes typical from allegorical meanings. Again, in one passage, typical meanings are said to be merely "moral suggestions;" but that is not quite compatible with the statement that a type cannot be elucidated—that its essence is mystery. For unquestionably a moral suggestion can be elucidated; and, in fact, unless it can be elucidated, it is of little value. A type, again, is something which exempts an author from the liability of being called on to explain what he designed. It never ought to be necessary to call on an author for any explanation whatever; for nothing ought to require explanation. But if he has been guilty of obscurity, we cannot admit that he has a right to call himself typical, and then leave us to conjecture his intentions, assuring us that "he has thrown

out meanings by myriads, and has wisely left us to guess at such truths as best please or instruct us."

We fear that, in our ignorance as to what type may be, and consequently in what respects "Zanoni" is typical, we must treat it as a mere novel, belonging to the *genus* supernatural. This *genus* may, we think, be conveniently divided into three species. The first comprises the fictions, in which the poet admits and uses the existing religious notions of his time and country. The second those in which he adopts the religious notions of a former age, or, what is nearly the same thing, of a different country. The third those in which he invents the supernatural theory which he assumes.

The early fiction of every country belongs to the first species. The poet wishes to be believed. He states, therefore, nothing that would appear to his hearers improbable. He cannot, therefore, invent a new supernatural agency, and there is no obsolete one to be revived. He uses the superstitions of his time just as he finds them, and tells nothing that he does not suppose to be capable of occurring. There are few qualities more remarkable in the "Iliad," than the absence of anything inconsistent with the experience of the hearers. With the exception of the conversation between Achilles and his horse, which has often been thought corrupt, and which we believe to be spurious, it contains no miracles properly so called, no ascertainable and supernatural agency; nothing like the turning the ships of Æneas into sea nymphs, or the phantom that flies before Turnus. The theory of the author of the "Iliad" appears to have been that which now prevails extensively in the Christian world; that of a special providence employing and directing, but not apparently altering, the laws of nature. According to that doctrine, as it is held by the majority of Protestants, the hand of God is habitually, though not visibly, interfering to protect us *from*, and, at the same time, *through*, the influences of the external world. If, by a sudden change of wind, a ship on a lee-shore avoids the destruction which appeared to be inevitable, the sailors thank God for their safety. If a man falls from a precipice and rises unhurt, he considers his escape providential. The Roman Catholics go further. The power and the will thus to interfere are ascribed by them not only to the Deity but to his saints, and, above all, to the first of saints, the Holy Virgin. Every house in Catholic Germany is put under the protection of St. Florentius; every bridge under that of St. Johannes Nepomucenus. Now, this is the doctrine of the "Iliad." Every warrior has his patron god, as every Roman Catholic has his patron saint. Paris would have been strangled by Menelaus if the strap of his helmet had held. A Protestant might have called the giving



way of the strap providential,—a Catholic might have ascribed it to the Virgin. Homer tells us that it was loosened by Venus. Teucer bends his bow against Hector,—the string breaks. Homer affirms that it was cut by Jupiter. But he carefully avoids ascribing to his gods any visible interferences, or, to use an equivalent term, miracles. In the technical sense of the word, there is no machinery.

This exclusion of miracles is not maintained in every part of the "Odyssey." The enchantments of Circe, the evocation of the dead in Egypt, the bellowing on the spits of the flesh of the oxen of the sun, the imprisonment of the winds by Æolus, and their deliverance when the sailors untie the bags, are as miraculous as any of the wonders of the "Arabian Nights."

It is to be observed, however, that where the author of the "Odyssey" speaks in his own person he confines himself to providential, as opposed to miraculous, interference. Minerva does not aid Ulysses by striking down the suitors with her spear, or by receiving their weapons in her Ægis. She merely directs his arrows and turns aside the darts of his enemies. When his ship founders she does not lift him from the water to the shore, but inspires him with strength to struggle with the waves and with presence of mind to effect a landing. The miracles are put into the mouth of Ulysses; and to Ulysses veracity is not ascribed, either in the "Iliad" or in the "Odyssey." Not only where he has some purpose to serve, as in the case of Dolon, and in his first meeting with Eumæus, but, even where truth would have been equally convenient, he prefers falsehood. In his introduction, for instance, to Alcinous, he gives a false account of his interview with Nausicaæ, though no motive for misrepresentation is suggested. In avoiding to pledge his own credit or that of the Muse to these wonders, and in making them rest on the sole testimony of so reckless an inventor as Ulysses, Homer may have meant to insinuate that he himself disbelieved them.

The second and the third species belong to a literature which has ceased to paint exclusively what exists, or what the poet believes to exist. He does not wish to be believed. He assumes a state of things which both he and his readers know to be impossible. This is a considerable defect. It interposes something between the original and the copy. A poem of the first species is taken from what the poet and his hearers suppose to be the real world. It is an imitation of a true story. A poem of the second or third species is an imitation of an imitation. The "Iliad" imitates real events. The "Æneid" imitates the "Iliad."

On the other hand, supernatural fictions, even when avowedly

fictions, have the great advantage of gratifying our love of the marvellous,—a passion strongest, perhaps, in youth, but fortunately, for it is a great source of enjoyment, strong throughout life. When Milton provides pleasures for the old age of the Pensive he adds to the Tale of Troy divine,—

“ The story of Cambuscan bold,  
And of the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass.”

Besides this defect and this merit, which belong to them both, poems of the second and third species have each their peculiar inconveniences, and they have each their peculiar advantages. A poet, who does not invent, but adopts, a superstition, is not answerable for its obscurities or even for its absurdities. Virgil would have found it difficult to state clearly how the shade of Deiphobus could suffer the mutilations which had been inflicted on his body, nor could Homer have explained the relation of Jupiter to the Fates—sometimes the reluctant registrar of their decrees, sometimes apparently controlling them. The popular belief, not the poet, was answerable for these inconsistencies. On the other hand, the poet who resuscitates an expired belief, or who presents to the readers of one country the superstitions of another, though not responsible for the existence of their absurdities, is answerable for having assumed a creed which involves them. The curse of Kehama was overlaid by the follies of Hindooism. From this inconvenience the inventor of a supernatural agency is free. No absurdities are inflicted on him. But with liberty comes responsibility. He is bound to make his own creation consistent. He may leave portions of the system unrevealed, but enough must be shown to render the outline intelligible.

The great objection, however, to the resuscitation of an expired superstition, and to the introduction of a foreign one, is its liability to become trite. We are easily tired of conventional beings. The classical mythology has long been worn out. A serious fiction, assuming the truth of Paganism, would be absurd. In the last century ghosts were respectable agents. Horace Walpole and Mat. Lewis founded romances on their reality. Mrs. Ratcliffe used them with equal profuseness, but thought herself bound to explain them away. *Now* they are scarcely admissible. Sorcery or witchcraft, in the original senses of these words, as expressing compacts by which human beings obtained the services of bad spirits at the price of salvation, were long a recognised machinery. *Now*, though they linger in versified fictions which require less credibility, they are almost banished from prose ones. The consequence has been, that nearly all the

great modern writers of supernatural romances have been forced to invent their superhuman agents. To this necessity we owe the *Grüne Schlange* of Goethe, the *White Lady* of Scott, the *Undine* of La Motte Fouquet, and now the *Zanoni* of Sir Edward Lytton.

The theory of *Zanoni*, as far as we have been able to make it out, seems to be this: That the air is peopled with intelligent beings capable of communication with man, and able and willing, some to serve and others to injure him—that the earth contains plants of which the juices or the gaseous particles, when applied to the human body, arrest decay, and therefore prolong life to an indefinite term, and invigorate the mental faculties, and sharpen the senses, so as to enable man to perceive the inhabitants of air,—that the knowledge of these plants, of the means of communicating with the aerial powers, and of copying many of the processes of nature, such as the production of gold and of precious stones, is in the custody of a secret brotherhood, of whom, at opening of the story, only two, *Mejnour* and *Zanoni* are in existence, the others having, from time to time, consented to die, and those who aspired to fill their places having failed in the trial. For, the initiation is slow and painful, requiring an abstraction from all violent and selfish passions, and bringing the candidate into immediate contact with a powerful and malignant being, called the Dweller of the Threshold,—

“ Whose form of giant mould  
No mortal eye can fixed behold.”

*Mejnour* and *Zanoni* are supposed to have been initiated more than 5000 years ago; the former (who was *Zanoni*'s teacher) in old age, the latter when young. *Mejnour*, therefore, remains for ever a vigorous old man. *Zanoni* enjoys perpetual youth. *Mejnour* is purely intellectual: he has no likes or dislikes, no wish to benefit or to injure, and passes his undecaying life in mere contemplation. *Zanoni* is capable of bodily and mental enjoyment: he can sympathize with individuals, and is privately benevolent, though he shews no wish to be publicly or extensively useful. He appears to have passed century after century in the mere pursuit of pleasure—pleasure intellectual and refined, but leading to nothing more. He has no fixed residence, no duties, and, except *Mejnour*, no friends, but wanders without object, from country to country, and from acquaintance to acquaintance. Friendship, love, and all the other violent emotions, are forbidden to him, or must be enjoyed only at the sacrifice of some at least of his privileges: for the powers of air, themselves passionless intelligences, sympathize only with intellect, and look coldly on minds disturbed by emotion.

Though bearing a heart steeled by fifty centuries, *Zanoni* falls

in love. His peculiar powers are impaired. His mistress, Viola, is dying. The Dweller of the Threshold offers to save her. Zanoni yields. He accepts the gifts of the evil spirit, knowing that their price is the loss of all communion with the pure inhabitants of heaven. Viola is saved from the power of disease, but only to fall into that of man. She is in Paris during the reign of terror, is imprisoned as suspected of incivism, and is on the list of those who are to appear in the Court where trial was condemnation. Zanoni, though deprived of superhuman aid, retains his sagacity and experience. He foresees that Robespierre's power is falling, and that, if she can survive the day of trial, the 10th Thermidor, she is safe, at least from legal dangers. He procures his name to be substituted for hers, is tried and executed in her place. The next day she dies of grief, terror, and exhaustion.

Such are the elements of the plot of *Zanoni*, which consequently has the great merit of unity of action. There can scarcely be said to be any episodes; for, the abortive initiation of an Englishman, named Glyndon, which approaches nearest to one, is connected with the main event. Nor is the attention diverted by many subordinate actors. *Zanoni* or *Viola* is almost always on the stage. The supernatural descriptions and events amuse by their marvellousness; and those which imitate real life are adorned by the beauty of the natural scenery of the Mediterranean, and by the strangeness of the moral scenery of the French Revolution.

With all these merits, however, and they are great, we do not put *Zanoni* high among Sir Edward Lytton's works. It stands ill the great test of reperusal. We read the *Last of the Barons* with more pleasure the second time than the first; we read *Zanoni* with less. We believe that this is partly occasioned by its general gloom. No character is introduced except to suffer. Nothing, right or wrong, that is attempted, succeeds. Glyndon gives up love that he may aspire to immortality. Instead of obtaining it, he falls into the power of a ghastly vision. To indulge his love, *Zanoni* surrenders a great portion of his superhuman privileges. The object of his affection deserts him. To save her from disease he forfeits more. She recovers only to fall into the hands of the revolutionary tribunal. To save her from the guillotine he gives up his immortality. She dies broken hearted the next day. No reader likes to recur to pictures of constant unalleviated misfortune.

Another defect appears to us to lie in the management of the machinery. We have already remarked, that the inventor of a supernatural agency is bound to make it intelligible and consistent. As respects the personal qualities of *Mejnour* and *Zanoni*,

this is done. Their immunity from decay, and its different effects on them respectively, in consequence of the different ages at which they attained it, are well imagined. But we cannot understand the nature of their influence on other human beings, and on the external world, or reconcile the different accounts that are given of it. Mejnour and Zanon both affirm that their power consists in their knowledge of means. They both disclaim miraculous power; that is to say, the power to produce effects by a mere act of volition, without any intermediate process—the power, of which “Let there be light, and there was light,” is an example. But, when Zanon occasions a man to win, during a whole night, at a game of pure chance; when he stakes his own mistress on a throw, knowing that at his order the dice will give him their highest number;—what are these but miracles? Mejnour upbraids a Prince in his palace; his attendants rush to seize him. In his place there is found “only a thin and fragrant mist.” Pirates attack Zanon’s house. He does not stir from his room. They are found dead before the door, without apparent injury. To make the story plausible, the means, by which the latter two effects were produced, should have been at least vaguely indicated. The first two are incapable of explanation. Magic, again, is constantly disclaimed, as a vulgar, baseless superstition: “Away,” says Zanon, “with your gloomy phantasies of sorcerer and demon.” Yet, what is the compact between Zanon and the Dweller of the Threshold, but a piece of the most commonplace magic? What is Zanon but a sorcerer, who sells himself to an evil spirit? Again, the Dweller of the Threshold is supposed to be a being of great power and of great malignity. But it does nothing more than frighten. If its malignity be great, its power must be small. It is to be observed, that Sir Edward has endowed this being with some divine attributes, omniscience and ubiquity. It knows all that takes place, and is brooding in the Hall of the Convention at the same time that it is besetting Zanon in Venice and Glyndon in England. This might have been avoided, if, instead of an individual, it had been made a species, consisting of millions of individuals, all hostile to man.

It is possible, however, that many, of what appear to us to be defects in Zanon, may have their merit as types; or that they may be necessary as statements, or as explanations of “the various problems in human life which it attempts to solve.”\* Having already confessed our ignorance of the typical meaning of Zanon, and having now to confess that we have not found in it either the problems to which Sir Edward alludes or their solu-

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\* “Last of the Barons,” Dedicatory Epistle, p. 25.

tion, all that we can add is, that if we have been unjust, it has been from want, not of good-will or of diligence, but of perspicacity.

We have now reached the historical portion of our task, "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," and "*The Last of the Barons*."

Historical fictions may be divided into four species, somewhat resembling the different species of supernatural narratives. The poet may take from history the whole foundation of his work, the principal characters and principal events, as well as the scenery: or, secondly, he may employ historical characters, and involve them in imaginary adventures: or, thirdly, he may invent his actors and his plot, and adapt them to the modes of thinking and acting of a past age: or, lastly, he may make his work a union of the first three species. He may unite in the same story real and imaginary characters, and historical and fictitious events. The last has been the more usual practice of modern writers; the first or the second was generally adopted by the earlier poets. The "*Iliad*" probably belongs to the first class; the "*Odyssey*" to the second. If the fiction be of the first species, it is subject to some of the difficulties which encumber a romance founded on a real superstition. The historical events which are perfectly suited to poetry, are but few. They are liable, therefore, to become trite. And if the poet ventures materially to alter an historical event, for the purpose either of giving novelty to a threadbare subject, or interest to one which, as it stands recorded, is not fit to be expanded into a novel, his work loses its plausibility. We know that, in a real narrative, the facts would be otherwise stated.

To avoid this difficulty and yet obtain the interest which belongs to real characters, poets have often selected the second species of fiction—have borrowed the actors but invented the action. *Ivanhoe* is a splendid example. The poet is now master of the events. He can shape them as he pleases. But he is bound to give them a degree of plausibility, which would not be requisite if they were historical. If the "*Last of the Barons*" were a pure fiction, the six months of bad weather, which detained in France Margaret's army, would shock us. But we cannot object to what we know to have taken place. Another difficulty, which only a great writer can overcome, is the danger of offending the reader's preconceived notions. Every one has formed his own ideas as to the persons whose names and actions are familiar to him. The picture which we are content to substitute for our own must be vivid and consistent. This difficulty is escaped, if the poet adopt the third species, and invent everything except his scenery. But he loses the interest which at-

taches to real persons and the plausibility which belongs to real events. He must draw both the characters and the plot from his own resources. And he must adapt them to a state of things which he does not know from experience. His task is much more severe than that of an ordinary novelist; but, if he succeed, so is his reward. No fiction is more delightful than one which appears to make us acquainted with the details of a state of society of which we previously knew only the outline, which gives distinctness to our vague conjectures, and converts our ill-connected and inconsistent notions into a uniform and plausible whole.

The "Last days of Pompeii" is an example, and, we think, a successful example of this species of fiction.

Sir Edward has, with a wise forbearance, confined his scene to Pompeii. He has given us therefore such a view of Roman life, as would be given of English life by a novel never travelling beyond the limits of Cheltenham or of Bath. The civil war, or rather the succession of civil wars, in which Otho destroyed Galba, and Vitellius Otho, and Vespasian Vitellius, is not alluded to. We hear nothing of the debates of the Senate or of the contests of the Forum. We have merely the life of a watering place—a St. Ronan's Well of the first century. Within this narrow canvas he has contrived to crowd many of the phenomena, which most strikingly distinguish that age from our own.

A large but not an excessive share is given to all that relates to the temple and to the theatre. He has shewn Christianity among its early and unlettered disciples, ardent, confident, self-denying, and ascetic, rejecting all enjoyments that are mischievous, and many that are innocent—attaching importance to certain opinions not merely as true, but as in themselves meritorious, and detesting others, not merely as false but as in themselves sinful, and believing the holders of every other faith to be the enemies of God, and unfit to be the friends of his worshippers. He has shewn Paganism in its old age approved of by the statesmen, enjoyed by the imaginative, but believed in only by the people.—An expansive superstition, allowing its gods to be ridiculed by poets, allegorized by philosophers, and rivalled by imported divinities; but, demanding the toleration which it offered, and looking with disgust and fear at the exclusiveness of the religion of Judea as an unaccountable perversion of the understanding, and as a new source of strife, hatred, contempt, and cruelty, added to the bitterness of human life. He has given a picture detailed and vivid, and yet not painful, of the amphitheatre; the most exciting and the most demoralizing exhibition by which human nature has ever been corrupted—an exhibition compared

to which our horse-racing is insipid, and our cock-fighting and bull-baiting and prize-ring are humane. He has given to us the interior of the dining-room, the drawing-room, the kitchen, and the tavern, of antiquity, and drawn the Roman, the Greek, and the Egyptian in his lighter and in his serious hours, or in trifling amusement and in passionate action.

If we have any fault to find in the general conception of this brilliant picture, it is that the dark portions predominate. With such a tremendous catastrophe as the destruction of the whole city, occupying the background—a catastrophe which the reader foreknows, of which the premonitory symptoms increase in strength and in significance every day,—we are inclined to think that the foreground ought to have been as light and as joyous as possible. Nothing is so tragic as mirth, which the reader knows to be the forerunner of terror. Sir Edward's management is different. He has so charged his fable with horrors, that the earthquake and the volcano are a relief. Of the principal actors, only four are living, when the curtain falls; of these, two—Glaucus and Olynthus—owe their lives to the eruption, and Ione owes to it her honour and freedom. Of the others, one dies by suicide; one by the dagger, and the rest perish in the ruins of the city. During the few weeks occupied by the action, Glaucus, the hero, is three times on the brink of destruction; he lies under the dagger of an enemy, he is poisoned, he is condemned to death, and thrown to be devoured by a lion. Ione, the heroine, is saved from violence by an accident, falls again into the power of her enemy, and resolves to escape by death. The gay smiling Pompeii seems to be the abode of treachery, violence, and crime.

It is probable that we owe this treatment of the subject to the peculiarities of Sir Edward's genius. It is essentially tragic. He is a great master of the fierce passions, and of the violent action which they produce. But, when he describes ordinary unexcited life, when he imitates foibles instead of wickedness, and sprightliness instead of virtue, he is generally heavy and yet exaggerated. We have quoted from "*Night and Morning*" some splendid bits of domestic tragedy. Let the reader compare their execution with the following extract from the conversation attributed to a party of the good society of Pompeii:—

"The warrior sauntered up to the ladies.

" 'It reconciles me to peace,' said he, 'when I see such faces.'

" 'Oh! you heroes are ever flatterers,' returned Fulvia, hastening to appropriate the compliment specially to herself.

" 'By this chain which I received from the Emperor's own hand,' replied the warrior, playing with a short chain which hung round the neck like a collar, instead of descending to the breast, according



to the fashion of the peaceful. 'By this chain you wrong me! I am a blunt man—a soldier should be so.'

"How do you find the ladies of Pompeii generally?' said Julia.

"By Venus, most beautiful! They favour me a little, it is true, and that inclines my eyes to double their charms.'

"We love a warrior,' said the wife of Pansa.

"I see it; by Hercules! it is even disagreeable to be too celebrated in these cities. At Herculaneum, they climb the roof of my atrium to catch a glimpse of me through the compluvium; the admiration of one's citizens is pleasant at first, but burthensome afterwards.'

"True, true, O Vespian!' cried the poet, joining the group: 'I find it so myself.'

"You!' said the stately warrior, scanning the small form of the poet with ineffable disdain. 'In what legion have you served?'

"You may see my spoils, my exuviae, in the forum itself,' returned the poet, with a significant glance at the women. 'I have been among the tent companions, the *contubernales*, of the great Mantuan himself.'

"I know no general from Mantua,' said the warrior gravely: 'What campaign have you served?'

"That of Helicon.'

"I never heard of it.'

"Nay, Vespian, he does but joke,' said Julia, laughing.

"Joke! by Mars, am I a man to be joked?"—P. 286.

The plot is well constructed. All the important events promote or retard the main action—the marriage of Glaucus and Ione. The episodes are few, and properly subordinate. One of the most striking, is that of Lydon. Sir Edward has made less abuse than is usual to him of coincidences. But there are some flagrant ones. Nydia hears that her mistress is gone to the house of Arbaces. She anticipates danger and follows her. By a happy accident she meets in the streets Glaucus. By another piece of good fortune, they reach the house just before Ione's power to resist Arbaces has failed. Glaucus attacks him. They struggle and fall: Glaucus undermost. Arbaces raises his dagger. The death of Glaucus and the ruin of Ione seem inevitable. The accident called in to rescue them is an earthquake. Sir Edward is so pleased with this incident, that he has repeated it. Again, at the end of the story, Arbaces attempts to seize Ione; again, Glaucus protects her. And, again, Arbaces is defeated by an earthquake. But this time, the defeat is decisive. The first earthquake shook down on him a bust and only bruised him; the second shakes down a column and kills him.

Among the characters the most distinct are Nydia and Glaucus. Nydia, like Sir Walter Scott's Fenella, is borrowed from

Mignon, one of the most poetical creations of its great inventor. Each is highly born and delicately nurtured, stolen in infancy from her parents, sold to a savage taskmaster, and rescued from slavery by the hero. Each repays his kindness with love—unrequited—in fact unsuspected and embittered therefore by jealousy and despondency—and each dies when that love becomes hopeless. Each has strong, but ill-regulated affections: but, as Nydia has a more important part to play, Sir Edward has given to her more knowledge and more talent than Goethe thought fit to bestow on Mignon. Her blindness is beautifully managed, never forgotten and never obtruded.

The beauty, the susceptibility of impressions, the sanguine temperament, and the easy good nature of Glaucus, his wealth which exempts him from labour or care, and the political state of the Roman empire which excludes him from public life, have rendered him, at the opening of the story, an elegant trifler. His passion for Ione excites in him a higher class of emotions; the dangers to which it exposes both of them, exercise and improve his natural courage. It is raised higher by his long interview with Olynthus in the cells of the amphitheatre, and by the example of a fortitude supported by hopes unknown to heathens; and, when at length he treads the arena, he is a hero. He is one of Sir Edward's most successful characters. We are much less pleased by Arbaces. He is a compound of great powers, moral and intellectual, and great wickedness; a union rare in real life, but trite in fiction. Apœcides and Ione have the points of resemblance and of difference, which are often found in brother and sister placed in circumstances apparently similar. Each has quick feelings and a vivid, susceptible imagination. Each can command, without exertion, a life of tranquil enjoyment. But the feelings and imagination of Apœcides, deprived of the natural food of manly ambition, uneducated by rivalry, collision, or contest, unemployed in the invigorating pursuits of political or professional business, seek to vent themselves in religious excitement, and impel him first to superstition, then to scepticism, and at last to enthusiasm. Ione is equally excluded from the toils and pleasures of public life. But, the narrower field of female occupation is open to her, and she finds it sufficient. Literature and society fill her time and satisfy her desires; while she reigns in a triclinium, she has no aspirations for "the abstruse mysteries of a diviner wisdom, the companionship of gods, or the revelations of heaven." Had she been a man, she might have found, like Apœcides, the want of more exciting objects and of a wider sphere; like him she might have felt that she was in a cage, and beaten herself to death against its wires.

On the first introduction of Olynthus, Sir Edward gives us a sketch of the character, which he intends to draw :

"The Nazarene was one of those hardy, vigorous, and enthusiastic men, by whom God in all times has worked the revolutions of earth, and those, above all, in the establishment and in the reformation of His own religion ;—men who were formed to convert, because formed to endure. It is men of this mould, whom nothing discourages, nothing dismays ; in the fervour of belief they are inspired, and they inspire. Their reason first-kindles their passion, but the passion is the instrument they use ; they force themselves into men's hearts, while they appear only to appeal to their judgment."—P. 18.

This bold outline is carefully filled in, and the result is a picture of great force, yet free from exaggeration. The subordinate characters such as Medon, Burbo, Calenus, and Lydon, are vigorous sketches, and we close the "*Last days of Pompeii*" with more admiration of its author, than is created by any other of his works, except "*The Last of the Barons*."

In "*The Last of the Barons*," the persons and events are partly historical and partly invented. In a novel thus constituted, the imaginary characters cannot with propriety influence the historical events. For, as we know who really occasioned those events, the introduction of new actors destroys the plausibility of the story. When Scott attempts to raise his imaginary De Wilton, by ascribing to him the victory of Flodden Field, when he says, that

"Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,  
He was the living soul of all ;"

the effect is merely absurd. We ask, "If he were the living soul of all, how came he to be unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall ?" But, of course, the historical events may properly be allowed to influence the fortunes of the imaginary characters, since such events affect deeply thousands, perhaps millions, who take no part in them, who perhaps never hear of them. If, therefore, unity of action is to be preserved, either the fortunes of the imaginary characters must form the main action, in which case the historical events may properly contribute to the catastrophe, though they do not constitute it ; or, the historical events forming the main action, the imaginary agents must be kept subordinate, and merely fill the background of a stage trodden in front by others. Shakspeare adopted the latter course. In his historical plays, all the events are real ; in many of them, all the persons are real : And in those in which imaginary characters are most largely introduced, such as *Henry the Fourth*

and Henry the Fifth, nothing is done except by the real actors. In Henry the Fifth, Nym, and Pistol, and Bardolph, and Gower, and Fluellen, and Williams, merely shew the humours of the camp. The same may be said of Shallow, and Silence, and Poins, and Peto. Like Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf, they are only vehicles of humour. Even Falstaff, though he fills so large a portion of the canvas, has nothing to do with the plot. He is merely an impersonation of the gay, clever, unprincipled society, in which Prince Hall trifled away his leisure. If Shakspeare had intended him to excite any interest, he would not have contemptuously disposed of him by committing him without any pretext of law to the Fleet.

On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott has generally thrown both the main action and the main interest on his imaginary characters. The action of *Waverley* consists in the fortunes of *Waverley* and *Rose*, *Fergus* and *Flora*. Those fortunes are decided by the historical events, and therefore there is no want of unity. If the failure of the Rebellion had been the main action, and *Charles Edward* had been the hero, all that relates to the *Waverleys*, and *Bradwardines*, and *M'Ivors*, would have been episodical. The only novel in which he has used an historical person for the heroine, and an historical event for the plot, is *Kenilworth*; and he has given it unity, by making his imaginary persons, *Varney*, and *Tressilian*, and *Wayland Smith*, and *Foster*, produce the catastrophe. But, for this purpose, he has set at defiance all biographical and chronological truth; a management of his story, which, if the events had been more notorious, would have been offensive.

In the "*Last of the Barons*," the main action, or what is intended to be the main action, is the fall of *Warwick*. But some of the most important characters are imaginary. Such are the *Warners*—*Sybil* being, in fact, the heroine. Their adventures form a tragedy, running parallel with that of *Warwick*, but not affecting it; and occupying so large a portion of the interest, that the reader sometimes doubts whether *Adam Warner* or *Warwick* be the hero. There are, in fact, two plots, so slightly connected, that either the one or the other is an episode. We do not see how this blemish could be avoided, except by the suppression of *Sybil*. If all that relates to her were struck out, no gap would be perceptible. But this is a sacrifice, to which neither the author nor the reader would consent.

There is another set of episodical agents, for whom the author might perhaps intercede, but whom every reader would most joyfully banish, the *Tymbesteres*. They are almost as loathsome and disgusting in poetry, as they would be in reality; and their warnings and threats, given in songs, are trite melodrama. Sir

Walter Scott, who was one of the great introducers of this absurdity, has much to answer for. We wish, too, that we could be allowed to turn out a few antiquated words, which add nothing to the sense, and much to the stiffness, of the dialogue; such as *Destrier*, *damosel*, *sponsailles*, *certes*, *opine*. This intermixture was also one of Sir Walter Scott's affectations. As it is impossible to render antique more than a small part of what is said, the contrast between old and modern dialects makes both appear unnatural. It is much better to use the licence which Homer has given to his successors, and to assume the existence of a universal and permanent language, spoken by Trojans as well as by Greeks, by Phœnicians as well as by Italians, by the subjects of Edward the Fourth as well as by those of Queen Victoria.

But these defects are trifling foils to the beauty of the "*Last of the Barons*." It is a great epic—grand in its conception, and vigorous in its execution. And its excellence is enhanced by the difficulties surmounted. It is no slight merit, to give a vivid representation of a state of society so different, morally, intellectually, and politically, from our own. To show Popery occupying an apparently impregnable position, but really seated over the mine which, in a period less than that of a human life, was to explode;—to show monarchy and oligarchy, each with no visible rival except the other, yet each fated to yield before the democratic and the really aristocratic forces in English Society, the forces which reside in numbers, in wealth, and in talent, as opposed to those which are given by mere birth;—to describe wealth without security, luxury without comfort, and knowledge without philosophy;—and to make nobles and burghers and peasants exhibit the habits of the fifteenth century as naturally, and express its sentiments as familiarly, as if the poet were copying cotemporary models.

All this Sir Edward Lytton has done. He has given us a picture of mediæval life, as graphic as if it had been painted by Scott. In Scott's hands the progress of the narrative would have been more rapid, the characters would have been expressed by fewer and bolder touches, the lighter scenes would have been more numerous and more gay, but we doubt whether the picture would have borne a greater appearance of truth. Sir Walter Scott has the masterly facility of Rubens: Sir Edward Lytton reminds us of the elaborate finishing of Hans Hemmeling or Van Eyck. Both are great artists; but when we look at the novels of Scott, we see no reason to suppose that they would have been different, if no other works of fiction had been written during the present century: in those of Sir Edward, we constantly trace the influence of Scott, and frequently that of inferior

models. If we had the power of influencing men's minds, which is ascribed by him to Zanoni, we would bid him to forget all that has been written since the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

We have said that the "Last of the Barons" consists of two different plots; one invented, the other historical. Each has its own set of characters; one imaginary, the other real. Among the imaginary characters, we like best Adam Warner. In many respects he is original. The abstracted Student, strange to the ways of the world and unsusceptible of outward impressions, has indeed often been drawn. One of the best specimens is Cargill in "St. Ronan's Well." But Cargill, and all others of his class whom we recollect, have been mere bookworms devoted to study, merely as a source of amusement, or, at best, of solitary mental improvement. Warner is a public spirited enthusiast. He believes that it is possible to discover a power which will subdue some of the most refractory agents, and remove some of the least surmountable obstacles, which oppose the dominion of man over matter. He believes that he is on the track of this discovery, and that labour and expense are all that are necessary to attain it. He gives up to it, almost without remarking their loss, his health and his fortune. He is deeply attached to his wife and to his daughter. He does not perceive that his wife's death is accelerated by poverty: he does not see that his daughter is pining away. The rabble hoot him as a wizard. He lives on his future fame, and does not notice them. He is asked to engage in a treasonable correspondence: a sum is offered to him, which will purchase the costly materials still wanting to his invention. Such a bribe is irresistible. He thinks only of his machine, considers the gold that is offered to him merely as a means of completing it, and the civil war and revolution which he is to promote merely as a means of obtaining that gold: And thus, from the purest desire to benefit mankind, he assists in an attempt, which cannot possibly succeed without deluging his country with blood. His intellectual character is as well marked as his moral one. Though great as a chemist, a mathematician, and a mechanist, though capable of foreseeing that if man can create a power, which will produce motion without his further intervention, the face of the world may be changed, and the cottage may enjoy comforts and even luxuries which before were unattainable in the Palace—with all this intellectual force and sagacity he is not superior to the absurdest superstitions. He believes in the influence of words on inanimate matter. He trusts to a diamond, consecrated by incantations and saturated with moon-beams.

Sybil is less original than her father. Sir Edward often

alludes to her as an uncommon character. Uncommon, if she had been a real person, she certainly would have been: as the number of persons in real life, professing great excellence, moral, intellectual, and personal, is necessarily small. But such persons form a very large class in fiction. What distinguishes her as a heroine, is principally that her qualities are displayed in action. Most heroines are passive. We are generally required to take their talents and their virtues, like their beauty, on trust,—Sybil has to act as well as to suffer. But this is a peculiarity belonging not to the character but to the manner in which Sir Edward has employed it.

Among the invented characters we think that Hastings must be reckoned. Sir Edward has indeed taken from the historical Hastings the few qualities which history records—his talents, his devotion to Edward, his popularity, and his patriotism, when the interest of the public did not interfere with his own. The addition of habitual melancholy, covered by a varnish of gaiety, of general contempt for mankind mitigated by kindness to individuals, and of restless pursuit of pleasure united to the indifference of satiety, forms a finely-shaded portrait, of which perhaps the defect is that it is too modern. It belongs rather to the eighteenth than to the fifteenth century: the Hastings of Shakespeare is a gay, sanguine, unscrupulous courtier—less individualized, but more probable.

Among the best of the subordinate actors in this part of the work, are Marmaduke Nevile and Friar Bungay. Each believes in the supernatural powers of Warner. But, in the undepraved mind of Nevile, this belief produces merely awe. Bungay, conscious of the purposes to which such powers would be turned in his own hands, looks on their possessor with terror and hate. Each of them has more humour than is usual among Sir Edward's characters; the union in Bungay's person of the necromancer, the Merry Andrew, and the friar, is happily conceived and executed. So are the hardihood of Nevile and his care of his dress, his love for Sybil, and his suspicion that she has bewitched him, his loyalty to his chief and his indifference to his king. His final disappearance in Edward's triumph is well managed. To have killed him, would have been an unnecessary aggravation of the gloom of the catastrophe; and he was not of sufficient importance to be marked as the only survivor of his party.

Among the historical characters, the most striking is Warwick. This was very desirable, but not easy. We have already remarked the difficulty of giving to a perfect character distinctness or interest. During the first seven books, that is to say, during more than two-thirds of the whole work, Warwick is perfect. He is wise, magnanimous, brave, affectionate, liberal,

patriotic—in short, he is covered with virtues. But these virtues do not, as is usually the case, conceal the figure over which they are spread, and give us a gorgeous phantom instead of a man. He is as distinct as the mixed character of Warner or of Hastings. This is probably owing in part to the peculiarity of his position—a subject almost equal in rank and far superior in power to his king; partly to his manner, which Sir Edward with great skill has made both stately and frank; but more than all probably, to the reader's knowledge that this moral and intellectual hero is to fall; that when the appropriate temptation comes, wisdom and public spirit and loyalty are to give way; and that, to revenge a private injury, the great statesman and patriot will attempt to change the dynasty of his country, will employ civil war and foreign intervention, and perish, as the welfare of England required him to do, in the struggle.

Edward is well painted; but the task was easier. His talents, his courage, his vigour in action, and his self-indulgence in repose, his unbounded uxoriousness united to an equally unrestrained licentiousness, which made him over and over risk his crown to please a wife, to whom he was systematically unfaithful, his cruelty, the result not of malignity but of indifference to human suffering, his pride, and his love of popularity,—all these marked and contrasted qualities were supplied by history. Sir Edward has made excellent use of excellent materials. There are few passages in fiction more happy in outline or more dramatic in detail than his attempt on Lady Anne.

The picture of Richard has little resemblance to that given by Shakspeare. The Richard of the "*Last of the Barons*" is cautious and demure. His voice is sweet, his features are unchanging—his unrelenting will, his boldness, and his ambition, are all covered by a mild unobtrusive composure. The mother of Shakspeare's Richard tells him,

"Tetchy and wayward was thine infancy;  
Thy schooldays frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;  
Thine age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,—  
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred."

During the period occupied by the "*Last of the Barons*," he was under twenty-one, therefore in his prime of manhood—daring, bold, and venturous, before he had learned to be subtle, sly, and mild. But even in the latter part of his life, on which Shakspeare has most dwelt, his mildness of manner is merely comparative. It is bestowed only on those whom he wishes to deceive. His language to his enemies, and even to his friends, as soon as they cease to be useful, is nothing but hatred, scorn,



or defiance. It is not to a dissembler that Queen Elizabeth complains :

" My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.  
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty  
Of these gross taunts I often have endured.  
I had rather be a country servant maid  
Than a great queen, with this condition,  
To be so baited, scorned, and stormed at."

Now, is there any caution or reserve in his answer ?

" What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?  
Tell him and spare not ; look, what I have said  
I will avouch in presence of the king."

His own account of himself agrees with hers :

" Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy !  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused ?"

Even the stage direction, at the beginning of the wonderful scene from which we have taken our last three quotations, supplied by Mr. Collier's manuscript corrector, shews the bold rough exterior attributed by the early actors, probably by Burbage, to Shakspeare's Richard.

" Enter Richard, stamping angrily."

Sir Edward's Richard never stamps, never is angry.

Each poet has put into the mouth of a friend of Richard's a description of his apparent character :

" I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;  
For by his face straight you shall know his heart."

So says Lord Hastings.

" The boy to me is a riddle," is the result of Warwick's observation.

We do not complain of this difference. We must admit that we far prefer the Richard of Shakspeare. It is an unrivalled picture of heroic courage, self-reliance, and decision—of dissimulation cloaked by frankness—of intellectual vigour and of moral depravity. But, if Sir Edward had followed Shakspeare, his Richard would have been a copy : it is now an original.

- ART. III.—1. *Philo-Judæus*, translated by C. D. YONGE, B.A., (Bohn's Ecclesiastical Library. 1854, 1855.)
2. *Kirchengeschichte in Biographien* von FRIEDRICH BÖHRINGER. Zürich, 1842.
3. *Real-Encyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*. Erster Band. Hamburg, 1854.
4. *Alexandria and her Schools*. By REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cambridge, 1854.

It is related of the great Church-father Ambrose, that in a perilous crisis of his episcopal life, when the exclusive rights of his party were threatened by the reigning Emperor, and his only hope lay in popular agitation, he was visited by a most opportune dream, which informed him where and how he might find the bodies of two ancient martyrs, named Gervasius and Protasius. These relics were duly discovered, paraded through the streets, and laid in state in the churches. People wondered at their unusual stature, testifying the decay of the human species since the heroic age of Diocletian or the Antonines. At first their names and histories were equally unknown; but, by degrees, elderly people began to remember that they had heard their names, and even read their inscriptions, when they were children. To convince the doubting, persons, alleged to be blind and demoniac, were led to the bier, and left it with perfect eyesight and in sound mind; and when the opposing party hinted at the possibility of collusion, well-placed demons in the congregation declared, that it was all too true, and that they themselves were suffering horrible torment from their close proximity to the holy bones. Exciting sermons, on the wickedness of kings and queens, were delivered over the bodies, as they lay before the pulpit. Seldom has *coup-de-théâtre* been more successful: the excited people became so dangerous that the court was forced to yield, and a bishop, for the first time on record, completely triumphed over an emperor. The two corpses, having achieved so brilliant a success, were restored to their dignified resting-places, where the Milanese worship them to this day.

Now, if we adapt to this ancient story an allegorical interpretation after the fashion of the Alexandrian divine, whose name stands at the head of our article, we may find in it a prophetic description of the theological literature of England since 1833. That literature has consisted of very little else than a succession of venerable relics, disinterred to serve temporary purposes.

Twenty-five years ago, how many doctors and martyrs, whose resuscitation we have witnessed, were slumbering quietly in for-

gotten graves! We knew almost as little of the early Fathers, the Reformers, the High-church divines whom the Stuarts patronized, the doctrinal Puritans, the Non-Jurors,—not to mention the mediæval theologians and chroniclers,—as the people of Milan did of Gervasius and Protasius, before Ambrose had his dream. But now for five-and-twenty years have the rival processions of these venerable men been passing and jostling one another upon our stage. First, the Oxford Tractarians disturbed the repose of the Fathers, boldly asserting that these teachers should not be thrust into a corner any more,\* and led them forth from the corner in a procession some fifty volumes strong; while, parallel with them, they directed another train of bones, less ancient but not less dry, of Anglo-Catholic theologians. Nor were their opponents backward in showing that they too had relics. The Reformers had to re-appear, and after them the Puritans; and we believe the early Anabaptists were not omitted; while Romanists, budding or full-blown, sent forth the Mediævals. And now there is marching past us, like the last beadle in a long procession, unconscious that the important personages have all passed by, and that the spectators are tired to death of the show, a celebrated Archdeacon, bearing the mortal remains of one Dr. Adrian Saravia. So closes the great High-church procession, with Archdeacon Denison for its last hierophant, and Dr. Saravia for its last relic.

Each of these publications was intended for the times, and fairly answered its purpose. The works, and even the authors' names, seemed strange enough at first; but, by degrees, people began to admire the stature of the men,—the ponderous learning, the verbose rhetoric,—or even, in some cases, the unmeasured vituperation,—so superior to the puny growth of our degenerate times. By degrees they began to be familiar with their names, and to discover that their doctrines were the very same in which they had been catechised as children. Homilies, and tracts, and legends, and novels followed, all intended "for the times." And we were told to wonder at the miracles of good that these revived antiquities had done. But now all are retiring into their respective corners again: the writers may continue objects of vague reverence, and their bones be dug up again from time to time: their works will undoubtedly be all very useful to ecclesiastical antiquarians, but probably not one book in all the heavy series will have the slightest permanent effect upon the popular mind: for while nothing is easier than the mechanical labour of disinterring corpses, it passes the power of zealous theologian and able editor and enterprising

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\* See the Motto on their title-page.

publisher, to give life to what is dead. We fear that the result of all will be, that many,—sick of seeing the past ransacked for the purposes of present controversy, will nauseate history altogether, and even abandon, as not a few have done already, that portion of their faith which rests on historic grounds.

We do not think that Mr. Bohn's Ecclesiastical Library will fare differently from its predecessors, or that the works of which it is composed can ever pass into general circulation. A few books, doubtless, are immortal, and those cannot and do not die; but almost all owe the same debt of nature as human beings. They die, when their vital energies are exhausted; and their reproduction afterwards is the mere disinterment of corpses. The authors of this Ecclesiastical Library have long been numbered among the dead. But there are legitimate uses even of bones. They may be used, not for popular agitation, as by Ambrose; but also, as by Professor Owen, to throw more light on the wonderful works of God. So may these ancient works, though nearly all lifeless in themselves, be very useful to those who study God's noblest work, the human mind, and the history of its opinions. But, if they are to answer this purpose, it is necessary that the selection should be perfectly impartial; and, that, free from any reference to questions disputed in these times or any temporary object, it should have no other aim than to throw the fullest and truest light upon the times in which each writer who is republished lived. If Mr. Bohn acts upon this principle, as we believe he has acted hitherto, his books will be very useful, though of course only to a select circle, and not to the great Public. He has exercised a wise discretion in giving most of the places in his series to historical works. And he has selected the right foundation-stone, for a course of dogmatic fathers, in the works of Philo-Judæus, who, although a Jew, had more influence on Christian thought, and especially on the mode of interpreting Scripture prevalent in the Christian Church, than almost any Christian writer.

We take opportunity by this recent publication, to direct our theological readers to Philo, and the first two great men of Christian Alexandria, who are his legitimate great-grandchildren, Clement and Origen. In our consideration of the two last, we shall take as our companion M. Böhlinger, a Zurich divine, who has published a course of Church history in biographies. M. Böhlinger's book is liberal and pious; inspired with that reverence for antiquity which is increasing so fast among the German Protestants; pleasant and useful enough for those who merely wish for a general idea of the great names of the first few centuries; but of little use to the more exact inquirer, as the writer never cites any one of his authorities. We

shall receive great assistance on many points from Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie*, a magnificent new work, of which the first volume only has reached us ; but which, from the array of great names displayed in its list of contributors, promises to become a completer ecclesiastical manual than anything at present existing. Lastly, we shall apply to Mr. Kingsley's Lectures for a wide view of our whole field. They suggest, as all his works do, subjects for thought in plenty ; but they remind us too often of the title of his first Novel. They seem to aim still at producing fermentation. God knows we have enough of that already ; and it is high time that something should settle and crystallize. The original works of Philo, Clement, and Origen will, however, be our principal guides.

We step, then, at once, on shore, in Alexandria, feeling like one of those intruding strangers, who used to anchor off the Pharos till nightfall, for fear of encountering the sifting remarks of the clever and sarcastic natives ; and we hasten, like them, to make our obeisance to the rightful prefect, by acknowledging that the brilliant and truthful pictures of Hypatia have converted Alexandria into a province of Mr. Kingsley's own. Alexandria contained, at least, 600,000 inhabitants, and was the second city in the Roman empire.\* Thus it was equal in size,—it was also similar in the occupations of its people, to a Manchester and Liverpool in one. Its sailors were the best, and its clipper ships noted for the fastest passages across the Mediterranean. Most of the tropical produce consumed in Europe passed through its port ; and the surplus corn of its fertile valley was one of the chief sources of supply to Rome. Its factories, chiefly of glass, linen, and papyrus, employed like ours, persons of every sex and age : and industrial occupations had been invented even for the blind. So active and regular was its industry, that during the great riots that occurred from time to time, a merchant or manufacturer found the stoppage of his business a much greater calamity than the destruction of his house and property. But its situation differed from that of our great towns, and this peculiarity exercised an important influence on its people. Standing on a narrow peninsula, on the western verge of the fertile land of Egypt, the vast population was very closely pent, and had to find its pleasure and gratify its passions within the narrow limits of its own city. No cheap trips, or even country walks, refreshed Alexandrian artisans with a sight of nature, and a few hours of freedom. They had free theatre and circus, free gymnasia, and, we believe, free libraries : they had magnificent temples,

\* Diodorus Siculus quoted in Gibbon, chap. x. Other particulars chiefly from Philo, c. Flaccum, Legatio ad Caium, &c.

and could gaze every day on the most beautiful forms of art: probably the Crystal Palace is nothing to the Serapeium. Yet they were not humanized, but remained a bloodthirsty as well as an immoral people: the bloodiest shows and the most immoral dramas were their delight; and a tremendous riot occasionally relieved them of their superfluous vigour. The machinery of popular agitation was complete, and always in readiness. That very modern invention, (as perhaps we think it,) the club,\* or secret society, formed for the purpose of organizing insurrection, was in full vigour there. Some of these societies adopted the mask of social drinking parties; others that of assemblies for religious worship. They had secret pass-words and chosen leaders; and all sometimes coalesced into one general union, and chose a popular demagogue to be their chief. Poor Philo feelingly laments, that it was a very unquiet place for study. But southward and westward of this seething-pot of crowd and commotion, there was always visible the flat even outline of the low hills that bounded the vast desert. And it was well known in Alexandria, that here and there was an oasis to be found, with a spring and a few palm-trees, and, perhaps, a cavern in the limestone rock, where a man might obtain shelter from the heat of the sun, and the scanty night-damps of a rainless climate, and support life, in that warm air, upon the scantiest supply of food. What wonder that the deep still solitude, ever before their eyes, seemed to invite the weary and heart-broken, to flee from the vice and tumult of the great city, and rest their aching heads and troubled consciences on the bosom of Nature, in the everlasting arms of God! The wilderness around Alexandria had received its first monks and hermits before Christianity had been preached in its streets.

The population of the city was a mixed and floating one,— journeymen and sailors from every land: but three sections of it were strongly marked. The lowest of the three was the native Egyptian. These were a quick-witted and quick-tempered race; delighting in practical jokes, very facetious in remark and repartee; violent and passionate; and, being also superstitious, ready to be roused into a fury by any slight offered to their religion. In fact, they were an Irish-like mob; and bore to the other sections of the population much the same relation as the Irish do to the English or native Americans, in Liverpool or New York. Their religion subsisted in all its ancient splendour, still exhibiting a symbolic worship, of which few now recollected the deep spiritual meaning. In profligate Alexandria, (let those who measure the piety of our

\* *Clubs*. See the character of Isidore the agitator (*εραξιστάς*) in Philo c. Flacc.

ancestors by the number and magnificence of their religious buildings lay this fact to heart,) the best situations in the city were all occupied by consecrated ground;\* and nothing vile or refuse was thought worthy of their gods. The approach to their temples was through spacious quadrangles, surrounded with colonnades of lofty pillars, planted within with avenues of palm-trees, the back-wall of the cloister painted in fresco, and inlaid with foreign marbles. The temple itself shone with gold and silver vessels, set with precious stones from India and Ethiopia, while the *sacrarium* was concealed by hangings of gold embroidery. If the visitor asked to see the god of the temple, an attendant led him with a solemn look, and intoning a hymn of praise in the Egyptian tongue, lifted up a corner of the veil, and shewed him lying on a couch of purple a snake, or a cat, or a crocodile.† But the section of the population most interesting to us were the Jews, who had been settled there since Alexander's time. They can hardly have numbered less than 200,000; and had a municipal organization and magistrates of their own. They had entirely lost their native language, and though they still looked on Jerusalem as their mother and sacred city, they considered Egypt their native land, and celebrated there the feasts which the law of Moses confines to Jerusalem. They were industrious, and keen men of business then as ever. We shall see shortly, when we come to speak of their great Rabbi, that their religious views had been much liberalized; but they still held the cardinal truths, and performed the ceremonies, of their religion, and would rather die than admit an image, or even an inscription of idolatrous tendency, into their houses of prayer, or make the outward sign of apostasy by eating swine's flesh. These houses of prayer were erected in all parts of the city; and there their Sabbath was employed, as Philo expresses it, in philosophizing according to their own native philosophy. The description given of them tallies with that of the synagogues in the New Testament; and they probably differed little either in appearance, or in mode of worship, from Protestant places of worship in our day, except perhaps in this, that the monopoly of teaching and ministering was not assigned in each to a single man, but any Jew of wisdom and piety might expect to share the invitation: "Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on."‡ The Jews formed a compact and closely united party, and were hated by their fellow-citizens with that cordial hatred, which indifference and superstition always unite in bearing to

\* Τὰ πλείστα καὶ ἀναγκαϊότατα μίση τιτιμίνεσθαι, Phil. c. Flacc. The most necessary part is, of course, that most available for building purposes.

† Clem. Alex. Pæd.

‡ Acts xiii. 15.

conscientious exclusiveness. The remaining section of the population were the Greeks, acknowledged as the first in rank of the three. They plumed themselves on their descent from Alexander's Macedonians, and also on their undisputed intellectual superiority. Their worship was, no doubt, an art-worship only, little mixed either with belief or superstition; the shrine of their temples would be occupied by beautiful statues; and their architecture and arrangements would be distinguished by delicate taste rather than barbaric magnificence. Magic was an art which has always flourished wonderfully in Egypt, and each of these three sections had its own. Mr. Kingsley introduces in Hypatia, and not without historical authority, an Egyptian Mesmerist. Dealers with familiar spirits were in great request, especially among Alexandrian ladies. The Pagans conjured, and the Christians exorcised, demons; but all believed in the power that could be exercised over them by spells and words of might. Nay, even the clever and liberal-minded Origen believed, that a word in its native language has greater power over unseen beings than one translated;\* though singularly enough the name, to whose letters and syllables he himself imputed the greatest power, was itself one, not, indeed, translated, yet greatly changed by its adoption into a foreign language, — *ΙΗΣΟΥΣ*.

For an account of the previous literary character of Alexandria, before it possessed a philosophical school of its own, we must go to Mr. Kingsley's lectures. To him its literature seems to have been a mere hothouse plant, forced by royal patronage, until a new source of life arose in the works of Philo, and, soon after, a second in Christianity. But this earlier literary period had left to the later one valuable legacy, in the public libraries attached to various public institutions. It is natural to ask what sort of a literary apparatus these contained. I think that we can answer, with great certainty, that they contained the whole Greek literature, but nothing more. There were, of course, the few Oriental authors who had written in Greek, or whose works had been translated, and the more numerous pseudo-oriental forgeries; a few Alexandrian Rabbis, who may have had correspondence with their Babylonian brethren; and, above all, there was the Septuagint: but there were no works in the Oriental tongues; or, if there were a few, nobody could read them. The most wonderful feature in this Alexandrian school is, that with indomitable application, insatiable thirst of knowledge, vast reading, and a principle of interpretation which demanded a minute acquaintance with the sacred text, none of

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\* Origen c. Cels., i. 25.



them seems to have felt the importance of being able to read the Bible in the original language. Philo, the most learned Jew of the age, a thorough book-worm, and a sworn disciple of Moses, did not know a word of the language in which Moses wrote. Clement remained quite content with his Septuagint; nor did the great Catechetical School ever possess a professor of Hebrew. Even Origen, the indomitable, the brazen-bowelled (as Jerome schoolboyishly nicknamed him), though he had a Hebrew column written into his Hexapla, yet never learnt to read it.\* When the sacred language had become thus totally forgotten, it would be vain, indeed, to expect to find at Alexandria students of Sanscrit or Zend,† or intelligent decipherers of the hieroglyphics.‡ We are inclined, then, to think, that the only sources of knowledge and written materials of thought, that Philo and his contemporaries possessed, were the Greek writers of all kinds, and the Jewish Scriptures. Oriental ideas did undoubtedly reach them, but probably only second or third hand, in that indistinct, imperfect form, which, while it conveys no exact knowledge, is perhaps the most apt to suggest new thoughts, or at least new dreams.

Philo's historical position renders him to us Christians one of the most interesting writers in the world. His life was cotemporary with the whole of that of Christ: he was probably born many years earlier§ than He; and he survived certainly till considerably later than A.D. 40, so that he was also cotemporary with the first years of the infant Church, and most probably with

\* The work against Celsus, which is supposed to have been one of the latest that he wrote, contains the following, in relation to the disputed passage at Isaiah vii. 10-14. "The word *Alma*, which the LXX. have translated *αἰχμῆς*, and others *ῥῆμα*, occurs, as they say, in Deuteronomy," (quoting xxii. 23, 24.) *The word does not occur in that passage.* Could a man who knew Hebrew quote thus on hearsay, and in error?—*Orig. c. Cels.*, i. 34.

† Amongst Clement's miscellaneous information, there are several very interesting particulars respecting India; which establish the existence at that time both of the Brahmin and the Buddhist religion, and the priority of Buddhist Monasticism (both male and female) over Christian. They are, however, external particulars, such as Alexander's soldiers, or the traders who went from Berenice to India, may have seen and repeated; and shew no signs of Indian affairs having been the subject of study. The authority quoted is a Greek, Alexander surnamed Polyhistor, a man of immense information, who lived in the time of Sulla.—See *Clem. Alex. Strom.* i. 15, § 71, ib. iii. 8.

‡ Clement describes an Egyptian ceremonial procession, in which hieroglyphic books were carried; and he informs us, from hearsay, of the contents of those books.—*Strom.* vi. 4, § 35. He enumerates the different kinds of hieroglyphic writing, and explains a few hieroglyphic signs.—*Strom.* v. 4, § 20. He also interprets a hieroglyphic inscription at Diospolis.—*Strom.* v. 7, § 42. We think he has told us all he knew.

§ The only fixed date in his life is the year of his embassy to Caius Caligula, A.D. 39-40, when he was the oldest of the ambassadors. Yet he is pronounced on the title-page of the Translation to be cotemporary with Josephus, who may have been ten years old at the time of his death.

some part of the career of Paul. He mentions one visit to Jerusalem, which may of course have taken place in some part of the period of our Saviour's public life, or his Apostles' ministry, but there is no probability that he had any communication with them: nor can we suppose that anything in his writings was borrowed from Christianity; for that religion could not have become known to him (if ever) much before his 60th year, when his system must have been long matured. We may take him as a representative of what the Hellenic Jews,—Stephen and some of his fellow-deacons, Apollos and others, were thinking and believing, at the time when the Gospel reached them. Apollos, "a Jew of Alexandria, mighty in the Scriptures," cannot but have sat at the feet of the great Alexandrian Rabbi; and that teacher's works may furnish an explanation of a saying in the Acts, which seems at first strange, "that he spake and taught exactly (*ἀκριβῶς*) the things of the Lord, *knowing only the baptism of John.*"\* When Philo's idea of the Logos, and the Baptist's announcement of a personal deliverer and king, were combined, and referred to one person, there would be but little wanting to complete the Christian belief in a Redeemer, who was both God and man.

This Christian idea was, however, precisely that to which Philo never attained. We find in him, not the earliest, but the completest instance, of the combination of the Greek and Hebrew elements, yet unmingled with the Christian. He is a devout and believing Jew; but his belief and love do not cling to the ceremonial worship, or the sacred city, or the temporal power,—hardly even to the national existence, of his people; but to the true philosophy, of which he believed that people to be the sole depository. And the cardinal truth of this philosophy was the Existence, the Unity, the Personality, the Providence of God. This was to him no matter of speculation, but of faith: it stood fast and firm in his mind; and all that he had learned elsewhere,—the result of his deep study of the Greek philosophy and the few vague ideas that may have reached him from the far East,—settled or floated round it. In this consists the great superiority of his position, over that of Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or any other of the great and good in the Greek philosophical schools. He had received from Moses a firm foundation, on which the minor detail of his opinions, and all his moral practice, rested. The migration of Abraham from Chaldea to Canaan typified, in his view, the reception by the soul of this fundamental belief. It was the soul's journey from the land of Pantheism to that of the true worship of the one personal Creator. He dealt with

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\* Acts xviii. 24.

the sacred books in the most arbitrary manner; and read into them, by the help of his system of allegorical interpretation, whatever Greek ideas he pleased; but he still held fast his fundamental truth. Thus, though the account of the creation was to him as complete an allegory as it is to any modern German divine, yet he discovered in it these five truths, which he sums up as the first ones of all; 1. That God is, and has existed from eternity; 2. That he is but One; 3. That He made the world; 4. That the world, as the work of the One, is itself also one; and 5. That God's providence cares constantly for all that He has made.

But, when he comes to think of creation, he is led to suppose a something mediating between God and the matter upon which he operates. He has learned to look upon God Himself as simply the Infinite; as Abstract Being—the “I AM;” as one who has no quality,—no attribute; of whom nothing can be said except “He is;”—as one of whom nothing finite,—no act in time or space,—no direct communion with matter, can be imagined. That, therefore, which acts on matter must be a mediator, distinct or distinguishable from Him: and this mediator is his Word or Reason,—his Logos.\* This Logos is the first and only thing of which God Himself is the immediate maker; the first, in being and in honour, of all things that have come into being. It is God's image, the archetype of all light, intellectual and material: nay, it is the most perfect,—the first-born son of the Father of the world. It is the instrument of creation and providence, by which God made, and still guides, the world. Its especial gift it is, to stand between, and divide the created from the Creator. It acts as a suppliant (*κέτης*) for the mortal, which is disquieted in the presence of the immortal; as the ambassador of the sovereign to his subjects. Being neither unbegotten like God, nor begotten like man, it stands as a mean between the two extremes, acting as a surety to each party—to the Creator, that His whole creation will never fall away and disappear, choosing disorder instead of order, and becoming a chaos instead of a world; to the created, that the merciful God will never be forgetful of His own work: for it brings a message of peace to things created, from Him, who knows how to make wars to cease,—God the preserver of peace. It is the advocate

\* Philo's idea of the Logos is fully discussed by Dorner, in his *History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*: by Olshausen, *Bibl. Comment. St. John's Gospel*: and by Lücke on *St. John*. His expressions are collected, and the result of the labours of the German divines epitomized in Alford's *New Testament*, John i. 1.—The chief part of the passages on which this paragraph is founded are referred to by Mr. Alford in the place cited. Many may also be found in Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, Article *Philon*.

(παράκλητος) through whom we obtain amnesty of our sins, and unbounded supply of all good things. It is the high-priest of the world. It is the God of us the imperfect, while of the wise and perfect the First is the God. It may be called, though incorrectly, a second God. In fact, the first four verses of the Gospel of John contain no idea or word that would be strange to Philo. He too believed, with that Evangelist, that "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God: that all things were made *through* him, and that without Him was not anything made that was made; that in Him was life, and that the life was the light of men." But he had no idea, nor would he (probably) have admitted the possibility, of the Word becoming flesh: nor did he suppose that any such connexion between God and man was needed. It is a disputed point, with great names ranged on either side, whether he had any idea of the Logos being a Person. We think that he had none. There is, indeed, in his language, the strongest possible personification; but we think there is no person, no hypostasis, intended. The Logos was the mind of God, and belonged to Him as our minds do to us, as the receptacle of his thoughts and designs. It was, or in it was contained, (for his expressions vary,) the ideal world, the aggregate of the ideal archetypes of all visible things. It was God contemplated, not in his nature as he is, but as already acting upon finite, material things; Θεοῦ Λόγος ἤδη κοσμοποιούντος.

If we inquire whence Philo derived this idea, we are directed\* to many imperfect anticipations of it, both in East and West. There is the very strong personification of wisdom in the book of Proverbs; and Plato's idea of the divine mind (νοῦς) as distinguished from the primal Being (αὐτὸ ὄν); and in the writings of the Babylonian Jews, there is pointed out to us a constant use of the expression, Word of Jehovah, as a circumlocution for Jehovah himself, and perhaps something more; and, lastly, a description, in the Apocryphal Book of Wisdom, quite in Philo's manner, of the Almighty Word descending to punish the Egyptians: but it seems to be agreed that the full development was Philo's own.

We naturally inquire, with the deepest interest, of a Jew cotemporary with our Saviour, whether there were those who looked for salvation through a personal Redeemer at Alexandria, as we are assured there were at Jerusalem; but of such an expectation we cannot find out a trace. He was too deeply Hellenized to entertain so thoroughly Hebrew an idea. To use

\* Dörner.

Dorner's expression, the Messianic idea had become in him a burnt-out cinder, of which only the ashes were left. We will, however, extract his very remarkable passage upon the restoration of the Jews, which contains all that remains to him of that idea.

"But when they have received this unexpected liberty, those who but a short time before were scattered about in Greece, and in the countries of the barbarians, in the islands, and over the continents, rising up with one impulse, and coming from all the different quarters imaginable, all hasten to one place pointed out to them, being guided on their way, by some vision, more divine than is compatible with its being of the nature of man, invisible indeed to every one else, but apparent only to those who were saved, having their [*three* ?] separate inducements and intercessions, by whose intervention they might obtain a reconciliation with the Father."

There is here a singular mistake or misprint in the translation. The last clause represents the words in the original, *τρισὶ χρησόμενοι παρακλήτοις τῶν πρὸς πατέρα καταλλαγῶν*. The three paracletes are, first, God's own merciful disposition; secondly, the patriarchs, who now, serving God perfectly as disembodied spirits, make intercession for their descendants; and, thirdly, the alteration for the better of their own lives. The passage in 1 John ii. 1, seems suggested by, and intended as a correction of, the above.

We shall not wonder, that with this view of a mere shadowy, visionary Messiah, he paid little attention to the prophetic writings. He does indeed recognise them along with the Law and the Psalms, as part of the Sacred Books; but he very seldom quotes them: he is the disciple of Moses only; and the heroes of his nation, to whom he looks with reverence, are not David and Solomon, but Moses and Abraham. He was so complete a Greek, as to consider democracy the best form of government, and to have no admiration for kings; and being accustomed to aspire to an absorption of the soul in God (*ἐπιθειασμος*), in which he might revolve intellectually, along with the sun and moon, the whole heaven and the whole universe, he had little desire for earthly prosperity, or admiration of earthly power or grandeur. He did, however, believe in the future universal adoption of Judaism; but not its state and ceremonies, only its true philosophy.

His notion of a divine Spirit did not approach so near the Christian one, as that of a divine Word. In this there is nothing personal, or, to use the theological technical term, hypostatic. The Spirit of God receives a regular definition, and is said to be, in one sense (as at Genesis i. 2,) simply the elemental

air, the source of physical life ; and in another, that pure and unmixed science, of which every wise or skilful man partakes, quoting the instance of Bezaleel, (Exodus xxxi. 1-3.) He calls it in one place the source and cause of man's immortality ; but even there he probably understood some subtle fluid, producing the physical effect of life upon the gaseous substance of the soul.

He thus knew of a Father, a Word, and a Spirit, though his ideas respecting them differed from those of the Christians. He also had a vision of a Trinity. This idea appears in his exposition of that chapter in Genesis,\* which the Church of England still reads on Trinity Sunday ; and most probably the interpretation, which tradition has so long preserved, originated with him. The passage is no unfavourable specimen of his allegorical style of interpretation. We translate in this case chiefly ourselves.

" When God has poured his brightness round the soul, like the sun at noon-day,† so that it has become entirely filled with immaterial light‡ by the beams that he sheds around it, and is, as it were, shadowless, it perceives a threefold image of a single object. There is one image, as of a being self-existent, and two others, as of shadows radiating from him. . . . The central figure is the Father of all, who is called in the sacred writings by his own proper name, I AM : and the others by his side are the first two in honour, and nearest to him, of his powers, the one the creative, and the other the kingly. And the creative power is God (Θεός) ; for with it he founded (ἰσθῆκε) and arranged the All. But the kingly power is Lord ; for it is just that the Maker should rule and be lord of the thing made. The central one then, attended by either of these powers, conveys to the mind's eye the image sometimes of one, at other times of three ;—of one, when the soul, completely purified, and having passed over not only the multitude of numbers, but also the number two which is next to the unit, has pushed forward to that idea which is unmixed and unconfounded, and itself in need of nothing else whatever ;—and of three, when not yet initiated into the greater mysteries, it is yet celebrating the smaller ones only, and as yet not able to conceive the self-existent, apart from anything that proceeds from him, but only in his actions, as creating and governing. . . . But that the threefold image is but of one object, is plain not only from the allegorical view, but also from the plain, literal meaning of the words. For when the wise man besought those who seemed to be travellers to become his guests, he addressed them, not as three, but as one, and says, *My Lord*, if now I have found favour in *thy* sight, pass not away, I pray *thee*, from *thy* servant. For the words *Lord*, and in *thy* sight, and others, are not naturally addressed to many, but to one."

\* Gen. xviii.

† " He sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day ; and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood before him."

‡ *Νεφέα φωτός.*

The two powers thus radiating or emanating from the Self-existent, would be both contained in the single idea of the Logos, who was the aggregate of all the powers.

With respect to human nature, he thought that each man is, as to his intellectual part, akin to the divine Logos, coming in fact from him, as an impression from a seal, or a chip from a block, or a radiation from a light; but, as to his body, he is akin to all the world, composed of the same elements. He has, originally, an equal tendency towards vice or virtue. We do not find that he had any clear idea of the source of our corruption; or had ever fairly faced the question, which became so prominent in the Gnostic schools, Whence moral evil came? He piously shrinks from attributing it to God; and very vaguely, and very inconsistently, imagines certain other powers, (what or whence he does not specify,) whom God addresses when he says, "Let us make man," and from whom, not from Him, the evil proceeded. He thinks that the human race deteriorates, each succeeding generation receding more and more from the first pattern, just as successive copies from copies become more and more unlike the first original; but he traces the evil which it contains to the original nature, and not to any Fall; indeed, he cannot be said to have imagined a Fall at all. The history of Eve and the forbidden fruit is to him an allegory, representing not the first only, but any act of disobedience. The serpent is Pleasure, the woman Desire, led by Pleasure to wish for sin; Desire then persuades the Reason, of which Adam is the symbol, and sin is committed. He has no idea of the serpent being Satan; nor, although he has a notion of good and evil spiritual beings, do we find in him any of a devil, as the enemy and destroyer of man.

If we ask what was his view of things to be expected after death, we find another instance of that remarkable phenomenon of the Old Testament,—great piety, and the purest morality, resting merely on an intense belief in God, without a clear revelation of a future state. He does indeed believe in the soul's immortality, and that death is to the wicked not the end but the beginning of punishment; and thinks that, to the good, old age should not be called near to death, but rather near to immortality; and he conjectures, (as we have seen already,) that the patriarchs, now souls set free from the body, are employed in supplicating the Father for us, acting as our advocates; but, notwithstanding, we do not think that his opinion of immortality ever rose from a speculation to a faith, or was at all more lively than that of Plato or Socrates.

But the most influential of all Philo's views, which was adopted from him without hesitation by all who followed him, whether Christian, Gnostic, or Neoplatonist, and which has not even yet

died out of the Christian Church, is the allegorical interpretation of Scripture. According to him, nearly the whole of Scripture, not only its parables, its symbolical ceremonies, its obscure prophecies, but even the simplest language in which it relates the most ordinary transactions, every name and every number that it contains, possesses not only a plain but also a hidden meaning, the former of which is to the latter, as the body to the soul. This idea did not, however, originate with him. A certain Aristobolus, and other Jews, Oriental and Alexandrian, had used it before; and among the Greeks, it had been applied to their ancient poets, at least as early as Plato's time. Clement of Alexandria maintains its universal adoption by all the Greek philosophers; and although few of the instances that he quotes are much to the point, yet undoubtedly it had been extensively applied. It had arisen among the Greeks, when the literal meaning of the ancient myths became offensive to the new philosophy. We fear that it was adopted by Philo from a similar feeling. We cannot agree with Mr. Kingsley that his application of it was fair; to us he seems to omit and alter, in a perfectly arbitrary manner, whatever is likely to prove offensive to his Greek or Hellenized readers. All the immoralities of the patriarchs disappear; and he has no scruple to omit a miracle, like that of the speaking of Balaam's ass, without explanation or apology. We should say, that the adoption of this principle of interpretation by Philo and his Christian disciples, was the greatest obstacle to their discovering the true meaning of the Bible, and is the cause of their being almost useless as expositors. They themselves compared the literal interpretation to the flowers and fruits that grow upon the surface of the ground, and the allegorical one to a jewel hid beneath the soil; and we may well say, that while poring and groping after this jewel supposed to be concealed, turning every stone, and sifting every grain of sand, they often missed or destroyed the wholesome fruit and beautiful flower, that grew before their eyes and beneath their feet. Few will now deny,—in a few years probably none will deny, that the existence of this hidden meaning, except in professedly allegorical or figurative passages, is quite imaginary. It is a dying opinion, which it is not worth while to strike. Yet we may remark, that if we ask one of these writers, by what means this hidden interpretation is discovered, an intelligible answer fails. They tell us, that it will be found by the pure in heart, the circumcised from corrupt desires, the true man of knowledge. But experience proves this to be untrue: for the most extravagant interpretations have often been invented by the best men, as, for instance, by Augustine. On any moral question, the truth is undoubtedly best discerned



by the man of purest heart and life ; but moral purity gives us no help in guessing a collection of riddles, such as the allegorical theory supposes Scripture to be. Nevertheless, this kind of interpretation met with universal acceptance ; and the existence of the hidden meaning beneath the letter of the simplest Scripture narratives, is pronounced by Origen to be as universally believed as any Church doctrine. We therefore fear that when this opinion dies, the dictum, *Quod semper, quod ab omnibus, quod ubique*, must be laid with it in the same grave. We believe that we are young enough to hope to witness the two funerals. *Requiescant in pace.*

Between the death of Philo and the beginning of Clement's career in Alexandria, there intervene about four generations,—130 or 140 years. During this period, Christianity has been preached, various Gnostic schools have risen, a large Christian society has been formed, the name of Christ has become universally known, and his doctrines have become the subject both of curiosity and more earnest interest. The whole intervening period is a blank. We do not know how or when the Gospel was first introduced at Alexandria ; nor, from the close of the history of the Acts of the Apostles, do we know how or when it made its surprisingly rapid progress through the world.

We must pause for a moment on this point, and direct attention to a very common error, which is productive of momentous consequences, respecting the position, with respect to the source of Christian knowledge, of the writers of Clement's age. Many people, judging *a priori*, suppose that they possessed many more particulars of the age of Christ and His apostles than we do, and that they must also have had a chain of records extending from that age to their own. But both these suppositions are totally groundless. There are no reliable records of the Apostolic Age, except those contained in the Sacred Canon. And that Age is, historically speaking, an isolated one : authentic history closes with Paul's last epistle, and only re-opens gradually in the age of Irenæus, Clement, and Tertullian. This is, in truth, the most important fact that we learn from the study of these early writers ; and we may learn it very well from Clement of Alexandria. He was the head of the most learned Christian body in his day ; had visited nearly all the early seats of Christianity ; and had heard teachers from Babylonia, Greece, Syria, and Palestine. Moreover, he is a gossiping writer, fond of quoting all the books that he has read, and telling anything that he thinks he knows ; he is like a tradesman whose wares, if he has any which he thinks are novelties, every one is sure to see exhibited in his shop-window. Our readers may judge of the

amount and value of the particulars that he thought he possessed besides what are contained in the New Testament, by the following catalogue. A very pretty and interesting "tale,\* which was not a tale, but a true story," about an adventure between the Apostle John and a robber, the scene of which is laid in the neighbourhood of Ephesus: An embellishment of the history of the death of James the son of Zebedee, by the addition of the sudden conversion and martyrdom of the soldier who was to have been his executioner: A commonplace saying of the Apostle Matthias, that we must abuse (in the sense of *afflicting*) the flesh; and a similar one, coupled with a curious story, of Nicolas the deacon: An encouraging speech, addressed by Peter to his wife, as she was led to execution: A statement, (evidently a conclusion drawn from 1 Cor. ix. 5,) that *all* the apostles were married, including Paul, (the latter on account of the "true yoke-fellow" mentioned at Phil. iv. 3;) but (a gloss suggested by the already rising admiration of celibacy) that they did not any longer live with them as wives, after they commenced their ministry: And certain conversations between our Saviour and Salome, which Clement extracts from an apocryphal gospel according to the Egyptians, but himself discredits. We believe that these are all. They remove no portion of that deep darkness that God has permitted to fall on the latter part of the Apostolic Age. Out of thirteen apostles, we know only the life of Paul, the death of James, a few particulars of the early career of Peter, and a very few, indeed, of that of John: of the remaining nine we know nothing; and Clement knows nothing. He throws one faint flash of doubtful light on the later career of John; and that is all. He, and the great catechetical school over which he presided, had no authority to apply to with respect to the earliest history and original doctrines of his religion, except the Bible.

That age of darkness, to which we have been alluding, is (if we may borrow and pervert a beautiful expression of Tennyson's)

The shadow

That keeps the keys of all the creeds.

All the theories of Church government,—Papist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, have sought to found their exclusive claims on conclusions drawn in a great measure from the scanty and doubtful remains of that age, and on conjectures respecting the events that may have happened in it. The conscious weakness of every proof has only served to enhance the bitterness of the controversies. But, by God's doing, which is

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\* *Μῦθος οὐ μῦθος ἀλλ' ὄντα λόγος.*

marvellous in our eyes, the materials for proving any exclusive case are wanting,—a shadow has descended upon all the facts. And now that the questions are growing threadbare, perhaps the future Church will be wise enough to admit that every form of its government is lawful, since God has appointed none; and that a preference for Congregational or Presbyterian organization no more excludes a person from being a faithful member of an Episcopal Church, or *vice versa*, than an abstract preference for republican institutions would prevent him from being a loyal subject of a monarchy. The darkness that has caused our strife may thus become the bond of our future and final peace.

If we are asked how Clement understood his Bible, we must answer, *pace tanti viri*, very badly indeed. In interpretation he is a mere disciple of Philo: as that writer had dealt with Moses, so he deals with the prophets and the writers of the New Testament: and he applies his principle apparently without any fixed rules at all. He imagined that every passage of Scripture undoubtedly contained a hidden meaning, or rather any number of hidden meanings: the same passage might mean this, that, and the other thing, all at the same time; and so he set to work at it, as children do at a charade, and expected a discovery of hidden truth from God's blessing upon piously-intended guesses.

But his fame rests not on his exegesis, the defects of which are perhaps admitted, but on the Christian Philosophy which he founded, and which received both system and expansion from his far abler disciple, Origen. This philosophy receives from Mr. Kingsley the following high encomium:—

"I entreat my hearers not to listen to the hasty sneer to which many of late have given way, that the Alexandrian divines were mere mystics, who corrupted Christianity by an admixture of Oriental and Greek thought. My own belief is, that they expanded and corroborated Christianity, in spite of great errors and defects on certain points, far more than they corrupted it; that they presented it to the minds of cultivated and scientific men in the only form in which it would have satisfied their philosophic aspirations, and yet contrived, with wonderful wisdom, to ground their philosophy on the very same truths which they taught to the meanest slaves, and to appeal in the philosophers to the same inward faculty to which they appealed in the slave; namely, to that inward eye, that moral sense and reason, whereby each and every man can, if he will, 'judge of himself that which is right.' I boldly say, that I believe the Alexandrian Christians to have made the best, perhaps the only attempt yet made by men, to proclaim a true world-philosophy; whereby I mean a philosophy common to all races, ranks, and intellects, embracing the whole phenomena of humanity, and not an arbitrarily small portion of them, and capable of being understood and appreciated by every human being from the highest to the lowest. And when you hear of a system

of reserve in teaching, a *disciplina arcani*, of an esoteric and exoteric, an inner and outer school, among these men, you must not be frightened at the words, as if they spoke of priestcraft, or an intellectual aristocracy, who kept the kernel of the nut for themselves, and gave the husks to the mob. It was not so with the Christian schools; it was so with the heathen ones. The heathens were content that the mob, the herd, should have the husks. Their avowed intention and wish was to leave the herd, as they called them, in the mere outward observance of the old idolatries, while they themselves, the cultivated philosophers, had the monopoly of those deeper spiritual truths which were contained under the old superstitions, and were too sacred to be profaned by the vulgar eyes. The Christian method was the exact opposite. They boldly called those vulgar eyes to enter into the very holy of holies, and there gaze on the very deepest root-ideas of their philosophy. They owned no ground for their own speculations which was not common to the harlots and slaves around. And this was what enabled them to do this; this was what brought on them the charge of demagoguism, the hatred of philosophers, the persecution of princes; that their ground was a *moral* ground, and not merely an intellectual one; that they started, not from any notions of the understanding, but from the inward conscience,—that truly pure reason in which the intellectual and moral spheres are united, which they believed to exist, however dimmed or crushed, in every human being capable of being awakened, purified, and raised up to a noble and heroic life. They concealed nothing *moral* from their disciples: only they forbade them to meddle with intellectual matters before they have had a regular intellectual training. The witnesses of reason and conscience were sufficient guides to all men, and at them the many might well stop short. The teacher only needed to proceed further, not into a higher region, but into a lower one, namely, into the region of the logical understanding, and there make deductions from, and illustrations of, those higher truths which he held in common with every slave, and held on the same ground as they."

We can accept a part, but only a part, of this eulogium. If we understand Mr. Kingsley's idea of a world-philosophy rightly, it comprehends two distinct things,—first, a philosophy that embodies systematic truth in so simple a form, that all, of whatever race, rank, or degree of mental culture, can understand it; and secondly, one that accounts for, and explains, not an arbitrary selection, but *all* the phenomena of human nature, and of God's dealings with the world. Now, we think it quite true, that, in the latter sense, the Alexandrian divines did aim at a world-philosophy, and attained it as nearly—perhaps more nearly, than any others. But, in the former sense, we doubt whether our Alexandrians even aimed at it. The universal thing that they proclaimed was a world-religion—a thing that may be, and is; but it was not their own, for they did but deliver that which they also had received from one greater than themselves. They did not deny the truth

that had been taught them, that the simple faith of the ignorant is a genuine thing, and, in truth, the one thing needful: but we are inclined to think, that they looked on that region into which the philosophical teacher only can proceed, as a higher one; in which he enjoyed a position of greater dignity, and was introduced to nobler truths than those that are within reach of the vulgar. All might aspire to this higher position, but without high intellectual gifts it could not be attained. Surely Clement's *γνώστικος* is not simply the man of high moral virtue, but of high morals and high intellect combined; and his *γνώσις* is something more than that moral acquaintance with Almighty God which Paul teaches us is the effect of love. We fear that these divines may have taken the first step into a way of error, from which we in our age are perhaps not yet returned, by chipping off a first fragment from that fundamental truth, that the highest things of all are hidden from the wise and prudent, but revealed to babes. They thought (as what theologian does not think?) that all their study was not mere weariness of the flesh, but must lead them—if it were but a step or two, yet—somewhat nearer to God. But that is just what it did not, and never could. It seems to be ordered, that man shall never learn effectually the limits of his powers, except by striving hard and long to exceed them. These were the first who tried to pass beyond the natural boundary, in the direction of God; and since then, the ablest minds of every generation have striven to bridge the gulf that lies between us and Him, but in vain. All this labour of centuries, what has it taught us, but this, which one might have almost thought was from the first self-evident,—that, whether in time or space, whether in matter or spirit, whether with body or with mind, there is no advancing towards the Infinite? The most distant star is no nearer to the limit of boundless Space than is the door-step of our homes: the loftiest flight of an Origen reaches no nearer to God than the simplest aspiration of a child. There is a world-religion; for the thought of God is the simplest and nearest—nearest to the universal heart, the unchanging instinct of mankind: but there is no world-philosophy. There are eternal truths; but they are detached, single, inarticulate; there is no eternal system of them. Mr. Kingsley has written this fact on his title-page in poetry; does he object to it in prose?

“ Our little systems have their day;  
 They have their day and cease to be;  
 They are but broken lights of Thee,  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

God does not vary: but the medium through which each suc-

cessive generation sees him does vary greatly in its refracting powers; and, with every change, there comes a fresh "broken light"—a fresh philosophy.

But, in that second sense of the expression, "world-philosophy,"—as one that aims at accounting for *all* phenomena, and including *all* mankind in the arrangements of God's providence, Clement and his followers certainly aimed at constructing one. They did not indeed succeed in accounting for *all* phenomena; for that no human being can do. The deepest theologian is utterly grieved by that posing child's question, "Pray, mamma, why did God make the devil?" and his usual practice is to express that stubborn phenomenon, the existence of sin, in the least possibly offensive formula, saying, perhaps, that God does not cause but only permits it, as if in the almighty First Cause of all, there could be any intelligible difference between permission and deed; and, then, having left this undefeated enemy in his rear, to march on as if victorious, to account for and systematize the remaining phenomena. But although they did not and could not account for all, we readily admit that they accounted for the largest possible selection of phenomena,—more, perhaps, than any other succeeding divines. And, above all, they aimed at including all mankind in the scheme of God. Clement's *Pædagogus*, who was identical with his *Logos*, had been a light to every man who had come into the world. And not only had he lighted him at his birth; but every man lived continually under a dispensation from him. To the Jews he had given the law; to the Greeks philosophy; and Clement seems to have imagined some analogous preparatory dispensation to the Magian and the Brahmin; and each had served as a schoolmaster to lead them to Him, and His last crowning dispensation, which completed and superseded all. There is nothing exclusive or damnatory in these men. They could not believe that God had predestined millions of his intelligent and sentient creatures to inevitable misery. Nor could they have argued with Bishop Butler, that as there is an appearance of waste in nature,—as the seed-vessel of plants contains thousands of seeds that die unfruitful for one that produces a living tree, and as the ovary of fishes contains tens of thousands of eggs that perish for one that becomes a fish: so there may be a waste in human souls,—so God may have brought millions of immortal souls into being, not (as the analogy indeed requires) that they may at once cease from being, and become like hidden untimely births that have never seen the sun; but for no other purpose, and with no other prospect before them, than that they may have that exquisite sensibility, which he himself has given them, tortured everlastingly. Such ideas would have been far from Clement and Origen. Nor did they

limit God's mercies within any narrow boundaries,—to a nation, or to a small body of elect, or to a church-organization, *extra quam nulla est salus*. They did not doubt that God has equal care for, equally gracious intentions towards all his creatures, nor think that he himself is arbitrary, while he commands us to be just.

Clement's view of the Logos seems to us to be quite that of Philo, with the application of it made by John. Among the early Christian writers, some seem to have approached this doctrine of a double nature from the divine, and some from the human side. Some, considering the history of the man who appeared in Judea, the power that he displayed, and the morals that he taught, became convinced that he was divine, pre-existent, eternal: others, having already convinced themselves, on philosophical grounds, that there must be a Logos, a something mediating between the Infinite and creation, and having been used to contemplate that Logos as existing from everlasting, and acting in all time and throughout all space; when their attention was drawn to the man Jesus Christ, became convinced that this Logos had become incarnate in Him. Of this latter class was Clement. Whether his belief was in strict accordance with the rule of later orthodoxy, is a question into the technicalities of which we have no wish to enter. But there can be no doubt that he held the two fundamental propositions; and believed and confessed that Jesus Christ, the Word of the Father, is both God and man.

To Clement's mind, the Logos chiefly presents himself as a teacher, and the idea of Redeemer and Atonement falls at least into the background. A teacher, indeed, and guide, was what his own life had been spent in seeking; he had gone from school to school, and found what he sought at last in Jesus. So he thought of Him chiefly as a teacher. He is our Saviour, "because he has taught us how to escape from the dominion of shameful lusts, and blameworthy incontinence, and fiery passions: the sick need a physician; the wandering a guide; the blind a leader; the thirsty a draught from the water of life; the dead need life; the sheep a shepherd; and the children a school-master; and all these things they find in the humanity of Jesus." It seems doubtful whether Clement would have thought of adding,—the sinners require an atonement; the justice of God cannot be appeased without a bloody sacrifice.

The Egyptian Church was still in Clement's days quite free from that sacerdotalism that was already budding on Carthaginian and Latin soil, and was so soon to extend from thence to the Grecian world. The priest, the temple, and the mystic ceremony were still flourishing in their native heathenism; but

within the Christian society there is only the teacher, and the house of meeting, and the sacrifice of prayer. Clement ignores the existence of a Christian priestly order as completely as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and nothing can be more spiritual or immaterial than his notion of worship.

There was, however, one point of Christian practice which lay particularly open to the influence of that belief in magic, and in the power of spells and mighty names, which we have seen was universal in that age. There had been a word applied to Christian baptism from the earliest times,—a word so speakingly, so touchingly expressive in the peculiar circumstances of those days, that it is no wonder that it became universal. This word described the change that took place in the intelligent adult, when having, of his own free choice, selected Christ for his portion, he emerged from the water of baptism, and found himself in a moment translated into a new world, dis severed from the corrupt society in which he had lived, and adopted into a pure family of brethren,—his old things all passed away, and all things become new. This word, New-birth, (we avoid purposely its more usual Latin synonyme, which the disputes of theologians and the quibbles of lawyers have emptied, for our age, of all its spiritual meaning, and converted into the driest and hardest of Shibboleths,) this word is always used by Clement, as we believe by all the early writers, as convertible with baptism; nor can we say that he was entirely free from a superstitious idea of its meaning. We cannot tell whether infant baptism was universally administered in his time; but this is certain, that the obvious idea which presented itself to his mind, was that great moral change which followed instruction, and of which the instrument was faith. The natural sequence of ideas in his mind is *κατήχησις, πίστις, ἀναγέννησις*.

But in his idea of the other sacrament there is no trace of magic. He had a variety of interpretations for the words "body and blood;" and the only thing that we can say with certainty is, that they represented to his mind no material things. All the metaphorical words that express spiritual food are classed together, as bearing the same relation to the word, everywhere treated as metaphorical, and nothing more. "In so many ways is the Word *allegorically* expressed as meat, and flesh, and food, and bread, and blood, and milk, denoting that the Lord is all things for the enjoyment of us who have believed in him."\* "The Scripture names the wine a mystic *symbol* of the holy blood."† The Lord himself was "speaking through *symbols* when he said, Eat ye my flesh, and drink ye my blood; clearly

\* *Prædag. lib. i. c. 6, § 48.*

† *1b. ii. 2, 29.*



expressing, *through allegory*, the drinkable nature of faith and of the preaching, by which the Church, as a human being, is supplied with liquid food, and made to grow."\*

We have now nearly exhausted our space, and must dismiss the most interesting of our heroes in the fewest words. The history of Origen, like that of all the early Fathers, has come down to us in the language of panegyric, from the pens of grateful pupils and other professed admirers. An instance of the exaggeration that has prevailed is shewn in the fact, that, on the strength of his possessing a Hebrew scribe to help him in the Hexapla, he has been ranked among the great Hebrew scholars, although totally ignorant of that language; and only a few months ago, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* classed him (appropriately enough with Augustine, who had not enough Greek to enable him to make habitual use of his Greek Testament) among the first linguists of antiquity. But after throwing overboard all the rhetoric of his panegyrists, and judging him only by the tokens of character that his own works have left, we find him a laborious, devoted, noble-minded, and (still rarer praise) a free, and liberal, and tolerant man. He is the first great writer, who had been born of Christian parents, and possessed a mind formed, by a Christian education, in a Christian mould. The traditions of his early life shew us, that the first direction of his mind was simply practical; and that it was not till his mind reached maturity that he felt the need of a scientific demonstration of the truths on which he lived, and aimed at what Mr. Kingsley calls a world-philosophy. His works touch on nearly every theological department, and treat on Christian evidence, interpretation of Scripture, and dogmatic theology. In his great work on Evidence, his Reply to the attack on Christianity made by Celsus, the reader will be surprised to find the chief modern objections already mooted in the third century, and discussed not only with great acuteness and power of argument, but with a candour and fairness too uncommon in religious questions. His principles of scriptural interpretation are Philo's, reduced to a still completer system; and the most remarkable feature in it is his bold avowal of his belief that the simple, literal meaning is often not only untrue but impossible. On the strength of this expression, Strauss claims him as an ally. But the views of the two men are totally different. Origen believed in the complete inspiration of every word of Scripture, and he thought that the allegorical sense, which was the most precious,

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\* *Pædag.* i. 6, 38. We have translated *ἡμεγγίλις*, *preaching*; it may mean *promise*.

was always strictly true; but that God inserted untruths and impossibilities in the literal text, in order that the reader might not be content with it, but look beneath it for the deeper and more precious truth. Indeed, in order to recommend this allegorical theory, he even immensely exaggerates the discrepancies of the literal text, and finds difficulties where no one else would have thought of finding them.\*

In his theology, we find first laid down a basis of certain truth, which included all that the apostles had delivered, all that the Church universally believed. It was this,—

“First, there is one God who created and fashioned all things, and who, when nothing existed, brought the universe into being,—God from the first creation and foundation of the world,—the God of all the righteous, of Adam, Abel, Seth, Enos,† Enoch, Noe, Sem, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the twelve Patriarchs, Moses, and the Prophets,—this God, in the latter days, as he promised beforehand by his prophets, sent our Lord Jesus Christ to call Israel first, and after the unbelief of Israel, all the nations. This same God, both righteous and merciful, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, himself gave the Law, and the Prophets, and the Gospels, and is himself the God of the apostles, and of the Old and New Testaments. Further, it was delivered by the apostles, that this Jesus Christ, who came into the world, was born before all the creation from the Father; who, though he had been the Father’s minister in the foundation of all things, (for through Him all things were made,) yet, in these last times, emptied Himself; and, though he was God, became incarnate and was made man, and, being made man, ceased not to be God. He took a body like to our bodies, in this only differing from them, that it was born of a Virgin and of the Holy Spirit. And since Jesus Christ was born and suffered truly, and endured, not in mere appearance, this same death which is common to all, he was truly dead; for he truly rose from the dead, and after his resurrection, having conversed with his disciples, was taken up into heaven. In the next place, the apostles delivered, that there is a Holy Spirit associated in honour and dignity with the Father and the Son. With respect to Him, it is not yet clearly discerned whether He was born or not born, or whether He also is to be esteemed a Son of God or not; but this is to be inquired, to the best of our power, from Holy Scripture, and to

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\* For example, he pronounces the text, “If any man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also,” to be very absurd in its literal meaning; not because, as some have thought, it exaggerates the duty of submissiveness, but because, since a man naturally uses his right hand, he could not possibly strike his adversary on the right, but on the left cheek. We wish one of his pupils had been saucy enough to give him a practical proof of the superiority, in such cases, of experiment over theory.

† The insertion of this name is a token of the influence of Philo, who had placed that Patriarch among the leading saints, on the strength of an interpretation of his name.

be examined by judicious research. But that the Spirit inspired each of the saints, or prophets, or apostles, and that it was not one Spirit that was in the ancients, and another in those who were inspired at the coming of Christ, is most clearly preached in all the churches."

He adds, as farther certain truths, the resurrection of the dead to eternal life, or eternal punishment, and the freedom of will by which the soul is able to choose between the two. The nature of the soul is doubtful, whether begotten or inserted; and whether corporeal or no. It is also doubtful whether the angels, or the powers of evil, or even God himself, is corporeal or incorporeal; indeed, it is uncertain whether there is anything incorporeal in existence. With respect to the opposite powers, the Church believes that there is a *dévil* and his angels; though who they are it does not know; but most suppose them to have been angels who rebelled. The Church believes respecting the world, that it is made, and began from a certain time, and will be dissolved by its own corruption. But what there was before this world, or what there will be after it, is not yet clearly known to many. For no clear teaching on these points is delivered in the ecclesiastical preaching.

This was, according to the most learned teacher of the third century, the sum of the apostolic legacy; all that remained was the result only of individual study and speculation. But he proceeds to develop a series of very beautiful speculations,—gorgeous dreams,—which doubtless formed the chief attraction of his lecture-room at Alexandria. Some of these dreams have been since developed into dogmas, but more condemned as heresies. We have seen in that simple creed his world-religion; now let us give our readers one taste of his world-philosophy. The following two speculations, which follow each other closely in his book on the *First Principles*, which was actually the text-book of his school, are more truly world-speculations than any others that we could produce; since one ranges through the whole material universe, and the other traces the destiny of the soul from eternity to eternity. Whether they account for *all* the phenomena, we leave our readers and Mr. Kingsley to decide.

The stars were to Origen neither inhabited worlds nor chaotic masses of lifeless matter, but living, reasonable beings, animated by souls. In fact, when Shakspeare wrote the following famous lines, he either possessed himself, or versified from elsewhere, an idea identical with Origen's:—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;  
Such harmony is in *immortal souls*."

Each was a pure being with an immortal soul, fulfilling the noblest of ministries: yet not content with that, they aspire after, and will one day enjoy, something far better. Now they are subject to vanity, because confined in bodies, and tied to the duty of illuminating the world; and they long for the time, when this splendid task of theirs shall have been completed, and they shall be set free from their bondage to corruption and vanity, and admitted into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Even the sun desires to depart, and to be with Christ; which he too feels would be far better. Is it not a pity that this beautiful dream is not true? One does not turn with pleasure from these glorious beings even to Sir David Brewster's innumerable multitude of happy worlds; far less to Dr. Whewell's universe of vast watery balls, each wrapped round a central cinder. Yet perhaps in the deep recesses of infinite space, there lurk brighter and more beautiful things than were ever imagined by any philosopher of the three; and in cases where the particulars are almost all unknown, the grandest and vastest dream may be the thing that comes nearest to reality.

We recognise at once in the foregoing speculation a mere dream, splendid but baseless, the whole of which, except the grand vague idea of vastness and beauty, can be proved untrue; but the following one upon the history and destinies of souls, which is a perfectly analogous speculation, formed by the same process, and resting on the same foundation, refers to matter even more unknown. Science can here prove no negative; because the scene lies in a world which neither eyes nor telescopes can reach.

There stands fast and firm in the mind of Origen this great principle, that in all his dealings with his reasonable creatures, with Christian or heathen, with angel, man, or devil, God has been exactly just, according to those same rules of justice that he has written on the heart of man;—that in him there has been no partiality or caprice, nor even the slightest inequality in the distribution of his gifts; so that, if we see two beings unequally endowed, we may at once conclude that they have somehow or other merited the inequality. But when he views this world alone, it is impossible for him, as it must be for every one, to reconcile all its phenomena with this view; he saw, as all see, “that the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge;” and “that one event happeneth to all, as to the righteous so to the wicked.” We are content now-a-days to leave this insoluble question as we find it; but not so then. Each theologian must produce his theory. The Gnostic, and in after times the Manichean, had his; and the orthodox must show a counter-theory of his own. To supply this want

there rose in Origen's mind a splendid vision. He ventured, perhaps alone of all theologians, to face the immensities of Time and Space. There is a world in which we live; and there are other worlds; and there are heavens and earths beyond the sphere of the fixed stars. And there is an age, in which our present lives are cast, and there are ages past and to come, and there are ages of ages; but something yet remains beyond them all. And in the far distant past, at some time to us unknown, God made all the rational souls that now are animating men, or devils, or angels, or stars. He made them all alike, equally gifted, but each endowed with that dangerous gift of Freedom. Some, in the ages that are past, used this gift faithfully; and they have risen to be angels and archangels, principalities and powers; some animate the stars; and one is the living soul that directs the glorious ministry of the sun; nay, one deserved so highly, that it was united with, and became the human soul, of the Word of God himself. And some, on the other hand, abused the gift, and sinking downwards became devils, warring with good in others, and at present incapable of it themselves, though not perhaps even they for ever. And some have been sent into this world, receiving at their entrance into it, perhaps in pursuance of the sentence of some past judgment-day like that which is to be hereafter, different gifts and capacities, and different positions in life, all in strict accordance with their merits in ages past. This present life, then, is but one of many past and to come. But there will at last be an end of all, when all human souls will be restored, and in some region beyond the sphere of the fixed stars enjoy eternal happiness. For all God's punishments are medicinal: they are inflicted solely with a view to cure: his very *αἰώνιον πῦρ* burns only for the purifying of the soul. Nor did Origen shrink from intimating, although timidly, the most distant, yet still necessary consequence of his principle, that the day will come at last, when even the devils shall be reconciled. Then at last there will be no sin, or death, or pain, or sorrow, in the whole universe of God.

We have stated this view somewhat more broadly than he; but we do not think that there is any proposition in our statement which is not expressed or implied in his writings. We ought also to add, that he does not claim for it a higher rank than that of a probable conjecture. It is certainly a mere dream, but such as could suggest itself to none but a lofty and noble mind. Certainly these ages of purgation, administered by almighty power, and unerring wisdom, and eternal love, are a far nobler "fabric of a vision" than that gambooge and vermilion purgatory of which poor, weak, amiable Pio Nono keeps the keys;

where we may commute our sentence at the rate of so many days per Pater Noster ; and have the privilege of sending, when we please, to friends in trouble, a half-crown's worth of *refrigerium*, all the credit of the Roman Church being pledged for its safe delivery. The balance is certainly in favour of the heretic ; for such is poor Origen, although the spiritual parent of scores of the canonized, and by far the most influential mind that ever rose in the Oriental church. Hard controversial battles have been fought on the question of his salvation or damnation. Much has been said on both sides, although direct intelligence of his trial was scanty, reporters having been excluded : at last a sensible suggestion was made, that one of the chief disputants should go to the other world and see : upon the whole, the predominant opinion was, that he is in that bad place, the eternity of which he disbelieved. It may be that he cares but little for these questions : for, if noble exertion and genuine piety, a pure and even ascetic life, a truth-loving and charitable heart, united with unflinching confidence in the truth of his religion, can prepare a man for heaven, certainly Origen is there.

Probably our readers will have no difficulty in pronouncing what school of divines in our day has been to market in the bazaars of Alexandria. We do not wish at present to enter into the discussion of their views ; but whatever judgment the future biographer or critic may have to pronounce on their theology, he will be a very uncharitable man if he denies his approval and sympathy to themselves. There is nothing that has been, that does not in the lapse of time reappear : and, therefore, a day may come when the learned world will be disputing *de salute Mauriti*. Perhaps that distinguished divine would have no objection to stand at the bar, or share a cell, in the other world, with his preceptor Origen.

- ART. IV.—1. *History of Holland from the beginning of the Tenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By C. M. DAVIES. London, 1842.
2. *Memoirs of the Princess Palatine of Bohemia; including her Correspondence with the great men of her day, and Memoirs of the Court of Holland under the Princes of Orange.* By the BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY. London, 1853.
3. *Hugonis Grotii de Jure Belli et Pacis, Libri Tres.* Accompanied by an abridged Translation. By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D. 3 vols. London, 1854.
4. *Inquiries in International Law, Public and Private.* By JAMES REDDIE, Esq., Advocate. Edinburgh, 1851.
5. *Boisyer's Commentaries on Universal Public Law.* London, 1854.
6. *Commentaries on International Law.* By ROBERT PHILIMORE, D.C.L. London, 1854.
7. *Shipping Laws of the British Empire.* By GEORGE ATKINSON, Sergeant-at-Law. London, 1854.
8. *Laws of War affecting Commerce and Shipping.* By H. BYERLEY THOMSON, Esq., B.A. London, 1854.
9. *Rights of British and Neutral Commerce.* By JOHN HOSACK. London, 1854.

"SEIGNEUR, ayez pitié de mon âme, et de ce pauvre peuple!" Such was the exclamation, more appropriate and more becoming than even the dying action of Cæsar, with which William the Silent, the Liberator of Holland, closed his career. He was assassinated on the 10th July 1584, as he was quitting his own dinner-table, in his palace at Delft, in the presence of his wife and his sister, surrounded by his children, and in the very heart of a country where, we are told, "there was scarcely an individual who would not have died to save him." The scene of the murder is still pointed out to strangers, and whatever may be the authenticity of the details, the locality is so well authenticated, and the circumstances so accurately known, as to bring the tragedy home to us with terrible reality. When, four years before, his enemy, Philip III. had resorted to the infamous expedient of setting a price on his head, William's pious and cheerful answer had been that he should, notwithstanding, live as long in the midst of his friends as it pleased God, in whose hands are life and death. Incessant conspiracies against his life were the result of this savage measure; and at Antwerp, in 1582, in circumstances almost identical with those which we have mentioned as attending his death, the bullet of an assassin had actually passed through his mouth. Still William persisted in acting on the

maxim that death itself is better than the constant fear of it, and it was in consequence of the freedom with which he admitted every one to his presence, that Balthazar Gerard was enabled to become the successful candidate for the martyr's crown, which a Christian Church had added to the temporal advantages which a Christian monarch had offered to his murderer.

As no character of his time was more weighty, either in the scale of friends or enemies, than that of William of Orange, so there is none with reference to whom praise on the one hand, or vituperation on the other, has been carried farther. Whilst those who loved him were accustomed to liken him to the grandest characters of antiquity, those who feared him professed to see his prototype only in Cain, and Judas Iscariot. A dispassionate posterity has sided far more frequently with his admirers than his detractors, and the worst charge which is ever brought against him now, is that in the dark days which preceded the departure of Margaret of Parma from the Netherlands, and before he openly assumed the character of a leader of insurrection, he occasionally was guided in his actions by something approaching to what Milton would have called "a public conscience."

Naturally observant, and trained from his childhood to watch men and events, William of Orange was sharp-witted and clear-headed in the highest degree, whilst his intelligence, resting securely on a moral nature of extraordinary firmness, was freed from the distorting influences of the passions, to an extent, perhaps, unequalled in any other man. With him insight was foresight, yet so far was he from either concluding or acting in haste, that of the favourite pupil of Charles V., it was hard to tell, whether caution or determination was the more prominent characteristic. But for the fearlessness of his conduct, his lengthened deliberations might have been mistaken for wavering, and but for the soundness of the conclusions at which he arrived, the tenacity with which he clung to them, might, at any time, have been stigmatized as obstinacy. "He was," says Schiller in his noble historical fragment,\* "no stranger to fear, but between his fear and that of other men, there was this difference, that it came before the danger, and he was tranquil in tumult,† because he had trembled in tranquillity."

William of Orange was the Luther of politics. With him a new era commences in the political history, not of Holland only, but of Europe. The idea of the State, as it presented itself to the minds of the great publicists of antiquity, and as it was realized in what may be called the constitutional governments of

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\* *Der Abfall der Niederlande.*

† Schiller's expression, which we have translated literally, was probably suggested by the motto which William himself assumed, "*Sævis tranquillus in undis.*"



the ancient world, did not recognise the existence either of rights or interests in the governing body, apart from and independent of those of the governed. The external organization of the State, under whichever of the three great political categories—monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical—it might fall, was simply the form into which society had thrown itself for the time being, and had, in and for itself, no more an independent existence than the form of matter had an existence independent of its substance. By a mental act the form, in either case, might be abstracted, and might be talked and reasoned of apart, and thus the science of politics was conversant about forms of society, just as geometry was conversant about forms of matter.

But the speculations and the institutions of Greece had alike been forgotten; the Roman Republic had given place to the Empire, and a political theory almost the converse of this succeeded to it. Substance and accident may almost be said to have changed places. The Cæsar, his ministers, his magistrates, and his legions, if not absolutely the State itself, came to be regarded as its necessary and permanent attributes, as its immovable centre, around which citizens, or rather subjects (for in the antique sense there were citizens no longer) were to group themselves, and to the requirements of which their habits, and thoughts, and wishes must conform. This was the fundamental idea of the Empire, and the consequence of it was, that through all the changes which the Empire underwent, the rights of the governing body were regarded as equally, if not more inalienable, than those of the people.

On the fall of the Western Empire, this theory, more or less modified, not by classical, but by old Teutonic notions of freedom,—was transplanted into all the feudal monarchies which sprung from its roots. Several modern writers, amongst whom Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Allen are the most conspicuous, have expended much learning and ingenuity in assigning to the Roman Imperial, and to the traditionary Teutonic elements, their respective value in the formation of modern political ideas. Even if we follow, as we should be disposed to do, the views of Mr. Allen, who gives to the traditionary Teutonic element more importance than Sir Francis, enough of efficiency must still be conceded to Imperial ideas, as they were transmitted through the ecclesiastical jurists, fully to establish our position, that *in every mediæval State the governing body had a locus standi of its own, which it was constitutionally entitled to defend against the public will.* Even where republican forms of government had prevailed, the tendency had been to regard those to whom the executive was confided, as, for the time at least, possessed of such a

position;\* and where, in the far greater majority of cases, monarchical institutions prevailed, the rights of the ruler were limited by no counter-balancing duties beyond those which the father of a family owes to his children. That he had obligations in this sense, religion, both natural and revealed, taught both him and them, and these it was not unusual to embody in a coronation oath, or other solemn act at his accession. But beyond acting as a vague species of moral restraint, such declarations were wholly inefficacious when they chanced to conflict with the will of the ruler, for, as it was to God that he vowed, so it was held that by Him only could he be called to account. As being the source of all temporal authority, there was a contradiction involved in the very idea of the *pater et rex* being amenable to a temporal tribunal. The only appeal from the monarch's word which on this theory was admissible, was to the monarch's conscience, upon which occasionally the authority of the Church, as the keeper of consciences, or of its head, as the maker of kings, might be brought to bear. Of all the channels to redress or reform within the State, that of petitioning alone was not logically closed.

But a very different political theory, and one to the influence of which no prudent man will yet venture to assign a limit, was solemnly and *at once* inaugurated by the edict of forfeiture which the States-General of the United Provinces, under the guidance of William of Orange, promulgated against Philip of Spain on the 26th July 1581. We have said "at once"—for far from this event being preceded by a gradual movement in the direction of liberty, the doctrines of absolute monarchy had never attained to so complete a practical recognition as during the portion of the sixteenth century which had just elapsed. At a much earlier period, indeed, this tendency had made itself felt, and during the three centuries which had preceded the taking of Constantinople, its action had been invariable. From the days of Irenæus the Roman law had been the main link which connected modern with ancient civilisation. It was cultivated, scientifically speaking, now with more, now with less success, but it had all along exerted an unceasing and very important practical influence on the development of States, and an influence which, derived as it then was almost entirely from the Justinian compilations, was exclusively favourable to the ascendancy of the Imperial element. The more perfect judicial system which was thus placed in the hands of the central power gave to it a greater consistency of action, of which it naturally availed itself for the assertion of its own independence,—the machinery of the

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\* The so-called republics of Italy were, in truth, almost always aristocracies, leaning far more frequently in the direction of oligarchy than democracy.

executive was perfected,—and the rude maxims of state-craft which had hitherto prevailed, were at last raised by Macchiavelli, and some of the Venetian and Spanish diplomatists, almost to the dignity of a science. It is quite true that opposite influences during this period had been very strenuously at work. The revival of classical studies had made the learned familiar with the doctrines which prevailed in the vigorous youth, as well as in the decrepit age of the ancient world, and where the ideas hence derived had already been carried, as was the case with Protestants, into practical activity in one sphere of human interests, their application to another lay sufficiently near. Accordingly we find, that such writers as Hottoman, Languet, our own George Buchanan, Bishop Poynt, and the like, did not scruple to assert for the people the right not only to judge of the actions of the monarch, but even to demand the forfeiture of his life, in the name and for the interests of the common weal. In this doctrine, strangely enough, they were followed a few years later by the “Leaguers” in France, who seized on it as the most convenient justification of their own opposition to Henry IV.; and in the book *De justa Republicæ Christianæ in Reges potestate*, which has been ascribed to Rose, Bishop of Senlis, and of which Mr. Hallam has given an interesting analysis,\* we have the doctrine that the right to withdraw obedience from wicked kings is at the bottom of all public law, advocated with as little hesitation as by Buchanan himself. But all this was subsequent to William’s death; Buchanan was his contemporary, and there can be no question that the doctrine which was uppermost in the age to which William belonged, was that propounded by the greatest of all its theorists, and by one whom neither Protestant nor Catholic could claim as his own;—“*Majestas*,” wrote Bodinus, about four years before the edict of forfeiture, “*majestas est summa, in cives et subditos, legibusque soluta, potestas*.”

It was thus against no exploded or exceptional policy on the part of Spain that William protested, and if the honours of originality, in the only sense in which originality in such cases is possible, are to be denied to his celebrated Manifesto, it seems to us that equally must they be withheld from the utterances of the religious reformers in the preceding part of the century.

What then were the leading doctrines of the Political Reformation?

The ancient doctrine, that every legitimate government,† be its form what it may, has for its object the common good, was

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\* *Literature of Europe*, 3d edition, vol. ii. p. 43.

† *Aristot. Politicor*, lib. iii. c. v.

once more formally proclaimed. But it was felt that neither the principle thus established, nor the other, that the ultimate test of what does or does not constitute this common good, is to be sought in the law of reason,—a law higher and more stable than the passing volitions either of the one, or the few, or the many,—a law which Aristotle had finely said was “reason without passion,” solved the practical difficulty. For where was this law to be found, who was to interrogate it, and expound it authoritatively and finally in cases of controversy? He who did so was manifestly the sovereign, but who he should be was a question which Aristotle\* had declined to answer, and for which the political history of eighteen centuries had since been in vain endeavouring to find a permanent solution. It was this question which the States-General took upon them to determine, and which they did determine in a sense which, whether true or false, has since been accepted by every constitutional state whether monarchical or republican. In the nation, they said, there is a conscience, just as in the individual man, and in this conscience the nation will find the law of the common good, by a conscientious exercise of its reason,—by an honest introspection.

As Christians, they believed that much which affects public as well as private relations had been directly revealed, and feeling as they did, the perfect accordance of this revelation with the dictates of the individual conscience, they meekly bowed to it as a national law. But where this monitor was silent, they held that the state, like the citizen, is a law unto itself. There was no security for the coincidence of this law with the will of a divinely-appointed monarch, for of such a monarch, and of such an appointment they found no trace either in nature or revelation. Neither was it to be found in the sentiments of a privileged class, for there was nothing to lead them to believe that any class was privileged or endowed exclusively; least of all would it be discovered by the vulgar mechanical expedient of counting transitory individual volitions. Its seat was in the great heart of the whole people, towards the constitution of which every element of wisdom, goodness, and power, furnished their appropriate elements. As civilisation advanced, and culture was widened and deepened, the light of reason would burn brighter, and the law would be more visible. But, apart from revelation, there was no hope of illumination or guidance from without.

It is obvious that the national conscience, as thus understood, was not bound to the adoption of any particular form of government,—nay, that being progressive, it could not be so bound. As regarded the present, if it pronounced in favour of an

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\* *Politico*, lib. iii. c. vii.

absolute monarchy, or an aristocracy, these, however objectionable they might seem in the abstract, were, *eo ipso*, legitimate governments in the Aristotelian sense. If, on the other hand, a republic, even though established and upheld by universal suffrage,\* was not in accordance with its requirements, (which, by assigning to mere physical force a preponderance almost exclusive of other elements, which the national conscience recognised, was pretty sure to be the case,) then such a republic was as little a legitimate government as the veriest tyranny.

The form of government then was to be fixed by considerations of simple and temporary expediency,—it was a machine devised by the common conscience for the fulfilment of its designs, and its perfection was to be judged of by the completeness with which it performed its function.

This great principle of placing the ultimate and inalienable sovereignty in what we have called the national or common conscience,—but for which such expressions as “the common will,” “the spirit of the time,” or even “public opinion,” in its gravest sense, may be used as equivalents,—we regard as the great discovery of modern politics. Logically considered, it no doubt followed as an inevitable consequence from the centre principle of the Religious Reformation, or rather it was this principle itself at work in another direction. But though history does, in the main, work out the legitimate consequences of principles which have once become dominant, such is often a slow, and not always a certain result. That in the present case there were conquests remaining for the politician, after the victory of the divine was accomplished, the subsequent history of northern Germany too conclusively demonstrates. More than three centuries have elapsed since the bones of Luther were laid to rest in the Church of Wittemberg,—the political reformer of Luther’s country is still an object of hope.

As regards ourselves as Englishmen, it is a fact, which subsequent events have somewhat obscured, that our political progress is more to be ascribed to our intercourse with the Dutch in the seventeenth and preceding century, than to any other external cause.

In the sixteenth century, our relations with the United Provinces were of a far more intimate kind than they have been with any European nation in our own day. Down to the very period of the Revolution, from causes arising now from friendship and family connexion, now from rivalry in commerce and in war, the domestic affairs of the two countries continued to be

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\* Anything so wild as universal suffrage seems never to have occurred to the sober and aristocratic burghers of Holland.

as well known to each other as when Dutchmen and Englishmen fought side by side in the days of Elizabeth ; and this knowledge descended to the lowest classes, to an extent which is surprising in our day. From de Wittes, de Ruyters, and Temples, it passed to the Puritan yeoman, the Scotch covenanter, and the Dutch Presbyterian mechanic, even to the children, who, as Macaulay tells us, when the news of Cromwell's death arrived, ran along the canals shouting that the devil was dead.

Accordingly, no two political events of equal importance ever probably resembled each other so closely as the Dutch Revolution of 1581, and the English Revolution of 1688. Both could claim an historical basis, and both accordingly set forth as their object, not the introduction of theoretical novelties, but the restoration of institutions which had existed from time immemorial. Both were effected not only with deliberation, but with extreme reluctance, by a people which had exhausted every other expedient, and had clung with fondness to the forms of allegiance after its substance had become irreconcilable, not only with national well-being, but with self-preservation. Of both might have been said, with equal truth, what was said of that of Holland, that it was "a desperate remedy for an incurable disease." Far from being succeeded, as most revolutions, ancient and modern have been, by at least temporary anarchy or misrule, they were both the harbingers of order more perfect, and of citizen virtues more unalloyed by selfishness, than the history of mankind had ever before exhibited. The one feature of dissimilarity which has obscured so many features of resemblance is,—that whilst the English revolution was followed by a peace, which two unimportant attempts at rebellion can scarcely be said to have interrupted, that of Holland was followed by a war so protracted that the sons of those who saw its commencement were grey-headed men when they assembled in the Frieden Saal at Munster to sign the treaty of Westphalia, by which it was terminated. But even this difference was more apparent than real, because unlike all other wars, that in which the United Provinces were engaged, brought along with it more than the usual blessings of peace. Mr. Davies seems to be guilty of no exaggeration when he says, that "unexampled in the history of nations, it had brought commerce, wealth, civilisation, learning, and the arts in its train, and which well deserved its high exemption, because of the nobleness, the purity, and the elevation of the motives from whence it originated ; a war which had its foundation in justice and its termination in glory."\*—(Vol. ii. p. 653.)

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\* The "Tulipomania" afford a curious and interesting proof of the internal tranquillity of the United Provinces, during a struggle which seemed at every

But of all the coincidences between these two memorable revolutions, the most remarkable is that between the State documents which exist as their respective memorials. The identity of the principles here set forth is so complete, as to place the connexion between them beyond all question; and if we regard it, as well we may, as a subject of national pride, that William was strengthened by recollections of our constitutional struggles, and aided by suggestions derived from the earlier pages of our Statute Book, it is nothing more than an act of becoming gratitude to bear in mind, that not the celebrated manifesto of his great-grandson only, but the Bill of Rights itself, is little more than a reproduction of ideas, and almost of words, which are traceable to his pen.

The Baroness Blaze de Bury's attractive volume, included in the list at the head of this paper, gives us some interesting glimpses of the domestic life of this great Constitutionalist.

At the hands of his four wives, William experienced both the joys and the sorrows of matrimony in the fullest measure. He was first married to Anne of Egmont, Count Egmont's sister, but of her we hear little even now. His second wife, Anne of Saxony, exhibited such depths of perfidy and worthlessness, that of all the instances of William's stout-heartedness with which we are acquainted, the greatest seems that of his venturing upon farther matrimonial experiments. Madame de Bury has furnished us with three of her letters, addressed respectively to her husband, to her paramour, and to her mother-in-law; and we can scarcely tell whether the hypocrisy of the first, the profligacy of the second, or the low cunning of the third, most fill us with wonder and disgust. In none of them, however, is there any charge, either of infidelity or unkindness, against William; and there are many expressions which show that, even in what the companion of her guilt afterwards called "the wildest tran-

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moment to threaten their existence as a nation, and one, moreover, which is very characteristic of the habits of the Dutch as we know them.

"In 1637, the price of tulips suddenly rose to an incredible height, the most esteemed varying from 2600 guilders to 150 for a single root. Large fortunes were acquired by speculations on this article, which in Amsterdam alone, involved, it is said, no less a sum than 10,000,000 guilders. Persons of all ranks, sexes, and ages, neglected their ordinary avocations to amuse themselves with this novel species of gambling; but as those who purchased were often of slender means, and unable to fulfil their engagements, the speculation became so unsafe that men lost confidence in it, and in course of time it died away of itself. . . . However we may condemn this idle traffic, and however well deserved the ridicule it has incurred, it is still gratifying to reflect in what a state of ease and prosperity, how free from care and light-hearted a people must be, who could find opportunity and inclination to devote their attention to such agreeable trifles. The mania did not extend to the Spanish Netherlands."—(Vol. ii. p. 607.)

sports of her rage," she was fully sensible that his conduct had been, and was likely to be, far more considerate than she deserved. In the letter to the Count John, she says, "Your Grace tells me in your last letter, that it is for my lord husband and my friends to decide in this matter; I will hope that it is for my lord husband, and nowise for my friends." When Anne's guilt was placed beyond all question, first by her detection, and then by her confession, the effort of her illustrious relatives was to procure concealment. It was proposed that William should shut her up between stone walls, and spread a report that she was dead; but this arrangement did not suit his views; and when, four years afterwards, it was known that he had resolved to repudiate her formally, in order that he might marry Charlotte de Bourbon, the indignation of the German princes knew no bounds. Anne's uncle, the Landgraf of Hesse, gave way to his feelings in the following amusing tirade:—"None of us can imagine what could possibly induce the prince and that booby St. Aldegonde, and whoever else meddled in it, to enter into such a business. If you consider the religious side of the question, why, she (Charlotte) is a Frenchwoman, a nun, and a runaway nun to boot! You can fancy all that is said thereupon, and how it is surmised that the prince, changing his old wife for this new one, will be merely going out of the frying-pan into the fire. If personal attractions be thought of, I'll answer for a bitter disappointment." . . . But the marriage had already been arranged between the principal parties, and remonstrance in such cases is not commonly attended with success.\*

The fresh and genial interest in all the human relations which William retained to the very last, was indeed the great charm of his character. It was only natural that something of the temper which the furnace gives should adhere to one who had passed through it so often; and, accordingly, we admit that in the directness and bareness with which his sentiments on matrimonial subjects are stated, there is often an approach to hardness. But the sentiments themselves are hearty and even kindly, and of misanthropy in any form, from first to last, there is not the slightest tinge either in his words or his actions.

Charlotte of Montpensier was the purest, the gentlest, the most devoted of wives. Here is one of her letters which, the courtly style being relaxed where the occasion required, might serve as a model for all conjugal correspondence.

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\* Of its utter futility where such a character as William's is in question, no one will doubt who peruses the curious document, which he drew up with his own hand, and which we wish Madame de Bury had given in the original instead of in translation.



"MY LORD,—I received this morning, at my awakening, your letters of the 3d of this month (October), and can assure you I was most rejoiced to be assured of your good health, for which I fervently thank God, and pray him to continue to you the same. To-day, towards one o'clock afternoon, arrived in this town your brother, Monsieur le Comte, which event caused great contentment to all the citizens and people. We were, however, my daughters and I, far more delighted than all the rest, and as we dined, loyally and heartily drank your health, with oh ! what wishes, my Lord, that you had but been present to pledge us. I will do the best I can touching what you desire ; but the townspeople have taken it into their heads already to make him (the Count) their present of a cup or vase. If all the others do the same it will be some proof of their goodwill ; but I had rather the States had given something handsome, but useful at the same time. Nevertheless, my Lord, I did not venture to interfere, thinking that it may, perhaps, be possible to remedy in general whatever may in particular be wanting ; and I will see to this the most discreetly that I can. As to the thousand florins, I sent for Jan Bach to know if he could furnish them,—and if it should so happen that he cannot furnish the whole, I can contribute a part, so that I hope, with God's help, not to fail in executing your commands, as I also hope, with the same aid, that we, my daughters and I, may gain the sum of patience we need, though that will be difficult when, my Lord, your brother shall quit this ; for while he is here, it does not seem to us that you are entirely absent. I am much comforted, my Lord, by the hopes you entertain that affairs are likely to take a better turn, and if anything astonishes me it is that they should not yet be concluded, for it seems to me that it is high time they should be so.

"I have delivered all your messages to your daughters, my Lord, who, in turn, present their compliments to your gracious acceptance. We all love each other well, and live in great familiarity and intimacy. They (the grown-up girls) take care of the little ones ; all of them are quite well, as also my Lord, the Count Maurice.

"Your most humble and most obedient servant, as long as she may live,

" C. DE BOURBON."

If anything beyond such words were wanting to prove the perfect happiness of William's domestic life at this period, it is supplied by the testimony of Count John. "The prince," he says, in a letter to Count Schonenburg, "looks so well, and is of such good courage, in spite of the small comfort he enjoys, and the extent of his troubles, his labours, and his perils, that you would hardly believe it, and would be immensely rejoiced thereat. Of a surety, it is a most precious consolation and a wondrous relief that God should have given him a wife so distinguished by her virtue, her piety, her vast intelligence,—in a word, so

perfectly all that he could wish; in return, he loves her tenderly." \*

With this tantalizingly short digression into his domestic history, we must take leave of William for the present, and pass on to the immediately succeeding phase of social progress, where the figure of another Dutchman stands not less prominently in the foreground.

At the time of William's death HUGO GROTIUS was a child of little more than a year old, living in his father's house in Delft. His father had studied under the celebrated Lipsius, had been four times Burgomaster of Delft, was Curator of the University of Leyden, (then a position of much consideration,) and latterly was Counsellor to Count Hohenloo, the same whom the Prince of Orange employed in his matrimonial mission to Charlotte of Montpensier. Similar offices and a similar position had been held by the family, many of whom were lawyers, for a good many generations; and as they belonged to that peculiar class of old burgher gentry whom Sir William Temple† describes as contrasting so favourably with the rudeness of the traders on the one hand, and the corruption of the nobles on the other, the future founder of international jurisprudence may be said to have been born into a Dutch *famille de robe* of the very best description. If we give to this, and to the other favouring circumstances which accompanied it, all the weight which belongs to them, we shall probably be of opinion that, if too little importance has been allowed to the personal influence of William on the constitutional tendencies which gained the ascendancy under his auspices, too much has been given to that of Grotius by those who have regarded him as the originator of views which were amongst the oldest, and in his day the most prominent characteristics of his countrymen. Never, indeed, as it seems to us, was there a case in which an individual exercised to his generation what Socrates would have called the *τέχνη παιευτική* more completely than Grotius did; and his merit, in our opinion, consists, not in hav-

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\* The Baroness receives this last assertion with hesitation, on the ground that, when the gentle Charlotte fell a victim to her over-anxiety about her husband's wound, on the occasion of the attempt to assassinate him at Antwerp, he so soon thereafter endeavoured to repair what he himself called "the nearest loss of all," by again marrying, for the fourth time. That he should scarcely have permitted even the *annus luctus* to elapse, does seem remarkable; and as we are not furnished, as on the former occasion, with his own reasons for the step, we are left to conjecture. What he formerly said, however, of the "occupations, affairs, and annoyances wherein he was plunged up to the neck, not permitting him longer to exist alone and solitary," he probably regarded as doubly true after the frightful tragedy which had just occurred. William's wife, in short, as every man's wife ought to be, was his prime minister, and his affairs were far too urgent to permit of the office being vacant almost for a day.

† See Sir W. Temple, p. 47.

ing generated, but in having brought forth in a scientific shape, ideas which, in a chaotic form, he found in the mind of every intelligent Dutchman. In order to justify an assertion which, though it does not diminish the real merit of Grotius, certainly does militate against the character for invention which he has very commonly enjoyed, let us consider the influences amongst which he grew up.

1. From the earliest times the system of municipal government had been carried out more completely in Holland than in any other country of Europe. "The towns," says Mr. Davies, "were not portions of the State, but the State was rather an aggregate of towns," and each of these formed a small independent commonwealth, governed by its own laws, and holding separate courts of justice. We have here, in the most fundamental institutions of the country, a field for the conflict of laws, on which questions must often have arisen which the Assembly of the States (which was little more than the towns in their collective capacity) could only have resolved by an appeal to something like the principles of general jurisprudence. The Pensionary or Advocate of every Dutch town, to say nothing of the Pensionary of the States-General, must consequently have passed through a training similar to that which, in our own day, has rendered our transatlantic descendants the best international lawyers in the world.

2. In addition to the independent position in which the towns stood to each other, the relation which subsisted between their magistrates and the Count, and between the territories which belonged to them without the walls, and what was called the "open country," in which the domains of the nobles and the Church were situated, must have given rise to continual questions of a similar kind.

3. From the days of the Romans downwards, Holland had been pre-eminently a trading and commercial country, and we know that it was with reference to commerce that the first attempts were made to establish rules for the intercourse of independent States. The mercantile code of the Rhodians, which the Romans adopted, is, with the exception of the *jus fetiale*, (which seems to have been chiefly ceremonial,) the only monument we possess of the rules by which the intercourse of the States of antiquity was regulated. The *leges Rhodiorum* were superseded by the *Tabula Amalphitana*, which again made way for the *Consolato del Mare*. Then came the famous laws of Oleron, which we claim for our own Richard I., but which can scarcely have proceeded from so giddy a head, and the ordinances of Wisbuy, which formed the basis of the ordinances of the Hanseatic league. Lastly, the code which in Grotius's own day (1614) was drawn up at Lubec

by the general meeting of the Hanseatic league.\* It is true that none of these regulations dealt with international interests in the wide sense in which Grotius, and some even of the precursors of Grotius, conceived them; and it is also true that neither they, nor the treaties by which their principles were often modified, appealed to a higher principle than the commercial interests of the States for whose convenience they were prepared. Still they recognised the necessity of mutual good faith, and that in circumstances in which it could not be enforced by national tribunals, and thus to a Dutchman, breathing the atmosphere which they created, the ideas of international rights and duties must have been among the very first which he encountered.

4. But we are not left to infer generally, from the fact of its being a trading country, that Holland was impregnated with the ideas of international morality and law. We know, as a fact, that the Dutch, in the days of Grotius, were the honestest people in the world, and as this fact seems to us a very important one in accounting for the rise among them of a science of which mutual fair dealing—the golden rule—was the object, we shall take the liberty of establishing it by the authority of one who has looked into their affairs more narrowly than we ourselves can profess to have done. Mr. Davies, in enumerating the causes which led to the glorious termination of the liberation war, mentions, as the chief, the moral qualities of the Dutch, and of these he says,—

“Among the moral qualities which distinguished the Dutch of this period, the most remarkable was *honesty*; a homely virtue, and now, politically speaking, fallen into disesteem, (?) but none the less real, none the less efficacious in the circumstances in which they were placed. Of the advantage it proved to them in their pecuniary relations with other States, their history affords sufficient evidence. At the time when their affairs were most desperate, none ever doubted their national credit;† the parsimonious Queen of England, the cautious William of Orange, the mistrustful German princes, never hesitated for a moment to advance them loans, or to trust to their honour for the payment of the troops which served under their standards. Carried into their commercial transactions, this probity won them the confidence of the merchants of foreign countries, and caused them to

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\* The learned and luminous judgments of Lord Stowell, during the late war, and the discussions which have taken place in the Admiralty Courts since the commencement of the present, have made both the profession and the public so familiar with these early codes, that even this cursory enumeration of them may almost demand an apology.

† In less than ten years, Philip of Spain had *twice* declared himself insolvent—in 1587 and in 1596; and in 1576, when he had contracted a debt of 14,500,000 ducats to the merchants of Spain and Genoa, he obtained from the Pope a dispensation permitting him to revoke all his engagements, “lest he should be ruined by usury whilst combating the heretics.”

become, in course of time, the providers and cashiers of nearly the whole civilized world. Pervading their political councils, it produced a spirit of mutual confidence, which bound together all ranks of men in an indissoluble tie. The government, acting in perfect good faith itself, never suspected the fidelity of the people, nor descended to the mean arts of rousing their passions by fictions or misrepresentations; they never deceived them as to their relations with foreign powers, as to the exact condition of their strength and resources, or as to the true nature of the contest in which they were engaged, and the people on their part awarded to the government entire reliance and obedience. Thus a state, formed of the most heterogeneous parts, was united by the strong bond of mutual fidelity into a firm and compact whole, which defied alike the assaults of force from without, and the undermining of intrigue from within."

Amongst such a people the fundamental principles of international law were not far to seek, and it would have been strange indeed if some one had not found them.

5. The philosophical associations amongst which Grotius grew up were less favourable. He was thirteen years older than Descartes, and consequently had little benefit from the higher views of morals which the great idealist maintained in opposition to the school of his rival Gassendi;\* and from the days of Montaigne the prevailing tendency had been, as it continued long after to be, in the direction of a species of sensual epicureanism. Bacon, it is true, had already arrived at manhood, and such were far from being the tenets which he directly inculcated, or which were a necessary or legitimate consequence of his views; still the practical and immediate effect of his philosophy among the common herd of speculators, was rather to aggravate than to mitigate this tendency; and in later times, from the days of Locke downwards, we know that the Baconian method was loudly appealed to as furnishing the basis of those sensational systems, both metaphysical and ethical, which, first unconsciously, and then consciously, struck at the roots both of knowledge and virtue, and of which the French encyclopædists of the end of last, and the still more revolting materialists of the commencement of the present, century, were the legitimate issue. But Grotius, and the great body of his countrymen, were little affected by the errors either of the philosophical school which was springing up, or of that which it superseded. Among the nobility of Holland, who, like their successors at the present day, "strove to imitate the French in their mien, their clothes, their way of talk, of eating, of gal-

\* If Gassendi was not an epicurean, in the obnoxious sense, neither was Descartes a stoic. In a letter to the Princess Palatine, we find him saying, "I belong not to that school of philosophy which would force its sages to be unsusceptible of feeling," &c. See Madame de Bury, p. 223, where much valuable and interesting matter will be found, which, to our great regret, lies wholly out of our present subject.

lantry, or debauchery, and were something worse than they would be, by affecting to be better than they need,"\* it may naturally be supposed that no small influence was exerted by the most popular writer of the 16th century, who, "though rather too epicurean and destitute of moral energy, was for that very reason a favourite with men of similar dispositions, for whom courts and camps and country mansions were the proper soil."† But the fashionable morals of the time by no means extended to the class to which Grotius belonged, to "those families which live upon their patrimonial estates in all the great cities, and though a people differently bred and mannered from the traders, are like them in the modesty of garb and habit, and the parsimony of living."‡ Their moral philosophy was the moral philosophy neither of Aristotle nor of Bacon, nor of Montaigne, but of the Old and New Testament, and it was on this foundation that Grotius himself, a man of the strongest Christian convictions, and of the purest life, based his system and built up his jurisprudence.

6. Above all, Grotius had witnessed a vast and memorable instance of the power of the national conscience; the central fact of the history of his country, and of his time, had been an appeal to the principles of natural law. Not rashly and petulantly, but solemnly and deliberately, the elder generation under whose shadow he grew up, had brought the government of his native land to the test of the absolute principles of justice and injustice, of right and wrong; and the very first act of his own responsible existence consisted in becoming a party to this very transaction, for though judgment had been pronounced, its execution still hung on the issue of the war. In taking his own place in the struggle, he could not follow the bidding of mere tradition, for if one party claimed the authority of ancient usages, the other had modern custom clearly on its side; and nothing short of a law, more absolute than came to either from without, could help him to a safe ground of decision between them. Within the State, then, he was thrown back upon those very dicta of conscience to which, with such lights as reason and revelation shed upon them, he afterwards appealed for the rule of its external relations; and thus the daily duties of good citizenship brought Grotius face to face with the fundamental maxims of his future science.

7. But lastly, it was not on the part of Spain only that Grotius had beheld a violation of laws which his own heart told him derived their sanction from an authority higher than human legislation. Scarcely had the twelve years' truce com-

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\* Sir William Temple's *Observations on the United Provinces*, p. 48.

† Hallam. *Literature of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 27.

‡ Temple, *ut sup.*, p. 47.

menced when the Arminian controversy arose, and in the very country where the religious principles of the Reformation had been most earnestly and fully embraced, and where alone, as yet, the political consequences of these principles had been worked out, he witnessed a wanton outrage both on religious and political liberty. A Protestant Synod had repudiated the right of private judgment, the son of the great champion of Dutch freedom had cut off the head of him whom every good Dutchman venerated as a father, for the gratification of his private vengeance and ambition. Nor was Grotius a spectator of these transactions merely. As regarded both, he had been one of the most conspicuous actors and sufferers, and he knew that, but for the extraordinary reputation which he had already acquired as a man of letters, he would now have been the occupant of a grave by Barnevelt's side. That he was alive, was owing to the protection which was cast around him by that very opinion of civilized mankind to which, on behalf of others, he was about to appeal. When Grotius sat down to elaborate the Law of Nature and Nations, he was himself a living monument of its recognition as an unwritten law.

We have been thus careful to fix the external circumstances in which the science of International Jurisprudence arose, and to trace out the conditions of thought which led to it, because we believe that our knowledge both of the science itself, and of the merits of Grotius with regard to it, will be greatly promoted by an acquaintance with its pedigree. Grotius himself has said that human nature is the mother of natural and the grandmother of instituted law, and applying the same figure to the historical deduction which we have made, we should say, that the Religious Reformation in the commencement of the 16th century was the mother of constitutional law, which arose in the end of it, and the grandmother of the international jurisprudence which rendered the early part of the 17th memorable.

If so much, then, is to be ascribed to antecedent occurrences, and if the circumstances of his country and his time had so large a share in the origination of the science which is so much associated with his name, what, it may be asked, are we willing to concede to the personal efforts of Grotius? Was that wonderful work, before which the most learned heads were bowed in reverence for more than a hundred years, which was published in so many forms, which was translated into so many tongues, which was loaded with commentaries so many and so fast, that, alone of all the books on record, it was published in its author's lifetime *cum notis variorum*—that work which Gustavus Adolphus carried in his bosom, and with which he slept under his pillow—which, in circumstances the most critical, induced Oxenstiern to

name its author the ambassador of his country, and maintain him in his post against the opposition of Cardinal Richelieu—which has had chairs innumerable founded for its exposition in Protestant Universities—and which at Rome was put into the *Index Expurgatorius*,\*—was this marvel of literature, after all, nothing but a transcript, for the use of those who might be less happily situated, of views and opinions which experience had made the common property of the favoured Dutch?

The task which Grotius performed belonged to that class of good offices, for the performance of which the most happily circumstanced and clear-sighted generation, must be beholden to its individual members. "The work," says Mr. Hallam, "was as nearly original in its general platform as any work of man in an advanced stage of civilisation and learning can be, . . . more so, perhaps, than those of Montesquieu and Smith." Our opinion will be sufficiently conveyed, if to the two illustrious names which Mr. Hallam has mentioned, we add the still more illustrious one of Bacon. Mr. Hallam himself has said that, "Leonardo da Vinci laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guide to just theory in the investigation of nature," and the fact we know has been rendered indisputable by MSS. still existing in his own handwriting; but, if even Leonardo da Vinci was the first expositor of the principle of induction, which is more than doubtful, it is certain that neither he nor any one else had brought it within the reach of the practical worker, in every branch of inquiry, as Bacon did. When Carneades, the sceptic, maintained the thesis: *Νόμος καλόν, νόμος κακόν*: "Jura sibi homines utilitate sanxisse, varia pro moribus, . . . jus autem naturale esse nullum;"† Cato banished him from Rome,—but he did not build on the opposite view the science which we owe to Grotius. The fact is, that if the fundamental principles either of the *Novum Organon*, or of the Treatise on Peace and War, had been more new than they were, they would have been less true. Both were built upon human nature, and the fundamental maxims of both were necessarily as old as human nature itself.

But if the spirit of his age and country, pregnant as it was with the principles of his science, detracts nothing from the scientific merits of Grotius, neither do the labours of those who have been called his precursors. The names of most of them he mentions himself, adding, very justly we believe as regards his proper theme, "*sed hi omnes de uberrimo argumento paucissima dixerunt.*" They were mostly Spaniards, as the history of the time would lead us to expect, and as their names testify,—

\* *Vide* Whewell.

† Grot. *Proleg.* 5.



Vasquez, Francis a Victoria, Balthazar Ayala,—the last writer having had the merit of being the first who attempted to lay down rules for the conduct of nations in war.\* The name of Albericus Gentilis, an Italian Protestant, is better known to Englishmen, as he held the chair of Civil Law at Oxford, and of him Grotius speaks with admiration and gratitude. From his work, *De Jure Belli*, there can be little doubt that the not very appropriate name of that of Grotius was derived, and the coincidence between the titles of a portion of his work and the work of Grotius, shews that he probably was his debtor, to some extent at least, for his general scheme. But the fault with which Grotius has been charged of relying more upon the opinions which others have confidently asserted, than those which he himself reasoned out from his premises, is far more applicable to Gentilis. In a general conception of the whole subject, however, he certainly came nearer to Grotius than any of the others, who, partly Casuists and partly Civilians, alternated between discussions of such knotty points of Ethics as were likely to occur in the confessional, and the narrow signification which the Roman jurists gave to the *Jus Gentium*. Of this class of writers, Suarez of Granada was the greatest, and when we read certain passages in his works, it does seem strange that he should be of the number of those whom Grotius does *not* mention. But we are not writing a history of ante-Grotian international jurisprudence, and most of our readers will probably forgive us, if we decline to enter farther into a criticism of works, of which Mr. Hallam says significantly, that they may be "sufficiently judged by reading their table of contents, and taking occasional samples of different parts."† The case is clearly one in which

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\* With his writings it is probable that Grotius was not very conversant, as he certainly committed a mistake, when he said, "*Causas unde bellum justam aut injustum dicitur Ayala non tetigit.*"

† But though we may thus be excused for stopping short, we shall scarcely be justified in going wrong; and we must, in justice to Grotius, correct an error to which Mr. Hallam's name has given currency. "According to one of his (Grotius's) letters to Gassendi," quoted by Stewart, (*Dissertation, Ency. Brit.*, p. 85.) the scheme of the treatise *De Jure Belli*, &c., was suggested to him by Peiresc, (*Lit. of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 544.) Now, Stewart's note is this:—"From a letter of Grotius quoted by Gassendi, we learn that the treatise *De Jure*, &c., was undertaken at the request of his learned friend Peirescius, 'Non otior, sed in illo de jure gentium opere pergo, quod si talem futurum est, ut lectores demereri possit, habebit quod tibi debeat posteritas, qui me ad hunc laborem et auxilio et hortato tuo excitasti.'" The passage occurs in the 4th book of Gassendi's *Life of Peiriscius*. The whole is manifestly an instance of the hyperbolical and bombastical style of compliment which was the fault of the manners of his time, and to which the temptation would of course be unusually great when sending a presentation copy of his work to a man so vain of the character of a *Mecenas*, as we know Peiriscius to have been.

Peiresc went to England in 1606, in the suite of the French ambassador La Broderie, and at the court of James I., where he was of course cordially welcomed,

poor Wagner's maxim must furnish the rule of conduct with most of us :

“Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang!  
Und kurtz ist unser Leben.”

The conclusion at which we arrive then is, that this celebrated treatise, and the science of which it was, and *is*, the corner-stone, may be ascribed to the mind of Hugo Grotius, as unreservedly as any great work of which the antecedents are known, can be ascribed to a single mind.

But was the treatise justly celebrated? is the science a science at all? Grotius tells us that in his time, “Non desunt, et olim non defuerunt, qui hanc juris partem ita contemnerent, quasi nihil ejus, præter nomen, existeret;” and in our own time we know that no less a person than Mr. Stewart sat in the scorner's chair. Now, as we are persuaded that the objections which have been made both to the work and the science with which it is identified, have had their origin in imperfect and frequently erroneous conceptions of the views of their common author, it seems to us that we shall best appreciate their value if, in place of dealing with them singly, in the endless and self-destructive forms in which they have arisen, we place over against them an outline of what we conceive Grotius to have regarded as the true scope and object of international jurisprudence.

In the scheme of Grotius the moralist took precedence of the jurist, because he stood, as it were, nearer to the source from which the inspiration of both was derived. In heathen times his office had been coincident with that of the theologian, now it was concurrent with it. Like him he was still a seeker of the primary law; but though the object of his search was the same, the means which he employed were different. His instrument was the human reason, using the word in its widest sense, as including all the faculties by which man becomes cognisant of truth. But though the means which the moralist employs may

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he made the acquaintance of Gentilis, whose conversation he may possibly have reported to Grotius. But it was not Peiresc who first called his attention to the writings of Gentilis, for when he was consulted by the ambassador Du Maurier, as to the course of studies which he ought to pursue, he prescribed to him, amongst other authors, Gentilis. This was in 1615, and as Grotius had then had no intercourse with Peiresc, and had been himself in England two years before, it is quite as likely that he may have had even his traditional knowledge of the views of Gentilis (who died in 1608) from others as from Peiresc. On the whole, it is scarcely likely that a scientific and literary dilettante, whose strong points were botany and numismatics, and one of whose best claims to posthumous fame is the introduction of the Angora cat into France, should have contributed very extensively either to Grotius's method of working, or to the stock of ideas with which he worked. It is more reasonable to suppose, with Barbeyrac, that the idea of founding a system of universal jurisprudence, and applying it to the external relations of states, was suggested by the reading of Bacon, than the conversation of Peiresc.

correctly be spoken of as natural means, and may thus be opposed to the supernatural means which revelation furnishes to the theologian, it is an error to talk of the law which he seeks as natural law, in such a sense as to oppose it to Divine law, or instituted human law. There is but *one law*,\* however great may be the diversity of the means by which it is sought, or the subjects to which it is applied; and had this fact of the absolute unity of the object been kept in view, the objections which have been so often made to Grotius, that he establishes his propositions by strings of quotations "from the Mosaic law, from the Gospels, from the Fathers of the Church, from the Casuists, and not unfrequently in the very same paragraph from Ovid and Aristophanes,"† would have been seen at once in their true light. As the case was one in which every human being was competent to be a witness, both by his words and his actions, the greater dissimilarity of these witnesses, the stronger was their testimony when they concurred. If the proposition was so obvious as to be an axiom to every son of Adam, the proof may have been unnecessary; but it manifestly was not irrelevant.

The function of the Jurist was twofold,—1st, To discover the one immutable law of the universe. This he might do either by accepting the results of the labours of divines and moralists, or by himself prosecuting inquiries in theology and ethics. Grotius, it is well known, adopted now the one course and now the other, and hence the mixture of authority and argument which has so much scared the lovers of system, but which to a certain extent at least was inevitable. 2d, To apply this one law to the existing conditions of society, and to find the means of rendering it dominant. This was the exclusive function of the Jurist. It naturally divided itself into three branches, according as it had reference to the relations of the individual to the individual, or of the individual to the state or community, or of the state or community to other independent states or communities. The two first had already received, if not adequate culture, at all events adequate recognition, under the respective titles of private and public law.

During what has been called the "golden age of jurisprudence," which had just closed, the private law of the Romans had been restored to more than its original consistency, and the subject of private law generally had been cultivated with astonishing success; and even now, though Cujacius was dead, Vinnius and

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\* The sublime passage in Cicero's Republic will occur to every one: "*Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac, sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna, et immutabilis continebit, unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium Deus.*"

† Condillac, quoted by Stewart, *Dissertation Ency. Brit.*

many other eminent civilians were the contemporaries of Grotius, and to them, and to the municipal lawyers of the various States, who were their pupils, it seemed that this branch of the subject might be safely confided.

Then, as regarded the second, which embraced the relations of the citizen to the State, though it had not then, and has not since, received the systematic cultivation which its vast importance seems to call for, and of which there is no reason to doubt that it is susceptible, it had been the theme of the greatest thinkers of antiquity, and in modern times, minds of no ordinary originality and power had been brought to bear on it. But what was far more important, its central principle, as we have already seen, had recently been worked out into clearness in the great school of events, and now it was settled that God's law should be supreme, in the sense in which He had enabled the national spirit to read it for the time.

But whilst thus there was cosmos within the State, there was chaos without; there the maxim, "*id æquius quod validius*," still held sway, and Grotius proceeded to ask if this was necessarily and inevitably so.

His inquiry necessarily divided itself into two branches:—

1. Where was a law for the external relations of States to be found? and
2. How was such a law, when found, to be administered and enforced?

The first presented, in principle, no very serious difficulty,—for Grotius remembered, as we have already said, that there are not many laws, but one law, and that that very same law which he had learned at the lips of the Civilians of Leyden, and in which his own good father had "coached" him out of Justinian's Institutes, and Cujacius's Paratitla, if it was law at all, must be the law of the external as well as the internal relations of the State. True, he could not apply it as a case lawyer applies his decisions; he could not work it as a modern *φορτικὸς* works his digest,\* because cases "on all fours" were a hopeless search in regions where the circumstances were necessarily so dissimilar. Still the moment that even here he got hold of the golden thread of a principle under the superincumbent mass of accidental, or at least special

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\* Grotius seems to have felt the same contempt which we have here indicated for the manner in which municipal law is too frequently, though certainly not necessarily cultivated. In one of his letters quoted by Hallam, he says to his correspondent, "*Hoc spatulo exacto, nihil restat quod tibi æque commendem atque studium juris, non illius privati, ex quo leguleii, et rabula victitant, sed gentium ac publici*," &c.—Hallam, vol. ii. p. 544. The rest of the passage, though too long for insertion, well merits perusal. An account of his own experience of the duties of an advocate, in the performance of which he was eminently successful, will be found in his *Epistle to Heinsius*, 146, quoted by Burigny, vol. i. p. 41.

arrangement, that principle was as safe a guide to him as it had been to Ulpian or Papinian. But Grotius found a shorter road to international law, than by converting municipal law into it, as had hitherto been done by the Civilians when international questions were submitted to them. What, he asked, were the sources from which municipal law was derived? Could he not go to the fountain-head for his purposes, as well as the municipal or constitutional lawyer for his? Within him there was the same universal jurisperit who, in the last resort, had told Ulpian and Papinian what was law and what was unlaw; and to whom Irnerius, and Cujacius, and the rest had resorted wherever verbal criticism proved inadequate to the restoration of such of the dicta of their predecessors as time,—or Tribonian, had impaired. To him also, as to them, human reason offered her guiding hand through the disturbing elements of prejudice and ignorance, to the eternal law which lay mirrored in the depths of the individual or the national soul. More than all, he had, what they had never had, what many prophets and kings had desired to see and had not seen, God's own revelation of this very law. To such a mind as that of Grotius we may well imagine that this last consideration was the weightiest of all. A new branch of jurisprudence was wanting, for which, as he tells us, the interests of humanity called loudly in his time, and why should he despair of finding it, when, in addition to all the sources which had hitherto been open to the seekers of the law, he had the finger of God himself pointing the way?

2. But suppose the law to be discovered, and written down in maxims, to which the reason of man and the word of God alike gave their sanction, who was to administer it, who was to enforce it? for international Tribunals and an international Executive were alike hopeless.

To the mere legal practitioner, accustomed to regard the "mind of the court" as the soul of the law, and "the arm of the state" as its body, this difficulty had not only proved insurmountable before the time of Grotius, but, we believe, for the most part has continued to be so. But a leaf from the book of sturdy old William's history, with which we have already furnished our readers, came to the aid of Hugo's speculations. Within the State he had already seen the common spirit of his country, *without the help of the tribunals, and in opposition to the executive*, assert and vindicate what it recognised as law; and why should not the common spirit of civilized mankind do the same without the state, for that which was law unto it? Had not this been done already? Was it not the object of all national alliances, of all commercial treaties, of all righteous war?—for on this latter head, be it remembered, Grotius was no

member of the broad-brimmed brotherhood, (though Dr. Whewell seems to have thought so,) but, on the contrary, a stout adherent of the good old maxim, that

“Many times a wicked peace is well exchanged for war.”

True, he wished to give laws to war, for throughout he was the apostle of law; but his view, in doing so, was not that war might cease till its object was obtained, but, on the contrary, that it might be so prosecuted as that its true object,—the vindication of right (which was law) might be kept steadily in view.\* On the subject of the international executive, then, which has given occasion to much exultation on the part of his detractors, and where his would-be followers have often shewed so poor a face, we believe the opinion of Grotius to have been simply this, *that a law once recognised will find its own executive*; that the executive, in short, is nothing but an external expression *necessary and inevitable*, of the antecedent and subsisting recognition.† Had even a municipal lawyer reflected how impotent are obsolete laws,—laws which have ceased to enjoy this recognition,—even with an executive at their back, he might have arrived at the conclusion, that the seat of power lies somewhat deeper than in the machinery of government.

But in founding a new branch of the science, Grotius also created a new branch of the profession of the law,—that of the Publicist. Previous to his time, in a certain sense, there were publicists, no doubt, that is to say, there were those who devoted their attention to the relations between the citizen and the State;—in this sense Bodinus and Buchanan were publicists, and so were Plato and Aristotle. But they were scarcely lawyers, because the subject of Politics, to which belonged all questions regarding the constitution of State, actual and possible, was with them the prominent subject, and the ground which it occupied lay so much within the neutral territory between right and wrong, as to render considerations derived from temporary expediency (vulgarly called utility) far more in place than in the lawyer's department, from which, strictly speaking, indeed they were entirely excluded. The line of course was not absolute, for in the absence of other *rationes decidendi*, expediency might be a legitimate consideration for the lawyer, whilst, on the other hand,

\* *Nec suscipi bellum debeat, mei ad juris consecutionem, &c.* Prolog. § 25.

† “Prize or not prize must be determined by the Courts of Admiralty, belonging to the power whose subjects make the capture. . . . All the maritime nations of Europe have, when at war, from the earliest times, uniformly proceeded in this way, *with the approbation of all the Powers at Peace.*”—*Duke of Newcastle's Letter* (not the present Duke!) *to Mr. Mitchell—International Law Tracts*, p. 463.

“The principles of right and wrong are not left to the individual reason of the interpreter of the law for the time being, but are to be decided by the public opinion of the civilized world, as it stands at the time when the case arises.”—*Lord Stowell.*

so long as the constitution remained unchanged, a contract, as it were, subsisted between the general spirit of the nation and the individuals of which the nation was composed, and then, within the domain of politics, questions arose, which were legal questions also in the strictest sense. But in any view the department of public law received a vast accession when the relations of State to State were brought within its scope; and as, in both of its branches, it was, or ought to be progressive, the office of its minister—the publicist—seemed a perpetual office. No single treatise, however complete, could obviate the necessity for his continued labour; for on the one hand he had to give scientific form and expression to the existing spirit both within the State and without, and on the other he had to contribute to the onward march of that spirit, by bringing the human reason to bear upon it more and more, and by comparing it with the law which God had revealed. The function was so lofty, that to say that no one ever reached its limits is only to confess the inadequacy of human efforts to reach the absolute rule of truth and virtue. But it is much to say in favour of a generation, that it honestly recognised its need of such an office, that it set apart some of its stoutest labourers to fill it, and that it showered its choicest honours on those who filled it best.

Our present limits entirely preclude any attempt at appreciating the labours of those on whom the mantle of Grotius fell; but there is a question far more important than the comparative merits of individuals—to which the circumstances of the present time have given a painful urgency,—and which we shall therefore commend, in conclusion, to the consideration of our readers. The question is this:—*Do the interests of every advanced community require that public law, constitutional and international, should be cultivated systematically by a class of persons more or less exclusively set apart for the purpose, or may its cultivation be safely left to such surplus activity as the practising lawyer, or the practical statesman or diplomatist may be able to devote to it?*

In every other department of human effort, it is taken for granted, that though the skill of the professor may not be in proportion to the amount of honest labour which he bestows upon his subject, such in the general case will be true, whilst with still greater confidence it is assumed, that without some amount of honest labour, at all events, his skill will be inadequate. But whilst no man takes up the calling of a physician, of a clergyman, or of a municipal lawyer, at his own hand, all men are presumed to be born, or somehow unconsciously in their leisure hours, to become publicists. The subject, in both its branches, is conversant with the vastest human interests, and is complicated by every consideration to which the unchangeable constitution, and the ever shifting fortunes of humanity can give

rise. In order to handle it with confidence, one would fancy that the rashest man would see need enough for all the light that philosophy could bring to bear upon it from within, or historical experience from without. But in this strange country of ours, precisely as a subject increases in magnitude and difficulty, all the ordinary means of mastering it are abandoned; and the duties of legislation or negotiation are entered upon, with less previous training than would be considered necessary for preparing a marriage contract, or prescribing a dose of physic. That there is rottenness somewhere in the state of Denmark has begun to be felt, and in order to rectify it we now propose to select by competition, or at all events to impose an examination, on, all candidates for the subordinate offices of Government; but it does not even now seem to occur to us that our defect in the State, as in the Army, may possibly consist, not in the want of brave and steady soldiers, but of skilful and well instructed officers.

English clerks have always been known for their efficiency, and the English Post-office, beyond all question, is the best regulated in Europe, and yet we propose, and perhaps with reason, to admit in future no clerk, or letter-sorter, who shall not have passed an examination. The attachés to English embassies are notorious for their inefficiency, and English diplomacy for generations has been a byword all over the world, but no previous training is proposed for our future diplomatists! In the many conferences which, during the last year, have taken place at Vienna, we do not assert that our ambassador and his coadjutors have been systematically overreached, because, whatever our private misgivings may be, such charges are unwarrantable without a specification, which we are not here in a condition to offer; but we do say with confidence, that they are very different from the persons who usually hold such positions on the Continent, if their inability, and still more their ignorance, have not been constant subjects of contemptuous merriment, and not unwarranted self-gratulation to the representatives of all the other Powers. Let us try if we can discover the cause of a state of matters so little to our honour. In the days of Elizabeth, Bodinus found, when he came to England, that his own works were already expounded by lecturers both at Oxford and Cambridge; and in the days of Elizabeth the publicists of England, both as constitutionalists and internationalists, in so far as international law was then understood, had nothing to fear from a comparison with their continental rivals. In our own day, whilst the public servants of all the countries of Northern Europe, *Russia included*, are selected from a class to the extent and accuracy of whose learned training that of the Jesuits forms the only parallel in former times, ours are taken at random, or worse than random, from a community to which



no means of study, as regards such subjects, is offered, beyond what the Newspapers and the Reviews afford them.

Knowing such facts as these, and knowing also the blunders which we *have* committed in War, one trembles to think of those which we *may* have committed in Diplomacy. It is true that we cannot select a Minister, an Ambassador, an Under-Secretary of State, or perhaps even a Chargé d'Affaires or Consul, by examination, but surely we might prepare, in the community somehow, a class of men from whom, if the selection were made *even by favour*, there would still be a reasonable presumption for the existence of such acquirements as were indispensable to the performance of the duties imposed. In Prussia, all candidates for the higher service of the State receive, in the first place, the education of lawyers, to which are superadded such studies as are considered more immediately to bear on their future career. By this means, of the two chief sources of human failure—stupidity and ignorance—the last, at any rate, is removed. In England, where no such precaution is adopted, there is too much reason to fear that from the bottom to the top of the ladder of office, (and not at all less at the top than the bottom,) the public are frequently the victims of both. But it is vain to hope that the evil can be cured by the simple expedient of imposing examinations,—in the anticipated benefits of which our countrymen are now enjoying what we fear may prove a fool's paradise. If we do not sow the seed, we cannot reap the harvest. The higher educational institutions of our country are at fault, and if we are too proud to take a lesson from our neighbours in amending them, we shall scarcely diminish the vantage-ground which they have gained, by attempting to *examine* on what *they* have been wise enough to *teach*.

Let us cease to rail at the aristocracy as a class, and remember that from no class is skilled labour to be looked for, if we fail to furnish them with the means of acquiring skill. If the skill is present, antiquity of birth and dignity of position will be no disadvantages; whereas, if we are to select from the ignorant, our chance of securing some measure of respect, is perhaps better where our choice falls on an ignorant Noble, than an ignorant Plebeian. It is to the highest classes, to the possessors of the *ἀρχαῖος πλοῦτος καὶ ἀρετή*, that in an especial manner the *σχολάζειν* belongs,\* and the more they are wedded to the public service, military and civil, the sounder will be the whole society of which they form an indispensable part; but of them it is not less true than of others, that systematic training is the only guarantee for satisfactory work.

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\* When the reverse takes place, we learn the consequences from Aristot. *Politico.*, lib. iv. c. v.

- ART. V.—1. *A History of India under the Two First Sovereigns of the House of Taimur, Báber and Humáyu.* By WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq., Translator of “Memoirs of the Emperor Baber.” 2 Vols. London, 1854.
2. *History of the Ottoman Turks, from the beginning of their Empire to the Present Time, chiefly founded on Von Hammer.* By E. S. CREASY, M.A. 2 Vols. Vol. I. London, 1854.

THE rise and progress of the faith of Mahomet, through the various countries which have, in one age or another, looked to the Temple of Mecca as the holiest shrine of the Divine Unity, is a subject which has never failed to attract the attention of the theologian, the philosopher, and the historian. A religious system, not, like most others, the gradual growth of tradition and ceremony, but which, in all its material points, was the device of a single man, was professed, within a century after its promulgation, in each of the three quarters of the globe; and to this day, from the shores of the Atlantic to the isles of the Indian Ocean, nations varying in race, language, and social condition, are content to seek their whole system of theology and jurisprudence within a single volume, composed twelve hundred years ago by an illiterate camel-driver of the Arabian desert. A creed which professes itself to be to Christianity what Christianity was to Judaism, sent not to destroy but to fulfil, has been found, in every age, to be its most direct and formidable antagonist. Between the two great forms of monotheism, the struggle has ever been closer and deadlier than between either of them and the forms of polytheism which both alike proscribe. For centuries the votary of the Koran could offer the votary of the Gospel no other alternative than conversion, subjection, or internecine war; while the Christian has too often deemed the Moslem excluded from the ordinary rights of humanity. Pontiffs have preached the duty of exterminating Infidels, and grave civilians have doubted their right to any benefit from the faith of treaties. But, in these times, we have the unprecedented spectacle of a Mahometan power, in no way professing any deviation from the Mahometan faith, seeking admission as a member of that European commonwealth, for which Christendom has hitherto been the familiar denomination. In that character we behold it at this moment strenuously supported by the leading powers of two of the great divisions of the Christian name against claims set forth on religious grounds by the mighty ruler who claims alike the temporal and the spiritual headship of the third.

At a moment like this, the nature, history, and prospects of the Mahometan faith afford a subject for even deeper consideration than that wonderful moral and historical phenomenon has deserved in all preceding time. What does experience tell us as to the probability of a Mahometan State being enabled, without deserting its own principles, so to shape its internal and external policy, as to give a real civil equality to its Christian subjects at home, and to enter on a real diplomatic equality with co-ordinate Christian States abroad? It will be no uninteresting, and, at the present moment, no unprofitable task to examine what light the past history of Mahometan powers in various parts of the world can throw upon the probable destiny of that great Mahometan empire with which we have been brought into so intimate and so strange a relation. And it is an inquiry which needs to be conducted with no small care, lest momentary prejudices should obscure the vision in one direction or the other. In past ages, Christian writers have too often treated the antagonistic creed with an amount of ignorant prejudice which has concealed the real merits which a more impartial examination discovers in the faith and in the prophet of the Infidel. On the other hand, the fact that we are now engaged as allies of a Mahometan power, seems to have enkindled in some minds an abstract love for the Mahometan creed, which requires to be backed by some very questionable historical propositions. Into a calm historical inquiry neither of these feelings should be allowed to enter. If difference of religion could be no justification for mediæval sovereigns and more recent divines in treating the Moslem as out of the pale of political or controversial fairness, so neither should the fact of our present alliance induce us to paint him in one unvaried rose colour, nor our genuine goodwill for the regeneration and development of our ally blind us to the fact that the voice of all history tends to shew that that regeneration and development cannot fail to be attended with difficulty and danger.

The struggle which for so many centuries arrayed the Christian and the Mahometan against each other, was but the continuation, under altered circumstances, and with altered motives, of a struggle which had been waged for ages before the promulgation of either faith, and whose commencement has to be looked for in times far beyond the reach of authentic history. It is the old internecine war between the East and the West, between despotism and freedom, between a progressive and a stationary social state. At particular moments the contending parties might appear to have changed sides; liberty and progress might seem to be on the Oriental side when the first burst of Saracenic enthusiasm encountered the decaying civilisation of the Roman

Empire; but in the long run, it has always been shewn, with sufficient plainness, what were the principles really involved in this ceaseless controversy. Various, indeed, have been the successive nations which, in various ages, have assumed the championship of either side, and various have been the limits which have momentarily bounded the triumphs of either party. At one time the civilized world was co-extensive with the little republics of old Greece, and the fate of that world once rested upon the decision of a single citizen. When Callimachus gave his casting vote to meet the Barbarian on the plain of Marathon, he for ever turned the scale in favour of law and freedom, of political and social progress; the destiny of the human race was the stake at issue, and the cause of the East over the West, of the civilized man over the barbarian, triumphed on that field for ever. Greece, in the days of her decline, handed on the torch to her Macedonian conqueror; she sent forth the greatest of her children to avenge her wrongs, and to spread her arts and language over realms which had never bowed to Assyrian or Persian despot. The boundary of Western civilisation was placed for a moment on the banks of the Hyphasis, while the lands from the *Ægæan* to the *Euphrates* were retained for ages as a permanent conquest. From Macedonia the championship passes on to all-conquering Rome; Spain and Africa are reclaimed from the grasp of the Phœnician; the vanguard of Turkish conquest is checked in the person of the Parthian archers, and the more formidable antagonism of the regenerate Persian is no less sternly held at bay. It was not till new nations had appeared as the representatives of either side, and till a new religion had invigorated both alike, had given each side a feeling of closer union, and animated each with higher and more enduring motives, with holier and more exciting war-cries, that any serious impression was to be made upon the boundaries of either system.

Hitherto the struggle, as one of principles, had been an unconscious one, or at most nothing had been openly recognised beyond national and often ephemeral animosities. The Greek hated and despised the Barbarian, he saw in him his natural enemy and his natural slave; but the Greek of the brightest days of Hellas saw in the Barbarian of Macedonia or Rome—if that great name had ever reached him—an enemy and a slave as clearly pointed out by nature as in the nomad of Scythia or the adorer of the King of Kings. The Roman deemed it his mission to extend the sway of his arms and his legislation wherever he could find enemies to conquer or subjects to rule over; the naked Briton and the steel-clad Persian were alike obstacles to his universal sway, who were alike to be taught their duty

of submission to the Senate and People of his Eternal City. True it was, that even in the darkest times of imperial despotism, he contrasted what he still called his "liberty," as a member of an organized community, living under recognised laws and a settled order, with the slavery of his rivals who were subject to every caprice of an arbitrary will. But it was not till religious enthusiasm was added to political rivalry, that the great struggle between East and West assumed its full proportions, and stood forth in the clear and distinct outline which it assumed at Yermouk and at Tours, at Tiberias and at Lepanto.

From the seventh century to the present time two religions have divided the nations which have played the most prominent part upon the field of history. The Roman Empire was broken up, and her inheritance was divided among the States which arose upon her ruins. But her political, and still more her religious influence, did not die with the fabric of her external power. In the East her name, her laws, her political traditions, and the unbroken identity of her long line of despots, survived for a thousand years on the shores of the Propontis; in the West, every ruler who acquired some portion of her territory, was proud to deck himself with some shred of her dissevered purple. Above all, the religion which she had adopted was her great bequest to her successors and conquerors; the faith of Christ and the sway of Cæsar were for a time well nigh co-extensive; and to this day the Christian religion may be fairly defined as the religion of those nations which were brought into direct connexion, as subjects or as conquerors, with the Roman Empire either in the East or West. Christianity spread, indeed, far beyond the limits of either empire, but it was by the teaching of missionaries who carried with them the laws, and language, and civilisation either of the old or the new Rome. To this day Christianity remains the creed of Europe and her colonies, that is, of those races of men who either have been subject to the imperial sway, or have derived their intellectual culture from the political power which they overthrew.

Mahometanism, on the other hand, is the religion of the East, of those parts of Asia and Africa which have any claim to civilisation, or to importance in the general history of the world. It is the dominant creed of those nations among whom Rome found only rivals, and neither subjects nor disciples. Christianity could not resist Mahometanism in Egypt, or Syria, or Africa; but Mahometanism could never make any permanent impression on any people who had ever thoroughly embraced either the imperial civilisation, or the mediæval system which arose out of its ruins. In the extreme east and the extreme west of Europe, the Moslem, indeed, has, in far distant ages, reduced

the Christian to political subjection; but the Christian of Spain retained, the Christian of Romania still retains, his nationality and his religion untouched. Why Egypt and Syria fell, while Asia resisted, we endeavoured to set forth in a former article, while dealing with Mr. Finlay's great work on the Byzantine Empire. Those countries were never thoroughly Romanized; each retained its national language, its national feelings, and its national form of Christianity. The people were looked upon as rebels by the legitimate Roman Emperor, and as heretics by the orthodox Greek Church. They, therefore, yielded to the first stroke of the Saracen victor; but four centuries elapsed, the Saracen Caliph gave way to the Turkish Sultan, before any permanent impression was made on those Asiatic provinces which had been thoroughly brought into obedience to Roman legislation and Grecian theology. Romanized Africa was subdued by the extirpation rather than the subjection of its Roman population, and if Spain was won only less easily than Syria, the conquest was immediately followed by seven centuries of reaction, which gradually expelled the misbelievers from the only western country which ever afforded them a dwelling-place which they could call a home.

While the rival creeds were thus contending for victory upon their common frontier, Mahometanism became as essentially the religion of the East as Christianity did of the West. When we say the East, we mean in that perhaps not very accurate, but perfectly intelligible, sense of the word, which undoubtedly excludes a farther and a vaster east beyond it. The word "Oriental" has its own meaning; it is one which outstrips all chronology and ethnology, and takes in alike the first monarch of Babylon or Nineveh, and their living majesties of Stamboul and Teheran. But its geographical limit is tolerably plain; it certainly reaches to the Indus; it certainly does not reach beyond the Ganges. Between those mighty rivers it leaves a debateable ground to which we shall presently recur; beyond them it leaves a vast world, political and religious, on most portions of which neither the eastern nor the western system has made any important impression. Within these bounds, the whole civilized and historic East embraced, either by persuasion or by force, the faith of the Arabian prophet. The throne of the Caliph supplanted that of the Great King; the mosque of Mahomet supplanted the fire-temple of Zoroaster. But the East was to supply a further spectacle, exactly analogous to what had already taken place in the West. What the Roman Empire was to Christianity, that of the Saracen was to Islam, its birthplace, its nursery, the vehicle of its extension to other nations, but not the power which should itself supply its most permanent or its most zealous devotees. When

the two creeds waged the fiercest struggle, when the strife was most openly and consciously for the faith of each, when the Cross and the Crescent met in the most deadly conflict for the land held sacred alike by the votaries of both, the warfare was no longer between the Roman and the Saracen, but between their respective disciples, the Frank and the Turk. The vast empire of the Caliphs began to break into fragments almost as soon as it was founded. As the Roman Empire was divided between the rival claims of the old and the new Rome, so the Arabian Empire split asunder between the rival Caliphs of Cordova and Bagdad. As the Gothic tribes poured into the empire of the Cæsars, first as slaves, then as soldiers, then as conquerors, so the innumerable hordes of Turkestan supplied the empire of the Abassides with visitors of all those different characters. The Turkish guards at Bagdad displaced and appointed caliphs with as much facility as the Gothic auxiliaries of Rome displaced and appointed emperors; but both retained a strange feeling of reverence for the form with whose substance they so rudely sported. The Gothic chieftain might place his Roman puppet on the throne of the Cæsars; the rebellious Turk might proclaim *his* as the true Commander of the Faithful; but each felt that those venerable titles which he could so freely bestow, he could never venture himself to assume. Alaric and Clovis, Odoacer and Theodoric, chiefs of mighty nations who held the imperial power at nought, still continued to reverence the imperial name; the empty honours of consul or patrician were accepted as conferring dignity on independent sovereigns, and as raising their possessors to the highest rank which those could claim who were excluded from the highest. So did the mighty Ghaznevid and Seljukian princes, who founded kingdoms beyond the Indus, or who saw captive emperors at their feet, humbly bear themselves as servants of the higher potentate who represented the Prophet upon the earth, and united in himself the functions which the West divided between her pontiffs and her emperors. Mahmoud and Alp Arsian never dreamed of usurping the caliphate, any more than Alaric would have dared to array himself in the imperial purple; a patent conferring the inferior rank of Emir\* or Sultan was thankfully received as bestowing the legitimate form of delegated power, without which its independent substance was imperfect.

The race, then, which succeeded to the championship of Islam and the East, was that on whose behalf the sympathies of the Chris-

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\* The former was the only title of the famous Taimur, nor did the Ottoman princes assume any other, till Bajazet received the rank of Sultan from the nominal Caliph.

tian West are now so strangely enlisted.\* The Turk succeeded to the mission of the Saracen when the decaying empire of the latter was sinking beneath that wonderful revival of the Roman power in the East, to which we endeavoured to do justice in our former article. In the eighth century, the Isaurian Leo was content to beat back the Arab from Constantinople; in the tenth the Macedonian conquerors did honour to the happy augury of their name, Nicephorus and Zimisces won back the conquered provinces, and brought the Saracen as near to extinction as two centuries before he had brought the Roman. The close of the next age beheld the Caliph and the Cæsar alike powerless, but the Turk and the Frank were fighting manfully for the Holy City; and when the very name of Saracen and Roman had passed away, Nicopolis, and Varna, and Lepanto, and Candia, and Vienna still witnessed how their old strife had not thereby passed away with them, but that each system had won stouter champions still among those races, who had received their creed and their civilisation from the powers whose place they now filled, and whose former functions they proved themselves so worthy to discharge.

It strikes the mind at once, that during the whole of this long controversy between two religious systems, the sword has always been the arbiter. Each has, in more distant lands, won proselytes by gentler means; each to this day pursues its missionary calling among the idolaters of the remoter East and of the remoter south; but on the frontiers of the two systems all has been open and irreconcilable hostility. This is, doubtless, because it has not been a mere controversy of theological tenets or ritual ceremonies, but one which involved the whole political, moral, and social being of the respective combatants. The abstract position that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is His prophet, might possibly have found European votaries, but that abstract position carried with it a train of practical consequences to which the European mind has always been averse. The Moslem, in embracing Christianity, had not only to accept new theological dogmas, but to enter on a social and political state for which he was utterly unprepared. The two old Oriental evils of despotism and polygamy must be surrendered; law, in some shape or other, imperial, feudal, or constitutional, must be accepted instead of the arbitrary will of an individual ruler. No

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\* We are so accustomed to apply the word "Turk," especially to that particular Turkish power with which we are politically connected, that we often forget that the Turkish race is the most widely extended in the whole world. It includes alike the astute diplomatists of Stamboul and the rude savages at the mouth of the Lena. Nearly all the mediæval Mahometan dynasties were Turkish; only one, that of the Ottomans, obtained a permanent importance beyond all the rest.



wonder, then, that conversions from one system to the other have been among the rarest of phenomena. Individual renegades have indeed been common enough; but no Christian nation has accepted Islam, no Moslem nation has accepted Christianity, in the same way that the heathen Goth accepted the one creed, and the heathen Turk the other. The votaries of each religion have, as the tide of conquest has fluctuated between them, subjected, massacred, or expelled the votaries of the other; but they have never won them over to their own faith, as each did the northern tribes of Europe and Asia respectively. Look at the present Ottoman Empire: in most of the Asiatic provinces a Moslem population has displaced a Christian population; in the European provinces it reigns over one. But in both cases the Christian races, few or many, retain their own profession; the Greek still abides in the belief of his own œcumenical councils; the Slave and the Bulgarian still faithfully hold the lesson which they learned of the Greek. The amount of the Mahometan population of Greek or Slavonic origin is astonishingly small when we consider how strong must have been the temptations to embrace the faith and share the privileges of their conquerors. Individuals, of course, have constantly done so, but the nation never has.\* Compare for a moment the Persian and the Turkish empires: the Persian nation is very far from being exterminated; but the old national faith is professed only by a most insignificant minority; in Romania the Christian population has either been swept from the face of the earth, or has faithfully adhered to the creed it held in the days of its dominion.

Such has for centuries been the deadly opposition between two creeds, which alike inculcate the worship of One God, and which teach, to a great extent, the practice of the same duties, and reverence for the same ancient religious associations. We regard the Prophet of the Moslem as an impostor, but we cannot deny that his imposture contains much that is true in theory and excellent in practice. The Moslem regards the Christian as an infidel, but his faith obliges him

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\* The history of Crete affords some approach to an exception to this rule. A large proportion of its Greek population became Mahometan during its first occupation by the Saracens, and was reconverted to Christianity when the island was reannexed to the empire by Nicephorus Phocas in the tenth century. To this day Crete presents a spectacle seen nowhere else, a considerable Mahometan population of Hellenic descent. But even in Crete the Hellenic Mussulmans are but a small minority; two-thirds of the people have adhered to their old faith through six centuries of Venetian and Turkish bondage.

In Bosnia, again, there is a large minority of Slavonic Mahometans, namely, the old oligarchy, which embraced that faith to retain their ascendancy over the people, who remained Christian. Among the still ruder people of Albania, Mahometanism has made greater progress than among either Greeks or Slavonians. Here we find the nearest approach to a national conversion.

to regard the Author of Christianity as a divine teacher, second only in dignity and holiness to the giver of his own law. The ritual and practice of either creed contains comparatively little to shock the feelings of professors of the other; neither enjoins anything from which either would revolt as from the licentious or bloody rites of Babylon, or Carthage, or Mexico. Both creeds, in their uncorrupted state, inculcate nearly the same moral virtues, and both agree, differing therein from nearly every form of idolatry, in never sacrificing the end to the means, the moral to the ritual obligation. Yet we have seen that no two creeds were ever brought into such deadly and irreconcilable opposition. This is doubtless because each claims to be the one universal truth, to be accepted of all men, irrespective of race or country, and because each sees in the other the most impassable impediment to its progress. In fact, according to the old adage, *corruptio optimi est pessima*, mere approximation without identity tends rather to hinder than to promote harmony. The heretic is always looked upon as more rebellious and more antagonistic than the infidel. Grave Turkish doctors have pronounced that to slay one Persian Shiah weighs down the scale of merit lower than to slay seventy Christian dogs. Christian and Moslem have never persecuted one another with an enmity so bitter as contending Christians exhibit before the Infidel over the tomb of their common Lord. In the same manner Magianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, the worship of Zeus or of Woden, infinitely further removed as they are from either Christianity or Islam, have never presented so thoroughly antagonistic a front to either as the two creeds have to one another. Because Mahometanism contains more truth than any other unchristian form of error, because its worship is directed to the true Creator, because its ritual is reasonable and decorous, because its morality is second only to that of the gospel, it is therefore the most bitter and dangerous foe that the gospel has ever known. It is emphatically Antichristian; not as going the farthest in departing from the teaching, or in failing to reverence the person of Christ, but because, while honouring both to a high degree, it places another in His stead. It cannot co-exist with Christianity, because the two meet on the same ground, and each disputes the other's claim with the proverbial hatred of kinsmen.

No one who attentively considers the history of those times, can doubt for a moment that Mahomet was, in his own age and country, emphatically a reformer. He proclaimed a truer faith, and a purer practice, than had ever before been proclaimed to the mass of those whom he and his first followers summoned to accept his teaching. To the Arabian idolater, to the Magian fire-worshipper, even to the professor of Christianity in many of

its corrupted forms, the vigorous assertion of the personality, the unity, the providence of the Divine Being, was the setting forth of that particular doctrine which the circumstances of the age imperatively required. To the Persian, divided between reverence for his good, and fear of his evil deity, the preaching of one all-powerful and all-holy Lord of the universe, must have sounded like tidings that the old strife had terminated, that Ormuzd had for ever won the victory over Ahriman, and that the powers of darkness were to be held in perpetual bondage under the holy empire of light.\* The Christian, with his intellect perplexed with unintelligible controversies as to the nature of the Divinity, and with his practical worship transferred to deceased mortals and miraculous images, might, and in truth did, learn a true and practical lesson from the pure monotheism of his opponent. One cannot but doubt that the teaching of the Moslem on this point, combined with the proved weakness of many a popular idol which was looked to for defence against him, recalled men's minds to the purity of the primitive faith, and evoked the reaction under those iconoclast emperors, who not only for a while restored a purer religious worship, but whose firm hands, as their last historian has triumphantly shewn, gave the decaying Roman power a new and more permanent lease of political and moral vigour, which caused it to outlive every contemporary state, and to witness the decay and downfall of the youthful powers which threatened it.

Nor was the moral teaching of Mahomet at all behind his theological. He did not make sanctity consist in violating the first dictates of nature; he nowhere taught parents to devote their children to the flames of Moloch, or themselves to incarceration within either a Christian or a Buddhist cloister. He nowhere taught that sin could be washed out by the waters of the Ganges, or by its perfunctory acknowledgment to a fellow-sinner. He never substituted ritual or arbitrary observances for the real precepts of religion and morality; the genuine faithful Moslem is one whose endeavour is to trust and worship his Creator, and to act justly and faithfully by his fellow-men.†

It follows then, that the savage Turk, who embraced Islam, was at once raised in the scale of humanity; the Indian, the Moor, the Negro, were required to put away their idols, their fetiches, and their attendant abominations, and turn to the worship of their Creator and the practice of his will. Even the polished Persian learned the great truth, that good and evil do not exercise a con-

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\* See Elphinstone's *History of India*, i. 512.

† Some strong, but not too strong, expressions on this head may be found in Formby's *Visit to the East*. (See pp. 73, &c.)

comitantsway, but that one all-holy ruler is Lord alike over the just and the unjust. And the first disciples of Mahomet were men who fully carried out their profession in their practice. Abu-Bekr, and Omar, and Othman, and Ali, would have done honour to the teaching of any school or sect. Just, temperate, beneficent, faithful to their engagements, their sterling, if uncultivated, virtues presented a marked contrast to the corrupt civilisation alike of Rome and of Persia. And characters almost equally noble may be found in the early days of every Mahometan people. It is one sign of vice in the system, that they are generally confined to its earlier days; no creed seems so incapable of preserving its votaries against the temptations of long-continued prosperity.

Certain it is that no empire began so rapidly to degenerate as that of the Saracens. Undoubtedly it produced, from time to time, vast numbers both of valiant soldiers and of Mahometan devotees, but the race of combined heroes, statesmen and saints, who founded the empire of Islam, seemed to vanish from the earth when the grandson of the Prophet was martyred upon the fatal plain of Kerbela. The earlier Turkish princes present, indeed, a favourable contrast to the degenerate Arabs; but we never again find the same union of military prowess, with extreme devotion and disinterestedness, strict justice and fidelity to engagements, which characterizes the early days of the Caliphate. The first Saracens were received with open arms by the Christian population of several provinces; a few generations sufficed to convert those provinces into deserts, and to transform their conquerors into mere devastators and slave-hunters in those which remained unsubdued.

The fact is, that, though Mahometanism, in its first estate, contained sufficient real excellence to make itself temporarily felt as a reform, it could only be so to nations which were either in a state of entire barbarism, or were groaning under the misgovernment of a decaying civilisation. It contained no power of at once influencing and adapting itself to the progressive developments of the human mind. Christianity has been professed by European nations in every stage of progress, and under every form of political government, and it has developed modifications adapted in turn to all of them. Mahometanism has rendered the stationary Asiatic even more stationary than before. Mahometan nations have, indeed, attained to no small eminence in art and in science, but they have never contributed in the smallest degree to the moral and political progress of the human race. We have seen it stated as an argument for Turkey against Russia, as if a just cause could gain anything from utterly irrelevant mis-statements, that the Mahometan religion is not hostile to civilisation, because there was a time when all the art, and

science, and civilisation of the world centred in the courts of Mahometan Caliphs. When that time was, our own historical researches have not yet enabled us to discover. We fully admit that, for several centuries, a Caliph of Bagdad or Cordova received an infinitely greater revenue, lived in an infinitely finer palace, was the centre of a far more complicated court-ceremonial, and was surrounded by a far larger circle of artists and *savans* than any contemporary prince in Western Christendom. But surely England, France, and Germany could, even then, among all their positive external barbarism, show the germ of an infinitely nobler pre-eminence, intellectual and political, which they were one day to bring to perfection. Surely too, the art, the learning, the magnificence of the Mahometans was all borrowed from a source whose very existence, to say nothing of its predominance, too many writers and talkers are disposed entirely to forget. The claims of the Eastern Roman empire to a great historical position we have ourselves laboured to assert while dealing in a former article with the volumes of Mr. Finlay. It was from the despised "Greek of the Lower Empire," that the cultivated Arab of the Caliphate learned all that distinguished him from his forefathers in the sandy desert. The splendours of Bagdad did but reproduce the splendours of Byzantium; the Commander of the Faithful did but emulate the state of the Emperor of the Romans; his most glorious mosques were but imitations of the lordly dome of St. Sophia; his learning and science were gathered second-hand from the never-failing fountains of Grecian thought. What the Mahometan received he often improved and embellished, but even in his own domain he never appeared as an inventor, and into the higher domain of political and moral science he never attempted to penetrate.

In short, while Christianity showed itself capable of adapting itself to every phase of the ceaseless progress of the Western mind, while it found itself equally at home among the systematic slavery of the imperial court, and the wild freedom of the Norwegian mountains, while it alike consecrated the crown of the despotic monarch, and shed its blessing on the deliberations of the republican assembly; while it has been equally at home in every extreme of poverty and wealth, of social simplicity and social refinement, the creed of Mahomet has stereotyped the old Asiatic mind in all the characteristics which it displayed before his coming. The Asiatic before Mahomet knew only despotism for his political constitution, polygamy and slavery for his social state; the Mahometan to this day, when left to his own unassisted development, remains as incapable of realizing any other state of things as the subject of Nabuchodonosor or Nushirvan.

Both these points demand a little more consideration. In

neither of them can Mahomet be rendered amenable to much, if any, personal blame; he nowhere enjoins despotism, and he was by no means the founder of polygamy. It is by no means fair to speak of Mahomet as the apostle of licentiousness; it is as erroneous a view to suppose that Mahomet at all relaxed the bonds of moral discipline, as to dream that every individual among his followers is the proprietor of a Georgian or Circassian harem. In fact, the regulated polygamy allowed by Mahomet might have almost appeared as an ascetic yoke compared with the utterly unrestricted license which preceded it in many oriental countries. He can only be fairly censured for allowing himself a personal relaxation from many of his own laws, and for inflaming the passions of his disciples with the prospect of a sensual paradise.

Mahometanism then retained, and at the same time restricted, the old polygamy of the East, much as Christianity established on a firmer basis the monogamy which had always been the prevalent and immemorial law of nearly every European nation. The position of the old Roman or Teutonic matron was an easy step to that of her Christian successor; while a harem, governed in strict conformity with the precepts of the Koran, was decidedly a reform upon the old abominations of Nineveh and Susa. We have seen it argued with some dexterity, that, in some ages at least, the Mahometan practice has been at least as favourable to good morals as the nominally Christian one. It is said that the Mahometan caliph or sultan, whose harem is an indulgence allowed him by the law and religion of his country, is less guilty than the Christian prince who assumes to himself the same license in defiance of the law and religion of *his*. The conduct of the latter, we are told, does infinitely more to degrade his own individual character, and to shake the general foundations of morality on all points among his subjects. This is undoubtedly true; yet it is quite ineffectual to prove that the legal allowance of polygamy in any case is other than an enormous moral and social evil. A profligacy which, however general, is still known to be against law and religion, degrades only those who are guilty of it; a licensed polygamy at once degrades the whole female sex, virtuous as well as vicious. You may, as Mahomet did to the best of his power, fence in the rights of women in such a condition with any amount of legal protection; but after all, the woman who shares her husband with others, is no longer an equal companion, like the Christian or even the old Roman wife; she becomes at once an inferior being, a creature created for his pleasure, with no complete reciprocal obligation on his side, in a word she becomes a slave. The connexion is no longer a mutual contract on equal terms; she belongs to him, he does not belong to her. Ceasing,

then, to be a partner, and becoming an article of property, she is, like any other article of property, no longer to be trusted, but guarded; she is to be shut up with bolts and bars, or, in her very lightest bondage, sedulously to conceal her attractions from all but him who is the master of them. It is clear that in a monogamous country, where the wife has as much right in the husband as the husband has in the wife, if the perpetual use of the veil were enjoined on one sex, it must, in common consistency, be extended to the other.\*

Mahometanism, then, has preserved, and, by preserving and embodying in a code claiming a divine origin, has sanctioned and strengthened, the old oriental evil of polygamy. It has done nearly the same with the other old oriental evil of despotism.† Despotism has always been the constitution of every settled Mahometan government; turbulent soldiers have often arrogated to themselves the right of changing at will the person of the despot, but they have never devised any scheme for permanently controlling the despotism. Many a Mahometan country has been cursed with anarchy, none has ever been blessed with any form of regular constitutional government. But there is something more in Eastern despotism than the mere fact of a king governing without a parliament. The whole line of emperors, from Diocletian to the last Constantine, were strictly despots; from the accession of the Macedonian dynasty, the Roman empire was as despotic in theory as in practice. But their despotism was a legal, regular, systematic despotism; the emperor ruled, according, indeed, to his own will, but through the instrumentality of innumerable functionaries, who carried out an elaborate scheme of organized and scientific administration. In modern Europe, the constitutional restraints on the will of a sovereign of France or Austria, are infinitely smaller than those which fetter the action of an English or Scandinavian potentate; but neither Louis le Grand nor Louis Napoleon, neither Joseph II. nor Francis Joseph, were or are despotic in the Oriental sense. Even the Emperor of all the Russias only approaches the idea, and can hardly be said completely to realize it. The East has at all times been as far from exhibiting a regular civil and legal despotism as it has been from establishing democracies or con-

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\* Ancient Greece, with the exception of Sparta, was a curious example of a country, legally monogamous, where the seclusion of all virtuous women was nearly as strict as in polygamous ones. But we cannot help thinking that this seclusion of women was merely one of many—some worse—abuses which crept into Greece after the Ionian migration had brought about a connexion with Asia. There is nothing like it in Homer.

† On the connexion between the two, see some good remarks in Malcolm's *History of Persia*, vol. ii. pp. 622, 623.

stitutional monarchies. It has never got beyond the personal agency of the sovereign; the king must do everything himself, or, if his dominions are too extensive for this, he must send his satraps or pashas into the more distant provinces to do everything for him, till he thinks good to recall them to his presence, or more probably to demand the appearance of their heads only. Regular law and scientific administration have always been unknown. The Roman Emperor claimed the whole executive and legislative power, only because the *Lex Regia* had transferred to his person the rights naturally inherent in the Roman people. Similarly the French Emperor now claims to reign at all, and the kings of Denmark, till lately, claimed to reign absolutely, because the national voice had formally conferred on them the right so to do. Other absolute princes have inherited their claims from long lines of ancestors, the origin of whose rights is by common consent regarded as prescriptive and immemorial. But the oriental ruler has commonly dispensed alike with hereditary right and popular election; he, like William the Bastard, holds his kingdom only of God and his own sword.

The only recognised restraints on the will of an Oriental monarch must therefore be of a religious nature, and it is in the very act of imposing restraints of this kind that the Mahometan religion has sanctified and stereotyped the old despotism of the East. The Gospel makes no pretensions to the character of a civil code; consequently the profession of Christianity is consistent with any sort of jurisprudence and any sort of political constitution. But the Koran is held to be the eternal and all-sufficient expression of the Divine will on all points; it rules man's temporal as well as spiritual concerns; its sacred pages must therefore be received not only as the rule of faith and the law of morals, but, moreover, as a *corpus juris civilis*, rendering nugatory and superfluous the profane labours of Servius, Justinian, and Alfred. To this day the Koran, and the Koran alone, forms the only groundwork of jurisprudence among all nations professing the faith of Islam. Commentaries and explanations have naturally multiplied no less than they did among the later doctors of the Mosaic Law; but the ultimate appeal still remains to the book, as the supreme arbiter not only in matters of morals but of legislation. The sciences of law and divinity coalesce; the legal and the clerical characters become identical, and, worse than all, the functions of monarch and pontiff are united in the same person. It follows then, that while the Koran imposes some religious check upon the arbitrary will of a Moslem ruler, it hinders the existence of any further check of a civil nature. The theological lawyers of Islam have now and then played the part of Ambrose, and Maho-



met II. himself was known to play, and with a good grace too, the part of Theodosius ;\* but where the single volume of the Koran is the only possible statute-book, the unwritten tradition of the prophet the only possible commentary, no Mahometan patriot can succeed in extorting a Magna Carta or a Petition of Right. The Mahometan world, in its best days, from the Indus to the Atlantic, obeyed the voice of a single ruler, who, as the caliph of the prophet, the vicegerent of God upon earth, united in his one person the powers which in western Christendom were divided between the successors of Augustus and of St. Peter. For ages every Mahometan ruler either gave himself out as the legitimate claimant of that sacred dignity, or was content to rule as the nominal delegate of one who did. To this day the Ottoman Sultan of Constantinople claims a position and an authority to which his Roman predecessor never pretended. Some donation, real or pretended, voluntary or compulsory, from some imaginary vicar of the prophet who still survived under Mameluke domination, was held to transfer to the Turkish Emperor the rights which centuries before had been so warmly disputed between Cordova and Bagdad, and to invest the successors of Othman with the spiritual dominion of a Caliph as well as with the temporal sway of a Padishah.

Mahometanism, then, by stereotyping and investing with higher claims the old despotic traditions which had always been the curse of the Eastern world, at once debarred its proselytes from all social and political progress. Where a single man is not only constitutionally invested with every political function, but is himself the personal spring of everything, with no check on his arbitrary will but the precepts of a volume addressed to another nation centuries before, the political being of his subjects is annihilated ; his power is bounded only by the restraints of his own conscience or by the measure of patience with which his people may be gifted. And the conscience of a despot, accustomed to have his every caprice regarded as a law, has a strong tendency to become hardened ; the patience of a people debarred from any legal expression of their complaints, and without means of general intercommunication, is apt to become the very perfection of longsuffering. More Caliphs and Sultans have perished by conspiracies in the court or the army than by the general rising of an aggrieved people ; the Janissaries have more than once set aside the sacred descendant of Othman, but the fiercest mob of Stamboul has been generally contented with the head of the Grand Vizir. Under such a system as this, literature and art and physical science might indeed flourish,

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\* The story may be seen in Taylor's *History of Mohammedanism*, p. 348.

just as they did at the courts of Italian tyrants at the revival of letters, but another atmosphere is required to cultivate man's really higher faculties. To the development of his noblest capacity, as the member of an organized body politic, uniting obedience and freedom, the Mahometan nations have contributed nothing whatever; they have not even advanced that mere science of regular administration and orderly government, which provides for the material well-being of the subject and the security of life and property, even when political freedom is unknown. All is personal, arbitrary, and capricious: all depends on a single will, and unfortunately the will of an Akber is less powerful to promote the wellbeing of men than that of a Taimur is to compass their destruction.

Where polygamy and despotism exist, slavery must exist also; indeed, slavery is the grand institution of which polygamy and despotism are but particular forms. The whole social system becomes a chain of ranks, each of which appears in the twofold character of slave and of despot. No wonder, then, if it is held as no more than reasonable for each individual to be the Padishah of his own household, with his domestic slaves as dependent upon him as he is upon his political master. But, on the other hand, slavery nowhere appears in so mild a form as in Mahometan countries; in them servitude becomes a mere social accident, not imprinting, as has been too often the case in Christian lands, any indelible taint upon its victim. The purchased slave may rise to the highest offices in the state or the army; manumission and conversion make him the equal of his master; the will of their common master may make him his ruler. The slave whose faithful service—to say nothing of baser means—has won the good-will of a master in authority, has a far better chance of promotion than an obscure freeman; the bravest and most turbulent warriors of Islam have been the captive Janissaries and Mamelukes; Egyptian and Indian thrones have been filled by whole dynasties of "slave kings;" the Ottoman Sultan himself is necessarily of servile origin on the maternal side, and is even familiarly spoken of as "the son of a slave." In fact, where strictly arbitrary power exists, birth, merit, popular esteem, must all be less sure guides to promotion than that capricious favour of the despot which his personal dependants have clearly the fairest chance of obtaining. No democracy is so hostile to anything like aristocratic and hereditary claims as is a perfectly arbitrary despotism. The Grand Monarque might possess a political absolutism; he might make war, he might levy taxes, or even send to the Bastille at pleasure; but he could not interfere with the sacred privileges of noble birth, which were assumed to be an ordinance of nature. It is essen-

tial to an Oriental monarch that all below the sovereign should be upon a dead level; the equality of liberty is less complete than that of slavery. And the more nearly an Eastern state approaches to a condition of order and regular government, the more thoroughly carried out is this equality of servitude. The wild tribes of the desert boast of the purity of their birth, and cherish an hereditary attachment to their hereditary chieftains; but it is essential to a fully developed oriental court, that the sovereign should, at his good-will, set the beggar among princes or remand the prince to a position among beggars. The very Seyud in whose veins still flows the sacred blood of the prophet, is honoured indeed for his illustrious ancestry; but he had no more inherent claim to political advancement than the slave or the renegade of yesterday.

Connected, doubtless, with the existence of purely arbitrary power is the extraordinary recklessness of human life which has always characterized Oriental society, and which the creed of Mahomet has done little or nothing to reform. It is by no means necessarily the result of pure inhumanity. The most barbarous inflictions of Oriental tyrants are not at all worse than the tortures inflicted on the assassin of Henri Quatre, and on the maniac whose knife grazed the skin of Louis le Bien-Aimé; they are very little worse than the penalties which our virgin queen deemed no exorbitant punishment for those who questioned her political and ecclesiastical pretensions. Gentleness, again, to the brute creation, is a virtue hardly half-a-century old in Christendom; it is one which has always been held in esteem in the Mussulman world. The Oriental is reckless of human life because he is familiar with its sacrifice at the bidding of arbitrary power, without the formalities of an elaborate jurisprudence. In war again, a free state regards the death of every soldier as a citizen lost to his country; to an Eastern despot his warriors are but his slaves, whose lives and fortunes belong to him, and which he may throw away at pleasure, if either policy or passion demand it. Sir John Malcolm\* truly says, that where a king personally sentences men to death, and has them executed in his palace-yard, be his sentences as just as those of any British judge and jury, he cannot fail to present the appearance of a bloody tyrant. We may add, that both he and his people naturally become familiar with scenes of bloodshed, and soon lose all feeling of the sanctity of human life.

Such, then, has been the eventual development, such the mingled excellences and defects, of that wonderful religious system which invigorated the whole life of the Eastern world,

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\* *History of Persia*, i. 555.

and which disputed with Christianity the supremacy of the West. But there is one most important characteristic of Islam yet to be considered. We have seen what the religion of Mahomet is, and what fruit it has borne among its own votaries; we have now to see in what manner it has been propagated among the professors of other creeds. Now Christianity and Mahometanism resemble each other in each proclaiming itself as the one system of truth, the one necessary belief, not the local creed of any race or country, but the one revealed will of God to be accepted by all mankind. In this they differ from all idolatrous systems. The pagan is content to worship his own gods, and leaves his neighbour to worship his, or frequently joins him in his adoration. The Hindoo adheres to his own supposed path to heaven, and leaves the Christian and the Moslem to follow theirs, which he tolerantly holds to be equally efficacious for them. The old Greek was content to see the shrine of Serapis erected side by side with his own Zeus and Athena; the Roman tolerated and adopted every creed except that which proclaimed itself as the one truth, and every other as delusion. Even the Persian, who detested the impiety of the Greeks in confining their deities within walls, could yet honour the sacred isle of Delos, and offer sacrifice to the Ephesian Artemis. No missionary ever went forth to preach the worship of Zeus or Woden, or Jupiter or Brahma; but the Apostles of Christ and of Mahomet have spread themselves over every region of the habitable world. Blessed in the possession of the one truth, the one saving doctrine, which can alone lead to eternal happiness, the zealous Christian or the zealous Moslem must not, like the Jew, confine the benefit to himself or his own nation,—he is moved to go forth and announce the glad tidings to all his brethren of the common stock of Adam. Each creed is alike aggressive and proselytizing; each is jealous and intolerant of the rivalry of any other. The only difference is in the means which each system adopts for its extension. The one is commanded to go and teach all nations; if charged to compel them to come in, yet the compulsion must be purely moral, for the same voice has said, that all they who take the sword shall perish by the sword. The other assumes that forbidden weapon as its chosen means of conversion; its preachers are warriors, its school of disputation is the field of battle. The one calls on the infidel to repent and believe, and so avoid the wrath to come; the other forces on him the immediate temporal alternative of "Koran, Tribute, or Sword."

Undoubtedly the Christian has too often endeavoured to spread his religion by the same means as the votary of Islam. But in so doing, the one has obeyed to the letter the precepts of

his religion, the other has disobeyed at least the spirit of his. When Justinian persecuted the feeble Athenian professors of expiring paganism, when Charlemagne gave the conquered Saxons the choice between decapitation and baptism, when the Olafs converted Norway to the faith by the agency of fire and sword, when Jews, heretics, and Moriscoes have been burned, robbed, or exiled in every age, from Constantine to our own, all has been done in the name of Christ; but no command of his could ever be pleaded to sanction such a means of extending his kingdom. But every invasion of the territories of the Giaour by the hosts of the true believer has been carried on in direct obedience to the commands of his prophet; the persecuted Apostle of Mecca soon turned into the conquering warrior of Medina, and Khaled and Tarik and Mahmoud and Amurath, and his own victorious namesake, were as faithful followers of his teaching as Augustine and Boniface, as Schwartz and Selwyn, have been of that which the warriors of the Crescent laboured to eradicate or to hold in bondage.

The relations which were designed to exist between Mahometanism and every other religious system, are expressed in the famous dictum above quoted, "*Koran, Tribute, or Sword.*" It is to the second alternative with which we are at present concerned. The life of the obstinate infidel is forfeited to the just vengeance of the victorious Moslem; but the forfeited life may be redeemed by the payment of tribute to the true believer. The infidel may live, he may retain his property, and the right to the public exercise of his religion; but he can only purchase these advantages by becoming a member of a subject and degraded race, and by paying to the coffers of his conqueror a special *ransom*, a *kharatch* or *jezia*, over and above the civil *taxes*, which must be required by every settled government of all its subjects. He is under the protection of the law, if he can get it administered in his favour, but he is shut out from all share in the government of his own country;\* he becomes a stranger in his own land; a subject not only of the conquering sovereign, but of every member of the conquering race, every proselyte of the conquering religion. Apostasy will raise him to the rank of his oppressors; but the faithful adherent to his own creed must remain for ever as one of a despised and degraded caste. This is the theory of the Mahometan government with regard to tributary infidels in every age and country; but the amount of practical oppression which it involves has differed

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\* That is, from the general political government at home, not necessarily from the local administration of his own people, or even from foreign diplomatic service. The Porte at this moment employs Christian ambassadors, but not Christian pashas.

infinitely in different cases. In many instances the law of the prophet has been violated by subjecting the Giaour to loss of life, property, and domestic peace, in cases where the scimitar of Omar would at once have been raised to chastise the breach of faith of the believing aggressor. In at least one case it has been broken the other way, by raising the infidel to a full and real equality with the Moslem. And between these two extremes, within the limits of the capitulation of Omar, the practical differences have been immense. The aggravation of the hardships borne by Christian inhabitants and pilgrims which followed on the first Turkish conquest of Syria was one of the determining causes of the Crusades. At this moment, no honest disputant on either side would assert that the condition of the Christians is identical in every part of the vast empire of the Sultan. But wherever the law of Mahomet is really obeyed, the infidel can secure his life, property, and religion, by one means, and one alone, by submitting to the payment of tribute, and to a greater or less degree of civil and political disqualification.

Such a system as this may be called either persecution or toleration, according to the state of things with which it is compared. The Mahometan, in fact, must persecute up to a certain point, and not persecute beyond it. If he indulges in a Marian persecution, or in an expulsion of the Moriscoes, he breaks the law of his prophet in one way; if he raises the Christian or the idolater to a perfect equality with himself, he breaks it in another. When Hakem destroyed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, when Akber freed the Hindoos from all disqualification, both of them alike forfeited all claim to be looked upon as orthodox Mussulmans. Consequently Turkey, at this moment, may be called either persecuting or tolerant, according to the particular Christian government with which it is compared. A Romanist in England, or a Protestant in France, ought to be thankful for their complete toleration, when they see the yoke which still presses upon all Christians in the dominions of their Eastern ally. A Swedish Romanist, or a Tuscan Protestant, would undoubtedly be right glad to exchange his position for that of a well-to-do Greek at Constantinople,—shut out, indeed, from political promotion, but allowed to worship and to get rich after his own fashion, without any fear of bonds or of banishment. Turkey, unless it ceases to be Mahometan altogether, can never be either so tolerant as France and England, or so intolerant as Sweden and Tuscany. But the extreme intolerance of the latter countries is no sign, but the reverse, of the prevalence of real Christianity; the partial, and only partial intolerance of Turkey, is the necessary consequence of obedience

to the religion of Mahomet. It is now just as it was in the days of the Caliphate. The heretical or national Christians on the borders of the Roman and Saracen empires invariably shifted their quarters according to the ecclesiastical policy pursued in the former. When iconoclast emperors granted something like real toleration, Nestorian and Monophysite Rayahs immediately flocked into the Roman provinces. When an orthodox prince drew the sword on behalf of unity of belief and practice, the Caliph directly received a large addition of Christian subjects. That is, allowing for the enormous difference in the administration of individual Caliphs, the normal state of the Saracenic government was something between complete toleration and complete persecution, and was felt to be, if decidedly inferior to the one, yet no less decidedly preferable to the other.

It is in fact one of the most striking features of Mahometanism, that it has hitherto flourished only when placed in a distinctly antagonistic position to some other religious system.\* In nearly all the great Mahometan empires, even when the true believer was not actually engaged in warfare with the foreign infidel, he was at least continually reminded of his peculiar position by the constant presence in his own land of men professing another creed, and thereby degraded below his own political and social rank. The Saracens, and after them the Turks, in Syria, Spain, Asia, and Rumania, have always been engaged in warfare with Christian neighbours without, and in many provinces of their dominions have been a mere dominant order amid a Christian population vastly outnumbering them. Change the scene from Cordova or Constantinople to the imperial halls of Agra and Delhi, substitute Hindooism for Christianity as the antagonistic faith, and the position of Baber and Aurangzib is identical with that of Abdalrahman and Haroun al Rashid. One alone of the really civilized and historical Mahometan States presents a different picture, and probably no one would hesitate to place the condition of that particular kingdom, in almost any given age since the Hegira, decidedly beneath that of any of those great Mahometan powers which had the ordinary function of a Mahometan power cast upon them.

The country we allude to is Persia. This has always been, of all the great Mahometan kingdoms, the most strictly and purely Mahometan. Its princes have been very seldom called upon to wage a holy warfare with the infidel, nor have they for ages borne rule over any important non-Mahometan population. In the early ages of Christianity, while the Parthian dynasty still lasted, the

\* Some excellent remarks, though tinged with some of the author's well-known peculiarities, on this and the other characteristics of Mahometanism, will be found in the first Lecture of Maurice on the Religions of the World.

Gospel made some considerable progress in Persia, but it was completely checked by that great revolution which in the third century gave Persia once more a national government and a national religion. Artaxerxes restored alike the throne of Cyrus and the altars of Zoroaster, and the whole Sassanid dynasty appeared as zealous defenders of the ancestral faith. From that day to this there have been hardly any native Persians professing Christianity; that faith has been almost exclusively known as that of Armenian tributaries and colonists.\* When the Saracens burst upon the decaying empire in the first flush of their enthusiasm, three or four battles sufficed to overthrow the national dynasty, and hardly as many centuries were needed to efface the national religion.† Fire-worship died out gradually but surely; its few remaining votaries within the Persian empire form a powerless and insignificant sect, though those of their number who were content to desert their native country, have grown up on a foreign shore into one of the most flourishing and honourable communities of the Eastern world. Nor has Persia had to contend to any considerable extent with foreign enemies or invaders of any other religious belief. No country has been more frequently trodden down by foreign armies, but they have mostly been professors of the same creed, or, at all events, have speedily become proselytes to the religion of the country. Tribe after tribe of Turkish conquerors and Turkish colonists have found no Roostam prepared to defend the sacred soil of Iran against Turanian invasion; but conquerors and colonists alike have invariably accepted the faith of the one God and of Mahomet his apostle. The storm of Mongolian devastation seemed at one time fated to sweep away the Cross and the Crescent alike in one overwhelming torrent; but even the descendants of Chengiz conformed in a few generations to the faith of their subjects, and formed neither the least splendid nor the least devout of the countless Moslem dynasties that Persia has beheld. From that age Persia, with Mahometan neighbours on every side, and with only the most insignificant Giaour population at home, might have seemed the most favourable field for the undisturbed development of the faith of Islam.

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\* The colony of Christian Armenians at Julfa was specially patronized by the great Shah Abbas, but later and less liberal monarchs persecuted them. It was even decreed that the murder of a Christian by a Mahometan should be punished only by a fine.—*Malcolm*, vol. i. p. 627. In the same spirit, if a Christian turned Mahometan, he became heir to all his Christian relations. Thevenot, however, who mentions this (p. 106. London, 1687,) adds the description of an ingenious device by which this law was frustrated.

† Fire-temples were still numerous in the tenth century, but the work of destruction was rapidly progressing.—See the authorities cited by Sir W. Ouseley, *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 143.



But the truth is, that the faith of Islam cannot flourish undisturbed; it is essentially aggressive; the sword of the Lord cannot be quiet; the disciple of the Prophet is an unprofitable servant if he wins no proselytes by its aid. Persia has been cut off from the discharge of this duty, so that the Persian Moslem, for lack of an infidel enemy, has been forced to turn his sword against his brethren. No faith has been more disturbed by contending sects than that of Mahomet; no sanhedrim of rabbis or council of bishops has been oftener called upon to resolve subtle and unintelligible questions than the doctors of the Mussulman law. The Christian and the Moslem never warred against each other with more sanguinary zeal than the Karmathian, the Assassin, and the Wahabee, has displayed on behalf of his own interpretation of the Prophet's teaching. The Persian Moslem, debarred from conflict with Christian or idolater, has adopted, as the badge of his nationality, the profession of a doctrine and position which the divines of other Mahometan lands pronounce, with all the vigour of disputants nearer home, to be impious, heretical, and damnable. Persia has twice owed her national regeneration to the revival of a religious teaching; what fire-worship did in the third century, the faith of Ali did in the sixteenth. The Shiah sect, the sect which asserted the rights of the descendants of the Prophet to the empire of his followers, had always numbered many votaries in Persia; its main principle, the defence of the alienated rights of a long line of saintly personages, was itself an attractive tenet, and the mysticism with which it speedily allied itself, has in all ages possessed transcendent charms for the Persian mind. The policy of Shah Ismael was as successful as that of Artaxerxes twelve centuries earlier. He could not indeed rear the apron of Gavah on behalf of the holy land of Iran; but he found a bond which could unite Turanian and Iranian, Turk and Persian, nomad and citizen, as brethren in one holy cause, and which, like the Greek Church in the Eastern empire, could create an artificial nationality among the motley races of the kingdom which he strove to win. His dynasty, that of the famous Sophis, ruled by virtue of the saintly character of their ancestors, and though actually of Turkish and not Persian blood, had far more of national character than any which Persia had beheld since her really national power was overthrown by the irresistible Arab in "the victory of victories." Persian and Shiah became well nigh convertible terms, and all the power of Nadir could not suffice to bring back his realm within the pale of Mussulman orthodoxy. To this day the faithful Persian curses Abu-Bekr Omar, and weeps for the martyrdom at Kerbela, while on either side of him the orthodox Sonnite adheres to the traditions

of his fathers, and holds that the first conquests of Islam were won under the auspices of legitimate caliphs, and not of wretches viler than the lowest dregs of Judaism or idolatry.

Now, whether we are justified or not in connecting the two circumstances as cause and effect, it undoubtedly is the fact that this solitary Shiah state, without infidels to conquer abroad or to persecute at home, has always occupied a place decidedly inferior to the other great Mahometan kingdoms. In some respects it is the most civilized of any; it has carried strictly native and oriental civilisation to a higher pitch, without borrowing, like the Moslem of Spain or Rumania, from Christian enemies, subjects, or allies. The Persian is the most refined and the most literary of all Mahometans; his elegant language, its rich stores of poetry and fable, have formed the standard of literary excellence in many countries besides his own. Yet no nation, even of the Oriental world, has afforded a sadder spectacle of barbarous misgovernment. Refinement has not induced humanity, nor has literary skill carried with it political wisdom. We cannot help thinking that the inferiority of the Persian to other Mahometans in vigour, energy, and moral dignity, may very probably be owing to his being cut off from the, after all, really ennobling sentiment of warfare with the infidel. His sectarian hatred of the Sonnite must surely be a very inferior feeling, the spirit of an inquisitor rather than of a crusader. Certain it is that Persia generally has been, and still remains, far weaker and more corrupt than any other of the principal Mahometan powers. The Grand Turk and the Great Mogul have generally afforded their subjects a far nearer approach to civilisation and good government, than, unless perchance under Abbas or Kurreem, has ever been attainable in the intermediate empire.

The two great powers just alluded to may be taken as the types of Mahometan governments bearing sway over large populations of other creeds, the Mogul over the Hindoo, the Ottoman over the Christian. The sway of the House of Taimur in India is undoubtedly one of the most splendid and attractive pages in the history of Islam. No Mahometan empire ever attained greater external splendour, none ever bestowed upon its subjects so great a measure of toleration and enlightened government. From the earliest invasions of India under the Ghaznevid princes, Mahometanism always appears to have cast off something of its intolerant character through the whole extent of that country.\* Mahmoud himself, the breaker of idols, was guilty of

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\* See Elphinstone's *India*, vol. i. p. 513. Taylor's *History of Mohammedanism*, p. 317.

no massacres of the infidels, save on the field of battle or in the storm of cities; he warred and he plundered, but he did not scruple to war and plunder in company with idolatrous allies, and even to place a Hindoo devotee upon a tributary throne.\* Under the various dynasties which intervened between the incursions of Mahmoud and of Baber, the Hindoos were very seldom persecuted; they were subject to a *jezia* or capitation-tax, but high offices were open to them, and in some reigns the Hindoo influence was actually predominant.

Contemporaneous with the discovery of America and of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, was the establishment of the House of Taimur in India under the illustrious Baber. India was opened to intercourse with the West just as the most powerful and permanent of its Mahometan dynasties was founded, that which ruled with undiminished splendour for two whole centuries, and which to this day retains the nominal sovereignty of that vast empire. Baber is probably better known in Europe—he at least deserves to be—than any other Eastern sovereign, from those charming memoirs in which he lays open to us his whole life, and for whose translation the English public was long ago indebted to Mr. Erskine. The posthumous work of the same gentleman, which now lies before us, contains a most able and elaborate history of the reigns of Baber and his son Humayun, which we sincerely regret that its learned and judicious author was not enabled to extend to the days of Akber and of Aurangzib. In the autobiography of the first Mogul Emperor, we see that even the life of an Eastern despot and conqueror could not entirely hinder a naturally hopeful disposition from retaining some of the best qualities of our race. Baber carried on warfare almost as savagely as his ancestor Taimur; he marked his progress by massacre and pyramids of skulls, but in domestic life he appears as a good son, a faithful friend, and an agreeable companion. He speaks, we must confess, with some glee of warfare against infidels, and assumes the coveted title of Ghazi; but he nowhere appears as a persecutor; he manifests no specially intolerant sentiments; his own language, indeed, contrasts favourably with the declamatory style in which† his own officials denounce the Giaours with whom they contended; whatever religious bitterness he himself displays, is much more frequently excited by schismatical Moslems than by idolatrous Hindoos. His grandson Akber was probably the best and greatest ruler that ever adorned any Oriental throne, a man who deserved a happier destiny than that which placed him among

\* Elphinstone's India, vol. i. p. 568.

† See the Firman in p. 359 of the Memoirs of Baber, and Mr. Erskine's Note.

the corrupting influences of a despotic Court. The same authority which we quoted sometime back, as describing a time when all art and civilisation was monopolized by the true believers, refers to the tolerant government of this illustrious prince, as illustrating the generally tolerant tendencies of the Mahometan religion. Now, undoubtedly, to have quoted the Mahometan government in India, as infinitely more tolerant than in any other country, would have been very much to the purpose; but it unfortunately happens that the first prince who secured a perfect political equality between the Moslem and the Hindoo was himself an apostate from the Mussulman faith. Akber, indeed, gave far more than toleration; he instituted perfect religious equality; both the principles proclaimed in his Institutes,\* and the practical working of his administration, were such as no contemporary European government had reached to. The Hindoo, the Moslem, and the Christian were then, indeed, equal; preachers of the latter religion were favourably received, and allowed to make converts even in the imperial family; Khans and Rajahs alternate in the list of the dignitaries of the empire; the surest defence of the throne was found in the swords of the valiant Rajpoots. But Akber was not a Mahometan; and, moreover, this extreme latitudinarism did not survive its author. During the reigns of Jehangir and Shah Jehan, the Mahometan observances were gradually restored, and the condition of the Hindoos very much altered; at last the fanatical Aurangzib systematically degraded and insulted, if not absolutely persecuted, their religion. He restored the capitation-tax, which no emperor since Akber had ventured upon, and thereby alienated the affections and allegiance of the great mass of his subjects: he turned against his throne the weapons which would have leapt from their scabbards in defence of his glorious ancestor, and paved the way for the speedy destruction of the empire which that ancestor's genius and goodness had consolidated.

The experience, then, of the Mahometan sway in India seems

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\* The Introduction by Abul Fas, the minister of Akber, in the third volume of Gladwinze, Ayeer Akbery, (Calcutta, 1786,) contain an elaborate apology for toleration. Among the reasons for prejudice against Hindooism, he reckons (p. ix,) "the habit of imitation which people of all nations fall into, without asking why or wherefore. Whatever they have received from their father, tutor, acquaintance, or neighbour, they consider as the rule of conduct most acceptable to the Deity, and stamp those who differ from them with the name of Infidel or Zendek." Another passage (p. xi.) concludes with this golden dictum; "Persecution, after all, defeats its own ends; it obliges men to conceal their opinions, but produces no change in them."

† This continued even in the reign of his son Jehangir, who restored Mahometanism.—Elphinstone, vol. ii. p. 363. Shah Jehan, the successor of Jehangir, numbered among his sons, Aurangzib, a bigoted Sonnite Mussulman, Shuja, a Shiab, and Dara, who professed the eclectic creed of Akber.—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 416.

to be, that the faith of Mahomet, while, under certain circumstances, it may assume a far more tolerant and liberal character than usual, is still repugnant to the establishment of full political equality between itself and other creeds. It often ceased to be persecuting, but it was not satisfied unless it were, at least, dominant. Now the comparative policy of Akber and Aurangzib is no matter of curious speculation, but one of a very immediate practical interest at a time when the sympathies of Europe are excited on behalf of a Mussulman power ruling over a large Christian population. No one, we presume, however convinced of the necessity of maintaining "the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire," really thinks it desirable that odious religious and national distinctions should be preserved in any case, least of all that the Christian, of any sect, however corrupt, should be, simply as a Christian, placed in a position of inferiority to the infidel. Does, then, the testimony of history give us any reason to believe that the Turkish government will ever grant full political equality without ceasing to be Mahometan? And will it ever cease to be Mahometan without the expulsion of the professors of the present dominant creed? We will not pretend to solve these great questions of modern politics, at the end of an article chiefly devoted to past history. It is rather our business to contemplate in brief what the Ottoman has already done, than to predict what he will do—rather, perhaps, what his allies and his enemies will do for him.

What the Ottoman has done has been to discharge the appropriate function of a Mahometan power more thoroughly, more constantly, and more unrelentingly, than any other race that ever undertook its duties. From its own point of view, the history of the House of Othman is the most glorious in the annals of the world. From that of its subjects and enemies, it is the record of the most fearful scourge with which God ever chastised his erring children. The Turkish race has always supplied Islam with its most formidable champions, but the Ottoman branch has far outshone the fame of the Samanian, the Ghaznevid, and the Seljuk.

No race has ever so fully discharged a mission of conquest. They have not, indeed, rivalled the literary fame of the Persian, or the scientific lore of the Arab; but none have so steadily obeyed the bidding of their Prophet, to win nations to his creed and empire. The extraordinary permanence of the dynasty is an almost unparalleled phenomenon among the ceaseless shiftings and revolutions of ordinary oriental despotisms. For six hundred years imperial power has remained in one nation and one family—a fact absolutely without a parallel in the East, and which has not many parallels even in the western world.

For four centuries and a half their course was one of perpetual advance. A small horde from the Bithynian mountains seemed to have received a mission to bring the whole world under its sway. In little more than a century the shepherd of Olympus has become the lord of Asia, and has confined the Roman Empire to a corner of Thrace, and a few outlying portions of Macedonia and Peloponnesus. Another century sees the Turkish standard advance in triumph over the ruined power of Servia, and measure its strength with the chivalry of western Europe on the field of Nicopolis. For a moment the Ottoman power seems broken for ever beneath the storm of Taimur's invasion; but the shivered empire is speedily reconstructed, and its rulers proceed afresh on their errand of victory. The Crescent is planted on the imperial towers of Constantinople and Trebizond, and the powers of the West are alarmed by the sudden seizure of Otranto. Another generation bombards the western Cæsar in his capital, throws its yoke alike over Christian and Moslem, annexes Hungary, Syria, and Egypt, receives the corsairs of Barbary into vassalage, and wins for the successor of Othman the prouder title of representative of the Prophet. A generation later, Lepanto breaks the prestige of Turkish invincibleness, but diminishes nothing from its real power. A century more of conquest is in store. Cyprus and Crete, so long divorced from their allegiance to the Byzantine throne, are brought into subjection to its altered occupants, till the second siege of Vienna marks the utmost limit of Ottoman triumph, the point where the tide turned, and from which we may date the succession of Ottoman reverses. The mighty conquerors of an earlier epoch had transmitted their power to a race of impotent sensualists, and the Turks no longer retained their marked military superiority over the western nations. The Janissaries, the first standing army seen in Europe since the decline of the Eastern Empire, triumphed over the mere feudal array of the earlier times; but ages had dimmed their old fervour, and they were unable to cope with the new military system of modern Europe. That the military vigour of the Turkish people has not utterly passed away, recent events afford sufficient testimony; but they now support their European allies, and contend with their European antagonists, with other arms than those with which they stormed the city of the Cæsars, and scattered the chivalry of France and Hungary upon the fields of Nicopolis and Varna.

The Ottoman power, then, has been distinguished alike for the extent and for the permanence of its conquests. The Turks have won kingdoms with the speed of the first Caliphs, and kept them with the firm grasp of imperial Rome. Their sway has had nothing of the ephemeral character of other Oriental despo-

tisms. What they won they have known how to preserve. The early Sultans, like the early Caliphs, were conquerors of a noble mould; their sway was not more oppressive than that of the corrupt empire which they supplanted; they met with little local resistance in many provinces, and the revived Greek dynasty of the Palæologi never produced a Nicephorus or a Basil to mark their claim to imperial dominion as other than a shadow. As the Ottoman rule became surer, it also became sterner; but if it incurred hate, it always inspired respect. Compared with other Oriental dynasties, the Ottomans may fairly claim the praise of legislators and administrators as well as of conquerors.

Throughout this wonderful history, the great characteristic which forces itself upon our mind is, that it is *as the foe of Christianity* that the Ottoman has become great. As Dr. Newman says, his victories—except when gained over fellow-Mahometans—have always been at the expense of the Christian. The Saracen taught the undisputed supremacy of good to the Persian who divided his worship between good and evil; the Ghaznevid preached the unity of God to the polytheist of India, and rejoiced when his mace broke in pieces the polluted idol of Siva. But the Crescent of the Ottoman has never triumphed except over the followers of the Cross. He has never extinguished the sacred fire of the Magian; he has never swept away the fouler corruptions of Hindoo idolatry; but he has planted his minarets around the dome of St. Sophia; he has threatened, and all but performed the threat, to feed his horse upon the high altar of St. Peter's. In Persia we have beheld the spectacle of a really Mahometan nation; in India we have beheld the Moslem dominant over a race, among whom his creed appeared as comparative truth; the dynasty of Othman has received as its mission to exhibit the most extensive and permanent example of what the followers of Mahomet are when bearing rule over professors of a purer faith.

A very slight examination will suffice to show that, at least up till very recent times, the Christian subjects of Turkey have generally fared infinitely worse than the Hindoos under the average of their Mussulman sovereigns. Doubtless this is owing to the widely different character of the races and the religions with which they had to deal. The mild and submissive Hindoo was something widely different from the Greek or the Servian, and was ready to submit passively to any lord who allowed him to retain the ritual and the mode of life enjoined upon him by his own creed. Brahmanism, as we have already observed, seeks for no proselytes, and whatever may be its esoteric refinements, its external aspect is not of a character to make any Moslem ruler dread the perversion of his subjects in that direction.

But Christianity, as we have seen, is directly antagonistic to Islam; it requires a whole system of artificial barriers, of carefully nourished hatred instilled from the cradle, to defend the creed of the false prophet against a faith as aggressive and more reasonable than itself. The institution on which the Ottoman power so long rested, was the very perfection of subtle tyranny. The strongest and most beautiful children of the subject Christians were taken as a tribute, brought up in the faith of Islam, and employed as its choicest warriors, its most trusted statesmen and diplomatists. The Janissary, a stranger to his family, his country, and his native language, knew no parent but his Sultan, no native land but what he won with his sword for Allah and his prophet. The battles of the prophet were waged by the children of the Giaour, and the city of the Cæsars was stormed by warriors of Grecian or Slavonian blood. If the time came when they became a greater terror to their Moslem sovereign than to their infidel enemy, it was because their occupation was gone; their mission of conquest had ceased, and in a peaceful state of things there was no place for them.\*

Yet the very barbarism and intolerance of Turkish rule has in two striking cases wrought some incidental good. The common and indiscriminate contempt of the dominant Moslem for all sects of Christians alike, may well prove the groundwork of a future complete toleration. Lord Shaftesbury truly says that his missionary exertions are thwarted in Russia and are not thwarted in Turkey. Now, though he seems to have forgotten that this license only enables him to proselytize Greeks and not Turks, yet the remark points to an important and very hopeful sign. If the Greek, the Armenian, the Latin, and the Protestant, have a recognised civil equality among themselves, there will be no difficulty in raising all indiscriminately, and not merely any one favoured sect, to the level of the now dominant religion. A dominant power in the hands of any one form of Christianity would not be a desirable exchange in the eyes of minorities of other sects for the contemptuous tolerance which the Mussulman extends equally to all.

There is again another most important point in which the

\* The subject of the Janissaries has been, we need hardly say, excellently treated by Mr. Finlay. There are also some good remarks in the work of Professor Creasy, which we have placed at the head of this article. This is perhaps the best English history of the Turks we have; but it might easily have been much better. Mr. Creasy has very great power as a narrator; indeed, for graphic and vigorous telling of his story, many parts could hardly be surpassed; but he has evidently written his book in a hurry; he has not stopped to compare the writers on the other side, Byzantine, Venetian, and Persian; consequently he has fallen into many grievous blunders. If Mr. Finlay could only get Professor Creasy to tell his story for him, they might make an almost perfect history between them.



Turkish domination, evidently because, rather than in spite of, its barbarism, has done a certain very considerable amount of indirect good, which it is quite possible that an indiscriminate imitation of western models may tend to undo. The old Turkish system was that of a foreign government ruling over a subject population alien in race, language, and religion. It was satisfied with exacting submission and tribute, and so long as these were forthcoming, it had no temptation to interfere with individual and local liberties and usages. An immense mass of occasional and irregular oppression took place, and doubtless still takes place in the more remote and barbarous corners of the empire, but there was not, and could not be, that constant, systematic interference with every man's liberty of action which in some countries seems to be regarded as the essence of civilisation. The people, in fact, were left to themselves; consequently, whatever vestiges of local and municipal institutions had survived through the long ages of Roman centralization, actually received fresh life and vigour from the Ottoman conquest.\* Here we have the rude germs of future greatness and liberty, which it should be the first effort of every reformer to preserve, improve, and develop. The greatest error of liberated Greece has been that the exactly opposite course has been followed; and we fear that Servia also is by no means free from blame on the same score.

This leaving alone of the subject population has indeed often been the redeeming feature in other thoroughly barbarous governments. It was still more conspicuously the case during the Persian domination over the Greeks of Asia. But here there was one most important difference. The Persians only exacted tribute from the Greek towns; in other respects they remained distinct commonwealths, only degraded from sovereignty to municipality. But the Turks, by occupying the towns, have rendered the subject nations as barbarous as themselves. A Greek municipality in Turkey is one merely of peasants and mountaineers. But had the conquerors been content to receive the submission of Smyrna, of Thessalonica, of Constantinople itself, on the same terms as those on which the Great King ruled over Ephesus and Colophon, or as those on which the Sultan himself was recognised as suzerain of the republic of Ragusa, each of those great cities would now be ready as a centre of civilisation, perhaps as members of a federal league, like ancient Achaia or mediæval Switzerland.

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\* The Caliphs of Cordova seem to have carried the tolerance of Christian municipality still further than the Ottomans. The Christians had a distinct judge, who could ever pronounce sentence on a Mahometan.

ART. VI.—*Life of Thomas Young, M.D., F.R.S., and one of the Eight Foreign Associates of the National Institute of France.*  
By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., F.R.S., &c., Dean of Ely,  
&c. 8vo., pp. 514. London, 1855.

THERE is, perhaps, no name contemporary with that of Dr. Young, which will hold a higher place in the annals of British science and literature. In the various fields of natural philosophy, medicine, and archæology, he acquired a high reputation; and if he had devoted all his faculties to any one of these departments of knowledge, he would doubtless have attained to a still higher place in the temple of science. At an early period of his life Dr. Young was an accurate classical scholar. He was perfectly familiar with the principal languages of Europe. He was well versed in mathematics, and almost every department of natural philosophy and natural history. His knowledge of medicine and anatomy was profound, and he possessed a very unusual share of those personal and ornamental accomplishments which are so highly valued in the intercourse of society. The history of a mind so richly endowed, and the details of that education by which his intellectual habits and character were developed, will be read with much interest, and it is fortunate that he has left behind him, in his journals and letters, the most minute details of his early studies and occupations.

These, and other important materials,\* furnished by relatives and friends, were placed, about twenty years ago, in the hands of Dr. Peacock, who had undertaken to write a life of Dr. Young, but the duties of a very laborious college office prevented him from commencing the work, and when his promotion to the Deanery of Ely had put him in possession of the leisure which he required, he was compelled by ill health to abandon the undertaking.

Under these circumstances, the friends of Dr. Young resolved, about three years ago, to publish a complete edition of his works, including his writings and correspondence, and a brief biographical memoir, and Dr. Peacock undertook to edit the scientific portion, while the hieroglyphical memoirs and correspondence were intrusted to M. Leitch. When this work was finished, a large part of the impression was destroyed by fire, and during the delay which was thus occasioned, Mrs. Young resumed her

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\* A very interesting Memoir of Dr. Young, by his friend Mr. Hudson Gurney, was published soon after his death.

original design of devoting a separate volume to a memoir of her husband, in which a detailed narrative of his personal history should be combined with a review of his various publications. Dr. Peacock undertook the task to which he had been so affectionately urged, and has produced a work worthy of his own reputation, and one in which he has done ample justice to the talents and character of his friend.

In addition to the memoir by Mr. Gurney, Dr. Peacock had the advantage of a short autobiographical sketch, written for one of the sisters of Mrs. Young, and entitled *An Article intended for a future edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica*, and also of an unbroken series of confidential letters addressed to Mr. Gurney, from the year 1804 to the end of his life, so that we are put in possession of the complete details of his personal history and scientific pursuits during every year of his life, and are able to trace the history of his discoveries from his own journals and letters, and from the letters of his correspondents.

This interesting volume is divided into fifteen chapters. In the *first*, Dr. Peacock gives an account of Dr. Young's early education. In the *2d*, *3d*, *4th*, and *5th*, he treats of his medical education in London, Edinburgh, Göttingen, and Cambridge. In the *6th* and *12th*, he treats of his optical researches at two epochs. The *7th* relates to his lectures, and the *8th* to his marriage, and his medical life and works. In the *9th* he gives an account of his philological essays, his theories and his hieroglyphical researches. The *11th* relates to his commissions and the Board of Longitude; the *13th*, to his researches on the value of life, and on life assurance; the *14th* to his miscellaneous memoirs; and the *15th* to the events in his later life and his death. The appendix to the volume consists of two articles, one entitled *Herculanensia*, in which he breaks a lance with Mr. Hayter and Sir W. Drummond, and another on the "Determination of the Figure of the Earth from a single Tangent."

Dr. Thomas Young was born at Milverton in Somersetshire, on the 13th of June 1773, and was the eldest of ten children. His father and mother, Thomas and Sarah Young, were members of the Society of Friends. During the first seven years of his life our young philosopher lived at Minehead in the house of Mr. Davis, his maternal grandfather. At two years of age he had learned to read with considerable fluency. He had read the Bible twice through before he was four years of age. When six years old he could repeat, with the exception of a word or two, the whole of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*; and when not quite six years of age he began to learn the rudiments of Latin grammar. In 1780, Master Young was sent to a miserable boarding school near Bristol, where he made very little progress; but in

the following year he found in the house of a friend a dictionary of arts and sciences, which he read with intense interest and delight, and also a number of mathematical and philosophical instruments, in the use of which he was carefully instructed.

In 1782 he was sent to the school of Mr. Thomson at Compton in Dorsetshire, where he remained four years, making great progress in classical and mathematical learning, studying natural philosophy in Martin's Lectures, and in Ryland's Introduction to the Newtonian Philosophy, and under the guidance of Mr. Jeffrey the usher of the school, constructing telescopes and electrical machines. From Mr. Jeffrey our young philosopher learned the principles of drawing, and the art of book-binding; and when that ingenious person left the school, his pupil "succeeded to some of his employments and perquisites, and used to sell paper, copperplates, copy-books, and colours to his school-fellows." By these means he contrived to earn in 1786 the sum of 5s., which, with 10s. given him by his parents, enabled him to buy some Greek and Latin books, and to indulge his taste for oriental literature by purchasing Montanus's Hebrew Bible, six chapters of which he had mastered before he left Compton school in 1786.

The following account of his studies, as contained in his autobiographical sketch, is too interesting to be given in any other words than his own:—

"In the intervals of my residence at this school, during my occasional visits to my grandfather at Minehead, I became acquainted with a saddler of the name of Atkins, a person of considerable mechanical skill and ingenuity, whose journal of the heights of the barometer and thermometer, of the state of the weather, and direction of the wind for three times a day during the whole of the year 1782, is published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1784. Amongst many other instruments which he possessed was a quadrant, which became the constant companion of my walks, and with which I attempted to measure the heights of the principal eminences in the neighbourhood. I had imbibed also a wish to study botany, from a conversation with Morris Birkbeck; and in order to enable me to examine the minute organs of plants, I was anxious to construct a microscope from the description of Benjamin Martin. For this purpose I procured a lathe, and I succeeded in getting the requisite materials by the assistance of my grandfather and one of my father's clerks. My zeal for botany during these operations was replaced by my fondness for optics, and subsequently by that for turning. I well recollect, likewise, that, having seen a demonstration in Martin which exhibited, though unnecessarily, some fluxional symbols, I never felt satisfied until I had read, a year or two afterwards, a Short Introduction to the Method of Fluxions.

"My father had purchased at an auction, a volume of Priestley on

Air, the reading of which delighted me greatly, and first turned my attention to making chemical experiments.

"I was in the habit of rising an hour sooner than my school-fellows in summer, and of going to bed an hour or two later in winter, for the purpose of mastering my lesson for the day; my school business was thus soon finished. I was at that time however perfectly ignorant of prosody, as well as my master, and I possessed no very accurate grammatical knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.

"One of my school-fellows, of the name of Fox, had made himself master of the Italian language: with his assistance and that of Veneroni's Italian and French grammar, I was enabled to read *Lettere d'una Peruviana*, and some other works. I had before acquired some slight knowledge of French.

"I read through Penn's Reflections and Maxims.

"Upon my return home, after finally leaving Compton School, I devoted myself almost entirely to the study of Hebrew and to the practice of turning and telescope-making. I read through thirty chapters of the Book of Genesis without points. That most excellent man, Mr. Toulmin, who had heard of the nature of my studies, though perfectly unknown to me, lent me Masclef's Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan grammars, and also some works of Gregory Sharp and Mr. Bayley, which I studied with great diligence. Mr. John Fry lent me Robertson on Reading Hebrew without Points. Mr. Toulmin also lent me, The Lord's Prayer in more than one hundred Languages, the examination of which gave me extraordinary pleasure. I had also read through the greatest part of Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar."—Pp. 6-8.

In the history of literature, examples of premature acquisitions, even more remarkable than this, have been recorded;\* but as Dr. Peacock justly remarks, "the instances are very rare where the mature fruits have fully corresponded to the expecta-

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\* Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester, in his *Life of Dr. Bentley*, mentions William Wotton, who entered the university of Cambridge, as a child presenting the best authenticated instance of a juvenile prodigy that he has found on record:—"It is certified, he says, by the testimony not of one but of many persons of sense and learning, that at six years of age he was able to read and translate Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which at seven he added some knowledge of the Arabic and Syriac. On his admission at Catherine Hall in his tenth year, Dr. Eachard, the antagonist of Hobbes, recorded 'Gulielmus Wotton infra decem annos nec Hammondo nec Grotio secundus.' This surprising proficiency during his academical career is testified by some of the best scholars of that day: Dr. Penman, the public orator, Dr. Duport, the Dean of Peterborough, and Dr. Lynnet of Trinity College. When he proceeded Bachelor of Arts, he was acquainted with twelve languages, and as there was no precedent of granting that degree to a boy of thirteen, Dr. H. Gower, one of the Caput, thought fit to put upon record a notice of his proficiency in every species of literature as a justification of the university. These testimonies, after making every abatement for the language of admiration, leave the fact little less than miraculous; and it is right to add, that Wotton maintained in after life a reputation much higher than is generally the case with persons famed for precocious intellect in childhood."—*Monk's Life of Bentley*, pp. 7, 8, and *Nichol's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth century*, vol. iv. pp. 253-253.

tions which had been formed." The modest habits of Young's parents prevented him from being exhibited as a prodigy, and his youthful but vigorous faculties were thus permitted to attain that solidity and power which enabled him to achieve such intellectual triumphs.

In 1787, when he was only fourteen years of age, Young became tutor to Mr. Hudson Gurney, who was only a year and a half his senior, and he lived at Youngsbury, the residence of his pupil till 1792, a period of five years, which he considered "the most profitable in his life with respect both to mental and moral cultivation and improvement." Among the other accomplishments which he at this period exhibited, was "a clear and beautiful penmanship," which enabled him to write out specimens of the Bible in thirteen different languages; and "it is recorded of him as an anecdote, that when he was requested by a friend of his uncle, Dr. Brocklesby, who, perhaps, presumed somewhat on his very youthful appearance, to exhibit a specimen of his handwriting, he very delicately rebuked the inquiry by writing a sentence, in his best style, in fourteen different languages."

In the midst of his studies and duties at Youngsbury, he was seized with an alarming illness, which seemed to be of a pulmonary nature; but by means of a strict regimen, continued for two years, he was restored to his usual health, which he continued to enjoy, with little interruption, during the rest of his life. Between the years 1790 and the autumn of 1792, when he quitted Youngsbury, he carried on with ardour his classical and mathematical, botanical and entomological studies. He believed that "whoever would arrive at excellence must be self-taught," and that there was "in reality very little that a person who is seriously and industriously disposed to improve, may not obtain from books with more advantage than from a living instructor." Upon this principle he was himself self-taught. He read nothing hastily or cursorily, and his memory was so tenacious that he never forgot what he had once mastered. He wrote exercises and composed in the languages which he studied. His journals were written in Latin, and his criticisms on French authors in French, and on Italian authors in Italian. His mathematical studies were carried on in a similar manner. He began the six books of Euclid on such a day and finished them on another; and "we hear no more of them."

Algebra, trigonometry, and fluxions were despatched in the same way. He read the *Principia* deliberately through; and it appears from the remarks in his journals on the leading propositions that he had fully comprehended them. "A retentive memory, as Dr. Peacock justly observes, and great clearness and

precision of thought would appear to have superseded in his case the necessity of a more progressive training. In other respects, the effects of this irregular intrusion into the inmost recesses of philosophy are such as might have been anticipated: he never felt the necessity nor appreciated the value of those formal processes of proof which other minds require." The rapid progress which Dr. Young made in his early studies was owing in a considerable degree to the severe system which he pursued. His time was never occupied with the sports and amusements of youth: he was never misled by idle companions, and the pleasures of the imagination never mingled themselves with the abstractions of science. While studying the writings of the ancients, he remained "in almost entire ignorance of the popular literature of the day."

In obedience to the wishes of his uncle, Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Young took lodgings in Westminster in the autumn of 1792, in order to study anatomy and medicine; and after attending the lectures in the Hunterian school, he entered himself a pupil in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1793, and he pursued his professional studies with the same ardour which he had already displayed. During his dissections, his attention had been called to the structure of the eye as an optical instrument, and he set himself to discover the process by which the eye accommodates itself to different distances—an inquiry which had baffled all preceding physiologists, and which has not yet been brought to a satisfactory termination. The fibrous structure of the crystalline lens had been discovered by Leeuwenhoek, and Dr. Pemberton regarded the fibres as muscles, by whose motion the lens was rendered more or less convex. Although Dr. Young seems to have been aware of Pemberton's hypothesis, yet he imagined that he had discovered evidence of the muscularity of the fibres in their arrangement and attachment. The Memoir containing his experiments and views, was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1793, and was the ground of his election as a Fellow in the following year. No sooner had this Memoir appeared, than Dr. Hunter, the celebrated physiologist, claimed the discovery as his own, and proposed in the Croonian Lecture for the following year, to prove the muscularity of the crystalline lens. His death, however, in the following autumn, prevented him from completing his paper, and his brother-in-law, Sir Everard Home, in conjunction with Mr. Ramsden, the optician, made some experiments, which seemed to disprove both the fact and the theory which Hunter and Young had maintained. In consequence of this, Young, in more than one publication, retracted the opinion of which he believed himself to be the author. The reclamation of Dr. Hunter having excited some

notice, Sir Charles Blagden had rashly stated that he had mentioned the views of Hunter at a dinner party at Sir Joshua Reynolds', on the 6th November 1791, at which Young was present. The charge of plagiarism which this report involved, was so offensive to Young, that he addressed letters to all who were present at the dinner, "requesting them to say whether the subject of vision, and any recent researches connected with it, were mentioned on the occasion referred to." All the parties gave a distinct denial, and Blagden himself assured Young that "he was by no means so clear as to be sure that he had told him Hunter's opinion." The imputation was withdrawn, and Young's originality, as the first propounder of the theory, completely established.

A quarrel about a discovery of no value, is a very rare event in the history of science; but a quarrel about priority in the publication of an error, is still more rare. What is deemed an error to-day, however, may become a truth, or be regarded as one, to-morrow. This was the case in the present question. Dr. Young resumed his original hypothesis, and in an elaborate memoir on the Mechanism of the Eye, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1800, he has stated the grounds of his opinion.

"The experiments," says Dr. Peacock, "of Sir Everard Home and Mr. Ramsden had seemed to prove, that, in the adjustment of the eye to different distances, it is the curvature of the cornea and the length of its axis, and not of the crystalline lens, which is changed; and further, that the eye of a man which had been couched, or deprived of its crystalline lens, was perfectly susceptible of this adjustment, which therefore could not be dependent upon it. It was the assertion of this startling and apparently unanswerable fact, upon such high authority, which at first induced Dr. Young to revoke his original opinion; but it was a very serious objection to its adoption, that it would require an amount of change in the cornea, and an extension of the sclerotica, which there is no adequate anatomical provision to produce, or safely to apply. Dr. Young, by means of an improved form of Dr. Porterfield's optometer, an instrument admirably adapted to measure the focal length of the eye, and by numerous experiments, both on eyes which had and which had not been couched, was enabled to negative any sufficient change in the curvature of the cornea in all cases, and further, decisively to show that couched eyes had no power of adjustment to near and distant objects. He thus altogether reversed the conclusions of his predecessors in this inquiry, and resumed his own. Sir John Herschel, who has carefully examined the arguments and evidence adduced in support of these opposite results, (and there is no judge more competent and dispassionate,) pronounces in favour of the views of Dr. Young, which are also supported by M. Arago, with his usual precision and vehemence of argumentation. It would not be



fair, however, to keep out of view the serious anatomical and other arguments which may still be urged against this conclusion; thus the chemists will object that the fibres of the crystalline lens do not present, when subjected to the usual tests, the character of muscles: and the physiologists, that the palpitations which usually accompany muscular contractions, if those fibres were muscles, would produce unsteadiness in the picture upon the retina."—Pp. 40, 41.

That the fibres of the crystalline lens are muscles, by the contraction of which its form and focal length are altered, and the eye adjusted to distinct vision, is, in our apprehension, one of those singular opinions which occasionally occur in the history of science. We can conceive it to have been adopted as a last resource for the baffled ingenuity of philosophy; but to see it maintained when much more rational opinions have not been disproved, is to us a proof that great men sometimes indulge in paradoxes. When the crystalline lens is in its living state, it is as transparent as a drop of water, the various fibres of which it is composed being in a state of perfect optical contact. When taken out of the capsule in which it floats, the slightest pressure destroys it, and hence it is absurd to suppose that a structure of such extreme delicacy could subsist, under a muscular action, which would be continually changing its form and compressing its substance. But the very structure of the lens is hostile to the idea of its muscular character. No nerve has been traced into it, and as each fibre of a muscle must act independently of those adjacent to it, in order to render the lens more convex, such an action is rendered impossible by the fact discovered by Sir David Brewster, that the fibres consist of teeth like those of a saw, by which they are united into independent laminæ, as the different parts of the cranium are by their sutures. Among the various opinions which have been proposed for explaining the adaptation of the eye to different distances, we have no hesitation in adopting that in which the motion of the lens is combined with a variation in the size of the pupil.

Through his uncle Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Young became acquainted with Dr. Herschel, Mr. Burke, Mr. Wyndham, and the Duke of Richmond. The Duke, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance, had formed the highest opinion of Mr. Young's talents and acquirements, and in 1794 he offered him the appointment of his private secretary, an office worth £200 a year, with a place at the Duke's table. Burke and Wyndham advised him to decline the offer, as likely to interfere with his professional views, and Young himself, who still kept to his religious profession, as a member of the Society of Friends, tells his mother "that he was not ashamed to allege his regard for the Society as a principal reason for not accepting the proposal."

This event in his life led him no doubt to consider how far his position as a Quaker might interfere with his future prospects. He had hitherto adopted their garb and phraseology, but he now began to divest himself of these characteristics, and to mix largely with society. In Edinburgh, where he went at the close of 1794, to prosecute his medical education, he did not scruple to violate the principles of his sect. He spent much time at parties both grave and gay: he went frequently to the theatre, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, took private lessons in dancing, and in playing on the flute. We have heard it, on the best authority, that in his visit to the Highlands, he attempted even to master the bagpipe, and had suffered some inconvenience from the closeness of contact into which he was thus brought with the Highlanders. His friend James Grahame, the author of "The Sabbath," celebrated this unpoetical event in an epigram, the last line of which was,

"And when he learnt the pipe he caught the fiddle."

The society of Edinburgh, which weaned him from his sectarianism, seems to have been peculiarly agreeable to him. "With respect to the study of physic," he considered Edinburgh to be "beyond comparison preferable to Oxford or Cambridge, and in other respects little inferior;" though he does not seem to have derived as much instruction from the lectures in the College as he expected. Among the professors of that day, Dr. Gregory and Professor Dalzel were his principal favourites, from their superiority as classical scholars. Mr. Dalzel was at that time preparing the second volume of his *ANALYKTA 'EΛΛΗNIKA*, or Collections from the Greek Poets, and he intrusted to Mr. Young the task of making selections from the Greek epigrammatists. This duty was discharged to the satisfaction of Mr. Dalzel, who has acknowledged the value of the learned notes of his coadjutor, and of his many judicious and happy emendations.

At the close of the session in April 1795, Mr. Young performed a journey on horseback to the Highlands and northern parts of Scotland, furnished with numerous introductions, and the means of pursuing his botanical and entomological studies. After visiting the great Carron Ironworks, he went to Stirling, and after seeing Lochleven Castle and the Palace of Falkland, he went to St. Andrews, the seat of the oldest of our Scottish universities, furnished with a letter of introduction from Professor Dalzel to Dr. Hunter, the learned Professor of Humanity in the United Colleges of St. Salvador and St. Leonard.

"Professor Hunter," he says, "showed me the library, a large and elegant room, which reminded me of what I had seen at Oxford and Cambridge. It is supported by small contributions from the students, in addition to its privilege of claiming a copy of every book which is entered at Stationer's Hall. The students were formerly divided into three classes, primarii, secundarii, and ternarii, something like noblemen and fellow-commoners, pensioners, and servitors or sizars in the English Universities. The first of these classes is now abolished; the sons of gentlemen commonly enter as seconders, and those of farmers as terniers; the seconders pay a fee of three guineas to the lecturer, the terniers but half that sum; their whole board at the table furnished by the economist, costs them £10 a session; the hire of a room in the college and of furniture from the town, with coals and candles, will cost about £3 more. When Johnson wrote, the board was only £8. The students wear a scarlet gown, as at Glasgow and Aberdeen. There are apartments for about 27 in the United College; the students at the Philosophy College are generally from 70 or 140; at the Divinity College from 30 to 40, who have passed at least three at the other, and must pass four years here before they can be taken on trial by a presbytery."—Pp. 64, 65.

Passing through Dundee and Perth, he visited Scone, Dunkeld, and Taymouth, admiring the pass of Killiecrankie, and the grand scenery on the Tay, the Tummel, the Garry, and the Bruar. From Blair he rode to Braemar, his horse "creeping up or sliding down steep hills," and once sinking in a bog, so that his feet touched the soil before his charger was able to carry him through. At Brechin he inspected one of the two round towers in Scotland, and he examined the vitrified fort at Finhaven, between Brechin and Forfar.

After admiring the ruins of the monastery at Arbroath, and visiting Ury, the seat of Barclay, the apologist for the Quakers, and the grandfather of his friend, Mr. David Barclay of Youngsbury, he spent three days in Aberdeen, visiting the two universities of King's College and Marischal College. He admired the beautiful mathematical and philosophical apparatus of Professor Copeland, and he justly denounces the existence of two universities in the same town, the union of which into one well-endowed institution, is opposed by the prejudices and personal interests of individuals.

From Aberdeen our traveller went through Peterhead, Banff, Elgin, and Inverness, to John-o'-Groat's house, and on his return he paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Gordon at Gordon Castle, with which he was much delighted. He had brought a letter of introduction from Lady Caroline Lennox, Duchess of Richmond, and the eldest daughter of the Duke of Gordon, and he has given in his Journal, "a very interesting picture," to use the just expression of Dr. Peacock, "of a family

distinguished not merely as occupying the highest rank in society, but for the good sense, frankness, and cordiality of manners, personal beauty, and accomplishments of its members." In this picture we obtain some knowledge of the character and views of the traveller, as well as of the noble family by whom he was entertained, and we have no doubt that our readers will contemplate it with pleasure. Among the interesting persons whom Mr. Young has delineated, we miss the Marquis of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon, whose noble character and princely hospitality will never be forgotten in his extensive domains. Those who have enjoyed, as we have done, many years after the visit of Mr. Young, the hospitalities of Gordon Castle and of Kinrara, both in the time of the Duchess his mother, and of himself, and of the present Duchess Dowager, will recollect with delight those scenes of mirth, of gaiety, and kindness, in which the humble, and the wise, and the great, were assembled at the same table, and treated with the same consideration.

"In the morning," says Mr. Young, "without stopping at Elgin, I rode to Fochabers, and was in time for dinner at Gordon Castle. The Duke, the Duchess, Lady Madeline (Sinclair) and her son, Lady Louisa,\* Lady Georgiana,† Lord Alexander, and Mr. Hay, his tutor, compose the family there at present. They had a large party to-day. When a moderate time had been spent over the bottle, we found the ladies dancing. They were dancing reels when we came in; after one or two had been gone through, I found myself standing up with Lady Madeline, and the Duke with Miss Gordon; the Duchess afterwards danced, and Lady Georgiana danced some high dances with great elegance. Most of the party stayed over night, which seems to be the custom in this country. In the morning I went down to the inn at Fochabers, to look after my horse and luggage. In returning I met the Duke; he showed me the site of the old town of Fochabers, much nearer to the house than the present, which he has built within a few years. After breakfast the Duke showed me his lathes, and a variety of objects which he has turned; the apparatus is most splendid, made at Aberdeen under Copeland's directions, and the Duke is an expert workman. I went to the library, and had begun a letter to my uncle, when his Grace came in to ask me to go with him and see a stag shot. The groom was sent with four or five couple of foxhounds, to draw the woods, while the Duke was stationed at a proper place to intercept the deer, and two servants at different places to watch if they took another course. We waited here an hour or two in vain, and the Duke blew his bugle horn to call off the huntsmen to another cover. Here we had better fortune; we soon heard the dogs in full cry, and a fine buck made his appearance; he stood still at some distance; the Duke fired with his rifle, and heard the bullet strike him; the animal moved and then stood gazing; he shot again

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\* Afterwards Marchioness of Cornwallis.

† Afterwards Duchess of Bedford.

and missed; the stag did not move at first, but the dogs coming up drove him off. The German servant then fired and missed him, but seeing blood from the Duke's shot, he let loose a bloodhound. When they are wounded, the bloodhound commonly overtakes them and kills them, but to-day all the dogs, after a long pursuit, returned without their game. We spent much time in endeavours to recover it by trailing the slopes, but in vain. We returned about four. Col. Duff and Col. Hay from Banff were at the Castle. We joined the ladies early. I brought down my notes as far as I had written them, for their amusement, and they took the trouble of looking at several parts of them. I read them some of my extracts in verse, and I thought the better of my selection when I found that Lady Louisa had some of them by heart, as well as many other poems of various descriptions, of which she repeated enough to shew a fine taste and an excellent memory. I had not yet seen the beauties of Gordon Castle. I met the ladies before breakfast to take a walk along the Holly-bank: there are the finest trees of the kind I have ever seen.

"The Duchess looking over my memorandums, entertained me with an account of a romantic tour she had made with her sister, through many of the finest parts of Scotland; of the manner in which she spent her time in solitude, and her studies during the infancy of her children: she took me into her library, and presented me, for my amusement on the road, with a copy of Petrarch, on which I shall always set a high value.

"It was Lady Georgiana's birthday, the flag was hoisted, Lord Alexander's regiment of little boys was paraded, and employed in racing and dancing on the green, and in the evening a ball was given to the servants; all the family went down stairs, and amused themselves with observing the agility of the lads and lasses. Every person employed about the house, except one man, is married, and most of them are descended from those who have served the family before them. The Duchess proposed, in honour of the day, that Sir George Abercrombie and I should dance a reel with the two younger ladies; for they danced nothing but reels: afterwards the Duke danced with one of the upper servants; some time after, our party joined again in the amusement at the same time with two others; when it was late and Sir George was tired, we took a girl in his place and resumed the sport; Lady Madeline sat by and made the music play till the other sets quitted the field, and left us victorious to reel through the whole room. I have now written as much of dancing in my Tour as Johnson has in his, and as much more as a young man may be expected to write of it than an old one.

"The next day was not the first that I had fixed for setting off, the time allotted for my whole journey was already more than elapsed; I had for a long time heard nothing from my uncle, and I had many reasons for hastening. I could almost have wished to break or dislocate a limb by chance, that I might be detained against my will; I do not recollect that I have ever passed my time more agreeably, or with a party whom I thought more congenial to my own dispositions; and what would hardly be credited by many grave reasoners on life

and manners, that a person who had spent the whole of his earlier years a recluse from the gay world, and a total stranger to all that was passing in the higher ranks of society, should feel himself more at home and more at ease in the most magnificent palace in the country, than in the humblest dwelling with those whose birth was most similar to his own. Without enlarging on the Duke's good sense and sincerity, the Duchess's spirit and powers of conversation, Lady Madeline's liveliness and affability, Louisa's beauty and sweetness, Georgiana's naïveté and quickness of parts, young Sandy's good-nature, I may say that I was truly sorry to part with every one of them."—Pp. 68-71.

Returning to Inverness, our traveller passed through the valley of the Caledonian Canal, visited Glencoe, enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Maclean of Torloisk, in Mull, and closed his Highland tour with a visit to Inverary Castle, the magnificent residence of the Duke of Argyll, to whom the Duchess of Gordon had given him an introduction.

On his return to England by the Lakes, in October 1795, he went to Göttingen, where, along with his medical studies, he took lessons in drawing, dancing, riding, and music, in all of which he made rapid progress. He was passionately fond of horsemanship, and there were no feats in that art too daring for him to accomplish. He was in the habit of leaping over the loftiest gates at a single spring, and he writes to his uncle that he was known among the students for excelling in "the fashionable exercise of vaulting over wooden horses in various positions." At a court masquerade at Brunswick, he exhibited his personal agility by appearing with great applause in the character of Harlequin.

Although our accomplished student may seem to have been qualifying himself for the stage rather than for a grave profession, yet he was at the same time pursuing with ardour his medical studies, and preparing his Thesis, the subject of which was "*De Corporis Humani viribus conservatricibus*," and his *lectio cursoria*, a short thesis on the human voice, which was to be "disputed according to the forms." Both these productions excited the admiration of the censor, and our medical student was created "Doctor of Physics, Surgery, and Man-midwifery."

After performing a tour in the north of Germany, visiting Gotha, Jena, Dresden, and Berlin, he returned to England, and was admitted fellow-commoner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, with the view of taking an English degree. Owing to the antiquated statutes of that university, Young was not admitted to the degree of M.B. till 1803, when he was thirty years old, nor to that of M.D. till 1808; but in virtue of his Göttingen degree, he had begun the practice of his profession before 1803.

By the will of his uncle, Dr. Brocklesby, who died on the 13th Dec. 1797, Dr. Young succeeded to his house, his library, his collection of prints and pictures, with about £10,000 in money, and was thus enabled to pursue, without interruption, those studies to which he had already evinced a very great attachment. In 1798 he entered upon the study of the theory of the winds and of the air, and he published an account of his researches in his "Outlines and Experiments respecting Sound and Light," which appeared in the *Phil. Transactions* for 1800. In this paper he had spoken disparagingly of Dr. Robert Smith's Treatise on Harmonics, and had thus subjected himself to an indignant remonstrance from Mr. John Gough, the blind philosopher of Kendal, and Professor Robison of Edinburgh, who regarded the method condemned by Dr. Young as practically superior to every other. In defending himself, Professor Robison "humbly recommends to Dr. Young, attention to his own admonitions to a very young and ingenious gentleman, who he thinks proceeded too far in animadverting on the writings of Newton, Barrow, and other eminent mathematicians." In a treatise on Cycloidal Curves, here referred to, Dr. Young had criticised a paper on Porisms, published by the young and ingenious gentleman above alluded to, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1798. "The author of this paper," says Dr. Peacock, "which contains several porismatic propositions, which are curious and original, was Mr. Brougham, then a very young man, whose enterprising genius seems to have prepared him to grapple with every branch of human knowledge; and though the particular criticism referred to was just, it was somewhat flippant and ungracious, and was probably not without its influence in provoking the severe retaliatory treatment which Young's own *Memoirs* shortly afterwards experienced at the hands of one who, not himself invulnerable, was armed at all points, and always prepared to come to close quarters with his enemies."

In the beginning of 1800, Dr. Young began the practice of medicine in London, in No. 48, Welbeck Street, which he occupied for five-and-twenty years. Here he drew up his paper on the Mechanism of the Eye, which we have already mentioned, and the chief interest of which is the improvement which it describes upon the Optometer of Dr. Porterfield. In 1801 he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, and he conducted its Journal along with Mr. Davy, then Professor of Chemistry. The course lasted from the 20th January till the 18th May. It consisted of thirty-one lectures the first year, and afterwards of sixty, and which were published in 1807, in two quarto volumes, under the title of "*A Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts,*" a

work which, notwithstanding its obscurity both in language and in thought, is rich in original and ingenious views, and of inestimable value to the student of physics and the mechanical arts.

In the year 1802 he was appointed Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society, and when the office of Secretary was vacant ten years afterwards, he declined it, lest it should interfere with the practice of his profession.

In the sixth chapter of his work, Dr. Peacock has given a very interesting account of Dr. Young's earliest and most important optical discoveries. It was in the month of May 1801, when reflecting on the experiments of Newton, that Young was led to the discovery of a law which "appeared to him to account for a greater variety of interesting phenomena than any other optical principle that had yet been made known." This principle was first announced in the following brief paragraphs in his reply to Professor Robison, in Nicholson's Journal for 1801.

"I am of opinion," says he, "that light is probably the undulation of an elastic medium, because

"1st. Its velocity in the same medium is always equal.

"2nd. All refractions are attended with a partial reflection.

"3rd. There is no reason to expect that such a vibration should diverge equally in all directions, and it is probable that it does diverge in a small degree in every direction.

"4th. The dispersion of differently coloured rays is no more incompatible with this system than with the common opinion, which only assigns for it the nominal cause of different elective attractions.

"5th. Reflection and refraction are equally explicable on both suppositions.

"6th. Inflection is as well, and, it may be added, even much better, explained by this theory.

"7th. All the phenomena of the colours of thin plates, which are in reality unintelligible on the common hypothesis, admit of very complete and simple explanation by this supposition. The analogy which is here superficially indicated will probably soon be made public more in detail; and will also be extended to the colours of thick plates, and to the fringes produced by inflection, affording from Newton's own elaborate experiments a most convincing argument in favour of this system."—P. 131.

Although the undulatory theory of light maintained in the preceding extract had been held by Huygens and by Hooke, yet it is to Dr. Young that we owe the doctrine of the interference of light, by which he explained the phenomena of inflexion, of thin and thick plates, of striated surfaces, and of the colours of polarized light. If we suppose a number of equal waves moving on the surface of a lake, to enter a narrow channel, leading out



of the lake, and suppose also that another similar series arrives at the same channel simultaneously with the first, the effects of the two series of waves will be combined, the elevations of the one being added to the elevations of the other, and the depressions of the one to the depressions of the other. But if the two series are combined, so that the elevations of the one coincide with the depressions of the other, they will destroy each other, and the water of the lake will be perfectly smooth. The same effects, according to Dr. Young, will take place, when two portions of light are similarly combined, and to this combination he has given the name of *The Interference of Light*.

These views are developed in a Memoir "On the Theory of Light and Colours," which was read to the Royal Society on the 12th Nov. 1801; and in another, entitled, "An Account of some Cases of the Production of Colours," which was read on the 1st July 1802; and in a third, entitled, "Experiments and Calculations relative to Physical Optics," which was read on the 24th November 1803.

In applying the law of interference to striated, or scratched, or grooved surfaces, he shewed that the light reflected from points nearly coincident, would meet and interfere on the retina, the undulations of the rays of different colours, being of different lengths, either destroying one another, or strengthening one another, according to the difference in the length of their paths. The mottled colours, seen upon imperfectly polished surfaces,—the colours of Barton's buttons, and the colour of mother-of-pearl, which were shewn by Sir David Brewster to be transferable to wax and soft metals, are all explicable by the doctrine of interference. The colours produced by the reflexion or transmission of light through thin plates of air, fluids, and solids, such as those seen by pressing together two pieces of plate-glass; those seen in the soap-bubble, and on thin films of mica, are likewise explicable by interference.

In explaining the colours produced by the inflexion or diffraction of light passing by the edges of bodies, such as wires or hairs, Dr. Young proved, by direct experiment, that the fringes seen within the shadow of the wire or hair arose from the interference of the rays which passed by one side and entered into the shadow, with those which entered the shadow from the other side. In explaining the external fringes, or those without the shadow, he supposed that a portion of light reflected from the edge of the reflecting body, interfered with the rays which passed the edge of the body; but this explanation was erroneous. The external fringes were produced by edges which reflected no light, and it was reserved to Fresnel to shew that they arose from the secondary undulations that radiated from the principal wave in-

terfering with the light which passed the edge of the body. This eminent philosopher, to whom physical optics owes such deep obligations, had investigated the subject of diffraction, and arrived at the same results with Dr. Young, without any knowledge of what he had done. Fresnel had at first committed the same error as Dr. Young, in referring the external fringes to rays reflected from the diffracting edge, but in his Great Memoir of 1819, which was crowned by the French Academy, he gave the true theory of diffraction, and tested it by a number of experiments of great delicacy and accuracy.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Dr. Peacock through this very able chapter, in which he gives as popular a view as the subject will permit, of the researches of Young and Fresnel, and also an interesting account of the unfavourable reception which the memoirs of Dr. Young experienced in England, and the opposition which was made to the undulatory theory, in France, by Laplace and others.

After a brief and able analysis of Dr. Young's Lectures, Dr. Peacock gives an account of his researches on the cohesion of fluids, as contained in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1805, and more fully in his article on that subject, in the *Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*. The phenomena of capillary attraction, as indicated by the elevation or depression of fluids in narrow tubes, or between inclined planes of glass, had been long observed. In such cases, mercury is always depressed, and its surface convex, while water, and all other fluids of less than twice the density of the glass are elevated, and have their surface concave. When the density of the fluid is twice as great as that of the solid tube, the fluid suffers neither depression nor elevation, and its surface is perfectly level, or forms an angle of  $90^\circ$  with the side of the tube. This angle is called by Dr. Young the appropriate angle. It is  $140^\circ$  when mercury is put into a tube of crown glass, and  $70^\circ$  when water is placed in the same tube, being convex in the one case, and concave in the other. These phenomena had always been explained by the mutual action of the fluids and the solids which contained them; but whatever be the nature of these forces, the distance to which they extended were imperceptible, the same elevation and the same depression being produced whether the solid was thick or thin, and the appropriate angle was invariable. It became necessary, therefore, to find some property of the fluids themselves, by which the phenomena of capillary attraction could be explained. From a consideration of the existence of repulsive forces in gaseous bodies, and of attractive or cohesive forces, when these gaseous bodies are reduced to the liquid state, Dr. Young was led "to the assumption of the co-existence of cohesive and repulsive

forces following different laws, but confined to a sphere of action in both cases," which he regarded as infinitesimally small. If the repulsive force in gaseous bodies is inversely as the distance of the particles, or any higher power, and if the attractive force is constant, and acts within a certain infinitesimal sphere only, these combined actions on any point on a curved part of the surface, would result in a force directed to the concave part of the curve, which would be directly as the curvature. In this way there would be produced a uniform superficial tension of the fluids concerned in capillary action, and capable of counteracting the hydrostatic pressure, which would otherwise produce motion.

In a Supplement to the Tenth Book of the *Mécanique Céleste*, which appeared in 1806, Laplace published a theory of capillary action, in which several of Dr. Young's results were given without any acknowledgment. In a supplement to that memoir, published in the following year, that distinguished mathematician refers in respectful terms to the previous labours of Dr. Young. This reference, however, was not sufficiently ample, and in a review, published in the *Quarterly Review* for 1809, as well as in a manuscript left behind him, and published by Dr. Peacock, Dr. Young has criticised with undue severity, the work of his rival, and has insinuated what no person is entitled to do, that the French philosopher may have been guilty of plagiarism.

"Whether or no," he says, "M. Laplace had seen the Philosophical Transactions for 1804 before he communicated his first papers to the Institute in 1805, we cannot have any positive means of determining: if he had not seen them, *he might and ought to have seen them*. The charge of plagiarism may be avoided by *proving the negative*, but *that of originality* must fall as far as a coincidence can be shown. But in the second of the papers here noticed (the supplement) M. Laplace expressly acknowledges that he had taken an idea from Young's paper, without making any other remark on the identity of almost every other result of his speculations with some of the propositions which Dr. Young had before advanced. The natural inference which would be made by a reader of this paper is not only that M. Laplace had borrowed nothing else from Dr. Young, but that all his other conclusions were original and had not occurred to Dr. Young or to any other person."

In these observations we do not concur; and we cannot understand how Dr. Young could have deliberately recorded them. It is impossible to prove the negative in the case of a charge of plagiarism in science; and, for this very reason, such a charge ought never to be made. The talents and character of the accused are the only shield by which he can be protected. Nor is it correct to say that "*the originality of Laplace must fall as far as a coincidence can be shown.*" It is *priority*

of discovery alone that *falls*; for a second inventor is as much entitled to the praise of *originality* as the first. In the case under consideration, the *natural inference*, reprobated by Dr. Young, that Laplace had borrowed nothing else from Dr. Young, but that all his other conclusions were original, is the true and just inference, and may be easily explained. Let us suppose that Laplace was engaged in a research calling forth his highest powers, and that he resolves to give the results to the world. He finds, however, from some brief and imperfect notice perhaps of Dr. Young's labours, or perchance in conversation, that Dr. Young has anticipated him in one point, and in his next paper he acknowledges his priority. This very acknowledgment, rendering it probable that he may have seen the whole of Dr. Young's paper, is to us a proof that he had not seen it, and therefore that he was not cognizant of Dr. Young's having anticipated him in other matters. Laplace could gain nothing by declining to notice the other points of coincidence between Dr. Young's researches and his own. He knew well that Dr. Young would not fail to notice them, and that posterity would do ample justice to the merits of the first inventor, without, however, calling in question the integrity of his rival.

In the summer of 1802, Dr. Young accompanied the present Duke of Richmond and his brother to Rouen to place them *en pension* with a French family, and he took occasion to visit Paris, where he was introduced to Napoleon, then First Consul, at a meeting of the Institute. In June 1804, he married Miss Eliza Maxwell, the second daughter of J. P. Maxwell, Esq., of Trippendence, in Kent—a lady whose refined manners and cultivated taste added greatly to the happiness of his married life. In this new relation Dr. Young devoted himself to the medical practice, resolving to “confine his studies and publication to his own profession as far as the connexion of his name with his scientific labours was concerned, but no farther.” For this reason his various contributions to Nicholson's Journal and other works, including his “Theory of the Tides,” were anonymous.

During sixteen years after his marriage, Dr. Young resided at Worthing between the months of July and October, and had then a fair amount of medical practice. In May 1807, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Physician to the Middlesex Hospital; but he succeeded in a very arduous competition which took place in June 1811 for the same office in St. George's Hospital—an office which he retained during the rest of his life. His practice there was successful, though not popular; but his clinical lectures were not well attended; and it was a current observation among his pupils “that he was a great philosopher, but a bad physician;” an opinion which prevailed both

within and without the walls of the Hospital. His manners were ungenial—defective in earnestness as well as warmth; and though “they were gentle and gentlemanly,” says Dr. Peacock, “he never professed or expressed more than he felt, and resorted to none of those many, and, we may add, perfectly justifiable, arts by which some physicians recommend themselves to their patients.” A patient, we may add, should be treated in reference to his temperament and character, which ought to be studied, and not in accordance with the temperament and character of his physician.

Regarding medicine as a branch of inductive philosophy, Dr. Young drew up an “Introduction to Medical Literature, including a system of Practical Nosology,” which, as Dr. Peacock remarks, bears much the same relation to the medical that his lectures on natural philosophy bear to the mathematical and physical sciences. It is a work of great labour, and appeared early in 1813. To this work he has added a very curious section on the measurement of minute particles, especially those of blood and pus, by an instrument which he calls an Eriometer, the smallness of the particles being proportional to the size of the coloured rings which they produce round a candle or other luminous object. In an appendix to the work he has given a sketch of animal chemistry, translated from the Swedish of Berzelius, by the aid of a grammar and dictionary, without any previous acquaintance with the language! A new edition of this work was published in 1827. He sold the copyright for £100, and he remarks, “that it was too good a book to be worth more.” With the exception of various articles in the *Imperial and Quarterly Reviews*, the last of his medical works was “A Practical and Historical Essay on Consumptive Diseases,” which appeared in 1815.

From his medical studies we must now follow our author into a new field of research, in which his peculiar talents and acquirements were better displayed, and in which he has achieved for himself a high reputation. His philological powers were first displayed in a review of the *Herculanensia*, a magnificent work containing dissertations by the Rev. Robert Walpole, Sir William Drummond, and Mr. Hayter, who had decyphered and restored the text of a papyrus discovered in Herculaneum. In every part of the decyphered manuscript there were numerous *lacunæ* to be filled up, and this was so admirably effected by Dr. Young, that, as Dr. Peacock observes, “he produced an intelligible text and of good Greek,” and thus enabled the reader to judge of the propriety of the proposed restoration. This article, in which the mistakes committed by Mr. Hayter were pointed out, excited much notice, and “placed its author in the first class of the scholars of the age.” Dr. Young now became a

regular contributor to the Quarterly Review, to which he communicated eighteen articles, *nine* of which were scientific, *five* medical, and the rest philological and critical. Among his minor philological labours we must enumerate his decyphering of the sepulchral inscriptions submitted to him by Lord Mountnorris, his restorations and translations of several Greek inscriptions for Captain Light, his restoration of the inscription on the second digit of the paw of the great Sphinx, and his restoration of some ancient inscriptions which he received from the Rev. Mr. Rose.

While our author was engaged in these researches, he devoted much of his leisure to the composition of articles for the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. Between 1816 and 1823, he contributed sixty-three articles to that work, about forty-six of which were biographical sketches of distinguished individuals. Among the most important of them we may reckon the article *Cohesion*, already noticed, and the articles *Languages*, *Egypt*, *Chromatics*, and *Tides*. Of the scientific biographies, Dr. Peacock mentions that of *Cavendish* as the most elaborate, and takes occasion to give his own opinion on the subject of the controversy which has within the last few years been carried on respecting the discovery of the composition of water.\*

"Their illustrious author," (Cavendish,) says Dr. Peacock, "did not live to witness the attempt which has been made and vehemently supported, in modern times by some writers of the highest eminence both in literature and science, to deprive him of the credit due to his great discovery of the composition of water. An undisturbed possession of more than half a century, and guaranteed by a character for honour and veracity which had never previously been impugned, has been found insufficient to protect him from imputations upon his ingenuousness at least, if not upon his honesty. It might reasonably be asked whether the boldest of his contemporaries would have dared to move a finger in derogation either of his claims or of his character?"—P. 255.

With all our respect for the judgment of Dr. Peacock, we cannot concur in the view which he has taken of this celebrated controversy, nor can we justify his entire omission of the distinguished name of Mr. Watt. The *undisturbed possession* of a discovery for more than half a century, is no proof whatever that the possession is just, and still less is the timidity of contemporaries, who certainly were not cognizant of the facts, or who were, perchance, overawed by an aristocratic name, any argument in support of a disputed claim. The deliberate opinions of Arago, of Dumas, of Black, and of Robison on the question

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\* See this *Journal*, vol. vi. p. 473.

as one of science, and of Lord Brougham and Lord Jeffrey as a question of evidence, will outweigh any opinion that has yet been pronounced against the claims of Mr. Watt. That Mr. Watt discovered the theory of the composition of water, and that Mr. Cavendish made it a great scientific truth, is a view of the question which may well satisfy the friends of both. It gives to the one the merit of a happy idea, to the other the high honour of making it an experimental truth.

The attention of Dr. Young was first devoted to hieroglyphic research by a papyrus in Egyptian characters submitted to him in the spring of 1814 by Sir W. Rouse Boughton, found in a mummy case in a catacomb near Thebes. The papyrus was written in cursive Egyptian characters, and Dr. Young's notice of it was appended to a communication, by its discoverer, to the Antiquarian Society. Between May and November of the same year, he analysed the three inscriptions of the well-known Rosetta stone, and gave a conjectural translation of the second of the three, which was added to the notice above mentioned. The first of these inscriptions is in the hieroglyphical or sacred Egyptian characters; the second in the *enchorial* or native (demotic of Champollion) characters, and the third in Greek, at the conclusion of which it was stated that, "what is here decreed shall be inscribed on a block of hard stone, in sacred, in native (enchorial), and in Greek characters, and placed in each temple, both of the first and second and third gods." Many portions of the first inscription were mutilated or destroyed, and the Greek or third inscription, though in the same state near its conclusion, was yet sufficiently preserved to enable Porson and Heyne to restore nearly the whole of the deficient parts. Silvestre de Sacy had pointed out in 1802 the groups of characters which expressed the names of Ptolemy, Alexander, and Alexandria; and Akerblad, a Swede, had in the same year indicated the groups of characters which corresponded to sixteen other names and words, and thus produced an imperfect alphabet, which, though applicable to proper names, did not extend to the whole inscription. With these aids, Young studied at Worthing in 1816 the engraving of the inscriptions by the Antiquarian Society, and produced a conjectural translation of the enchorial inscription both in English and Latin.

In his work, *L'Egypte sous les Pharaons*, published in 1814, Champollion has given a notice of his attempts to decypher the inscriptions on the Rosetta stone.

"Champollion," says Dr. Peacock, "as we have already seen, followed in the footsteps of Akerblad, adopting all his hypotheses, both with respect to the alphabetical character of the Egyptian, as distinguished from the hieroglyphical inscription, and to the language which, in the present stage of the investigation, it was assumed to

express. He had made the history, the topography and antiquities of Egypt, as well as the Coptic language and its kindred dialects, the study of his life, and he started therefore upon this inquiry with advantages which probably no other person possessed: and no one who is acquainted with his later writings can call in doubt his extraordinary sagacity in bringing to bear upon every subject connected with it, not merely the most apposite, but also the most remote and sometimes the most unexpected illustrations. With the exception, however, of the identification of a few additional Coptic words, very ingeniously elicited from the Egyptian text, he had made no important advance upon what had already been done by Akerblad. Like him also he abandoned the task of identifying the hieroglyphical inscription or portions of it with those corresponding to them in the Egyptian or Greek text, as altogether hopeless, in consequence of the very extensive mutilations which it had undergone."—Pp. 265, 266.

After this just encomium on the acquirements of Champollion, Dr. Peacock has given several passages from Sylvestre de Sacy's letters to Dr. Young, which Dr. Young himself had very properly suppressed, from their reflecting very severely on the moral character of Champollion. We cannot but regret that these passages, obviously written by an enemy, and intended solely as a friendly warning to his correspondent, should have been reproduced on the present occasion. They are injurious to the memory of De Sacy, and they give no support whatever to Dr. Young's claims respecting the discovery of phonetic hieroglyphics. Acknowledging each other's merits, Champollion and Young were reconciled, and we are disposed to think that the high and just claims of the latter might be vindicated by his countrymen without any ungenerous aspersions on the character of his rival. In all such controversies it is impossible to form a correct judgment of the relative conduct of the two rival discoverers. When priority of discovery has been lost by what is often a judicious delay in the publication of discoveries, or when a second discoverer had a previous knowledge of the labours of his rival, we are bound in both cases to respect the rights of the claimant whose veracity and powers of research had never been called in question. In the present controversy, we must recollect that the Chevalier Bunsen, one of the first scholars, and one of the best men of the age, and that M. Arago, the personal friend of Young, though the countryman of Champollion, have both decided certain questions in favour of Champollion, without depriving his competitor of his unquestionable claims.

Bunsen was neither the countryman of Champollion nor Dr. Young, and his prejudices, if he had any, were certainly in favour of England. M. Arago, though a Frenchman, and ever alive to the scientific glory of his country, was yet in the present case peculiarly fitted and honourably bound to give an



independent judgment. He was more the friend of Young than of Champollion : He had used his great influence in obtaining for Dr. Young the highest honour which the National Institute could bestow—a place among their eight Foreign Associates : As the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, it became his duty to write the *éloge* of his friend, and to weigh his hieroglyphical as well as his optical claims with tenderness and impartiality : and if anything could increase the obligation thus imposed upon him, it was that Young furnished him, at his own request, with “the precise dates of the different steps which he had made in his hieroglyphical investigations,” and “the principal points in the controversy upon which the attention of the public had been fixed for several years.”\*

“Before he left Paris,” says Dr. Peacock, “he had promised to furnish Arago with a statement of the precise dates of the several steps which he had made in his hieroglyphical investigations. There was no person who had so good a right to make this demand ; for he had been the first to recognise the importance of his optical researches, and had on every occasion maintained his credit with the most generous friendship. The reply to this request was forwarded to Arago from Geneva, and contains a singularly clear and dispassionate statement of the principal, though by no means the most important, points in the controversy upon which the attention of the public had then been fixed for several years : and whilst it vindicates his own claims with equal moderation and good sense, does more than justice to the merits of Champollion. This statement, however, would not appear to have satisfied the mind of his correspondent, or to have proved sufficient to counterbalance the national feeling with which the question was generally regarded. In the *éloge* which he was required to pronounce, a few years later, upon Dr. Young, as *Sécretaire Perpétuel* de l'Académie, the decision is given against him upon grounds which are singularly narrow and unsatisfactory. It is contended that his principle of phonetization contained a mixture of truth and error ; that it was essentially distinguished from that of Champollion in attributing to the hieroglyphical symbols the power of vocalizing syllables and even words, as well as letters ; that he left it in a state in which it was not applicable to other names, or capable of determining the correctness of a phonetic analysis when made, referring to his mistake of the ring of Cæsar (Autocrator) for that of Arsinoë : he even denies his knowledge of the existence of homophone signs. The answers to these criticisms have been given before, and it is not necessary to repeat them ; but they originated in a neglect of the chronology of a series of progressive researches, where the final structure is alone regarded in its complete and finished state, the foundations upon which it rests being entirely overlooked. It was not the only instance in which the passion of this powerful and eloquent writer, for signalizing

\* This statement is published in *Young's Works*, vol. iii. p. 464.

what he considered the great epochs in discoveries in various departments of science, has led him to erroneous and unjust decisions, when their progress has been more indebted to continuous and patient labour, guided by just principles of reasoning and philosophy, than to any sudden outbreak of genius which has superseded the rules which ordinary men must be compelled to submit to."—Pp. 342-344.

In characterizing this statement of Dr. Young in vindication of his own claims as *doing more than justice to the merits of Champollion*,—as having "*proved insufficient to counterbalance the national feeling (in France) with which the question was generally regarded,*" and in elsewhere stating "that Arago, the steady friend of Dr. Young, gave way to the current of national feeling," and had taken "most imperfect and narrow views of the real facts of the case," Dr. Peacock has laid himself open to a similar charge. National feeling has its currents in England as well as in France, and, when duly moderated and well directed, it is at once a noble and a generous principle. But nowhere do its currents run with such destructive velocity as in the seats of our English Universities, and among the coteries of our Metropolitan Societies. Academical and personal impulses dash it into surfs and breakers, and the philosopher or the patriot who is without the pale of these guardian influences, will feel himself either overwhelmed by its turbulence, or stranded by its tide. We make these remarks in defence of M. Arago, not in derogation of Dr. Peacock. We are persuaded that the decision which he has pronounced has been influenced by no sinister feelings, and that the only blame which can be laid to his charge by M. Arago's friends is, that he has not given his readers some account of the "epigrammatic and clear statement" by which that distinguished philosopher has, as he alleges, in this and on other occasions, been "led to erroneous and unjust decisions." We feel it a duty to endeavour to supply this defect.

In commencing his account of the hieroglyphical question, M. Arago tells us that he "approaches it free of all prejudice, and with the anxious desire of reconciling the pretensions of two rivals whose premature death has been to all Europe so legitimate a subject of regret." He introduces, however, another rival to Dr. Young, M. De Guignes, who, in a memoir printed so early as 1766, had stated, that all the *Cartouches* or *Rings* of the Egyptian inscriptions contained proper names. "Any person," says M. Arago, "may see in the same work the arguments by which this learned Orientalist established the opinion which he had embraced regarding the constantly phonetic nature of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Young has, therefore, the priority on one single point. It is to him we owe the first attempt that

had been made to decompose into letters the groups of the *cartouches*, in order to give a phonetic value to the hieroglyphics that composed the name of Ptolemy in the Rosetta stone."\* After a statement of the facts upon which this opinion rests, Arago concludes with the following summary :—" I have sought," he says, " for an example in which the parts of two pretenders to an invention may be assimilated to those of Champollion and Young, and which had, on the other hand, reconciled all opinions. This example, I think, I have found in *interferences*, even if we entirely set aside in the hieroglyphical question the quotations made from the memoir of De Guignes.† Dr. Hooke had distinctly stated before Dr. Young, that the luminous rays interfered, as the latter had supposed before Champollion that the Egyptian hieroglyphics are sometimes phonetic. Hooke did not directly prove his hypothesis : the proof of the phonetic values assigned by Young to different hieroglyphics cannot rest upon readings which are not yet made, and which cannot be made. From not knowing the composition of white light, Hooke had not an exact idea of the nature of interferences, as Young on his part was deceived by a pretended syllabic or dissyllabic value of hieroglyphics. Young, by unanimous consent, is considered as the author of the theory of interferences; and, therefore, by a consequence which appears to me inevitable, Champollion ought to be regarded as the author of the discovery of hieroglyphics."‡

In a work like this we cannot, without the use of diagrams, undertake to submit these questions to the judgment of our readers, and must therefore recommend to them the careful perusal of Dr. Peacock's admirable chapter, entitled *Hieroglyphical Researches*, in which the subject is treated with great perspicuity, and, we believe, without any strong national prepossessions in favour of Dr. Young. They will find, however, that the reputation of the two rivals does not depend on the decision of disputes which have arisen among their successors. Dr. Young never failed to do justice to the sagacity, the extensive learning, and the deep research of Champollion; and his own merits were nobly recognised by the countrymen of his rival, when, in 1828, they elected him one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Institute of France. In that year he visited Paris on his way to Geneva, and took his seat for the first time in that illustrious body.

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\* *Mémoires de l'Institut. Acad. des Sc.*, tom. xiii. pp. lxxxvi, lxxxvii.

† The claims of De Guignes are not mentioned by Dr. Peacock.

‡ *Mémoires de l'Institut. Acad. des Sc.*, lxxxix, xc. Arago adds, that if Young had the choice of the two discoveries, he would have left the hieroglyphics to Champollion.

In describing the warm reception he had experienced, and contrasting it with that of "his own cold-hearted countrymen," he expressed to Mr. Gurney his fear, "that in place of making this his last visit to the Continent, as he supposed it would be, he should be tempted to make a biennial or quadrennial visit.

"My principal object," he continues, "was Champollion, and with him I have been completely successful, as far as I wanted his *assistance*: for, to say the truth, our conferences have not been very gratifying to my *vanity*: he has done so much more, and so much better than I had any reason to believe he would or could have done; and as he feels his own importance more, he feels less occasion to be tenacious of any trifling claims which may justly be denied him; and in this spirit he has borne my criticisms with perfect good humour, though Arago has charged me with some degree of undue severity and wanted to pass the matter over as not having been published as mine; but to this I could not consent, and supposing that Champollion might have been unacquainted with the remarks, I thought it a matter of conscience to carry them to him this morning before I allowed him to continue his profuse liberality in furnishing me with more than I want: but he still continues his good offices. He devoted seven whole hours at once to looking over with me his papers and the magnificent collection which is committed to his care, and which beats every other museum in the world beyond all comparison, though it has cost only £20,000. I doubt not he felt a pleasure in the display, but he must be so much accustomed to admiration and to more than I gave him, that I am certainly not the less obliged to him on this score. He is going to Egypt in a few weeks at the king's expense, with a party of a dozen artists and *savans*. He is to let me, in the meantime, have the use of all his collections and his notes relating to the enchorial character, that I may make what use I please of them: and he is to employ a cheap artist to copy at my expense all the manuscripts on papyrus that I want, and to give me permission to publish any or all of them. If you see Col. Leake, pray tell him that the council of the R.S.L. must not retard my proceedings from their economy, for that their honours will be pledged to the production of what is really of importance."—Pp. 341, 342.

These visits to Paris he was not permitted to realize, and this promise to renew his hieroglyphical researches he was not destined to fulfil. Even before he reached Geneva, the malady which proved fatal to him in 1829, had already shewn itself in a gradual diminution of strength, and he speedily returned to England, "not altogether a confirmed invalid," as Dr. Peacock remarks, "but with many indications of his speedily becoming so. His last hieroglyphical work was the correction of the sheets of his Enchorial Dictionary appended to Archdeacon Tattam's Grammar, the advertisement of which he wrote on his deathbed: it gives, however, melancholy proofs of his dimi-

nished powers in the partial forgetfulness of some of his own discoveries."

About the year 1810, Dr. Young was led to give his attention to the subject of naval architecture. Notwithstanding the naval pre-eminence of England, the principles of science had never been applied to the construction of her ships; and even when substantial improvements were proposed by practical men, the Board of Admiralty could not decide upon their adoption. Mr. Seppings, a master shipwright in Chatham Dockyard, proposed some admirable improvements in our ships of war. By introducing a series of triangular braces between the ribs, by removing the inner planking, and filling up with short and closely wedged timbers the space between the inner and outer skins of the vessel, and by other changes, he gave such stiffness and strength to the whole framework of the ship, that the arching or bending of the ship's back, after it was launched, was reduced from feet to inches. Mr. Seppings subsequently introduced round in place of flat sterns; but these great improvements were resisted by the ignorant officials in our dockyards, and by "many of the old captains and admirals, whose magnificent stern drawing-rooms were thus invaded by the 32-pounders," which now formed an important place in the circular sterns. Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Barrow, who had written articles in the *Quarterly* in defence of these improvements, induced the Admiralty to consult men of science on the subject, and Dr. Young was the person who was called to report upon them. His report, which is published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1814, was, upon the whole, favourable, but his approbation was (as was his custom in speaking of the labours of others) "so cold, and limited by so many conditions," that Barrow considered the report as "damning with faint praise" the improvements of Seppings; and he could not help expressing his regret at "seeing abstract science misapplied in raising doubts on points of practice, which common sense and experience are best able to determine, and which no calculus can reach." The opinion of the Board was, of course, of the same kind. Another official, who was a violent opponent of these changes, wrote to Dr. Young, that "though science was much respected by their Lordships, and his paper much esteemed by them, it was *too learned!*" On these topics Dr. Peacock has made the following remarks, which deserve the attention of the advocates of Administrative Reform:—

"Whilst it may readily be admitted that abstract science is useless if not combined with good sense and experience, yet the converse of this proposition is at least as correct, if not more so; it may in fact be affirmed that no great public works can be safely intrusted to

practical men, however great their ability, if they are deficient in a sound knowledge of mechanical principles and their application. Our naval administration for the last half-century has dearly paid the penalty of its neglect or indifference to the scientific attainments of its advisers. At one time, we find them getting rid of the Board of Longitude as an inconvenient incumbrance upon their independence; at another, they sacrifice the Naval College, in which a body of master shipwrights was in a successful course of scientific training, almost simultaneously with the act which intrusted the construction of our ships of war to a man who was notoriously wanting in scientific qualifications. The appointments also of the engineers of the same body had been too commonly much more determined by considerations of party patronage than of merit; and the public service, which should have commanded the talents of men the most distinguished for scientific and practical knowledge, has sometimes presented a picture of inefficiency which no lover of his country could contemplate without pain."—Pp. 349, 350.

In 1816, Dr. Young was appointed secretary to a commission for ascertaining the length of the seconds pendulum, in reference to the establishment of a uniform standard of weights and measures. He drew up the three reports which were made in 1819, 1820, and 1821, the substance of which, with some excellent observations on the subject, have been given by Dr. Peacock.

In November 1818, when the Board of Longitude had been remodelled by Act of Parliament, Dr. Young was appointed superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, which had hitherto been computed under the charge of the Astronomer Royal. He was at the same time nominated Secretary to the Board, with a salary of £400, being £300 for the one office, and £100 for the other,—a niggardly allowance, characteristic of the illiberality of British statesmen to all who are engaged in scientific, literary, and educational pursuits. Although nobody doubted the qualifications of Dr. Young, everybody was dissatisfied with the new form which he gave to the Almanac, and astronomers of all degrees did not scruple to denounce the changes which he made. Dr. Young was unmoved by these criticisms; and, with the exception of some small concessions to his personal friends, he "continued steadily to resist all changes in the form of the Nautical Almanac." The controversy, however, was not fruitless. The immediate evil which gave rise to it was corrected, but at the expense of an institution,—the Board of Longitude,—which was sacrificed on the recommendation of Dr. Young,\* and to the discredit of every individual with whose names it is associated. Dr. Peacock has had the courage to characterise this miserable

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\* "Our new Committee of Longitude," says he, "is settled, at least for the present, though the radical abuse of the Nautical Almanac is likely to continue; but fortunately for my security, they have put the Admiralty and the Nautical Almanac together, so that they may do their worst."—P. 479.

transaction, as we had done a quarter of a century before him, as *an act of barbarism* ;\* and it may well be urged by administrative reformers, as a singular example of the ignorance and incapacity of men who are occasionally entrusted with the highest offices of the State.

"In the year 1828," says Dr. Peacock, "the Board of Longitude, which had been reconstituted ten years before, and which for nearly three quarters of a century had formed the only ostensible link which connected the cultivation of science with the Government of this country, was dissolved. The third reading of the Act of Parliament for that purpose took place upon the motion of Mr. Croker, in a house of five members only, one of whom, Mr. Davies Gilbert, was President of the Royal Society, and an official member of the Board at whose obsequies he assisted, but who had not the courage, whilst pronouncing its eulogy, to resist an act of barbarism which was neither called for by any just considerations of expediency nor of rational economy. The Admiralty was authorized to assume the functions which had hitherto been discharged by the Board—and Dr. Young, as superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, assisted by Mr. Faraday as a chemist, and Colonel Sabine as a practical observer, were appointed as its advisers, whenever their assistance was required, upon questions which concerned the scientific interests of navigation and astronomy.

"Such an act was not likely to check the agitation which prevailed amongst astronomers, as, independently of other and more serious objections, it tended to give additional authority to Dr. Young, who had so long resisted their demands. A memorandum, very temperately worded, but strongly supported, was presented to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington. A Report on this Memorandum was made by Dr. Young, in February 1829. Though his health was at that time rapidly declining, his observations were written with his usual precision and ability, giving way in one instance only to feelings of personal resentment, if a stronger term may not be used, which had been provoked by attacks of unusual violence and bitterness; it is hardly necessary to add that he adhered substantially to the views which he had previously maintained. His death, which took place about two months afterwards, put an end to the contest. It was followed, as is well known, by a Committee of the Astronomical Society appointed under the authority of the Admiralty, upon whose report the Nautical Almanac was entirely reorganized, and assumed the form which it has ever since retained."—Pp. 363-365.

Dr. Young seems to have had little sympathy with the condition of scientific men, who, without fortune or office, pursue science under difficulties,—who sacrifice high prospects at its altar, and are driven to such a precarious provision for themselves and their families, while they are devoting all the faculties of their minds to carry on profound researches, in the success of which the interests of their country are involved. In defending himself

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\* See *Quarterly Review*, 1830, vol. xliii. p. 321.

during the Nautical Almanac controversy, he maintained "that astronomers had no special claims for such public aid in their researches, as an ample and carefully prepared Ephemeris would afford them;" and in thanking Dr. Wollaston and Mr. Gilbert for their liberality to the Royal Society, in giving,—the one £2000, and the other £1000 to the Royal Society, he stated that "*that was the way in which science ought to be encouraged in this country, and not by tormenting the Government to do this, that, and the other for us, but by doing what is wanted for ourselves, which is the truly dignified character of an English gentleman!*" Dr. Peacock has denounced these sentiments, and justly maintained that when "the interference of Government is wisely and judiciously exercised, the great body of the people will be taught to regard the machinery of Government not as designed for the interest of particular classes and parties, but *as essentially necessary to the attainment of much higher objects, the promotion of science, of education, of public wealth, and of rational progress, in whatever concerns the good of the community.*" In speaking of Young's address of thanks to Wollaston and Gilbert, he discusses this question at greater length, and with that sagacity and talent which shine in every part of his work.

"The principle," says Dr. Peacock, "advocated in this address, that science should be independent of the patronage and assistance of the Government, was the basis, as we have seen, of Young's opposition to any extension of the Nautical Almanac, for the sole benefit of those who were engaged in the cultivation of astronomy. It was, in fact, little more than the simple affirmation of the principle which had previously been uniformly acted upon by the legislature of this country, and it was commonly defended upon the plea that such assistance or interference would tend to paralyse private enterprise, and defeat the very purposes it was designed to serve, and that it was consequently safest to trust to things as they were, and to the effects produced by the natural progress of the arts and of knowledge, which had hitherto been found sufficient to secure the continued improvement of the general condition of the people. It was probably forgotten, however, by those who were accustomed to rely on such arguments, that many material, social, and moral evils, were in the meantime apt to increase much more rapidly than the natural remedies by which they were assumed to be counteracted: that whilst our great towns increased in wealth and population, they became more and more completely encompassed by wretched and unwholesome suburbs, without adequate drainage and water, or any other provision to protect the public health: that whilst the masses of the people were rapidly advancing in political privileges, and in a sense of the power which they thus acquired, there was no corresponding advance in their education, or in the acquisition of those moral and religious habits which alone could make them safe or useful members of the commonwealth; and whilst the connexion between



our material prosperity and even our moral welfare, with the more general diffusion of scientific and all other species of knowledge amongst the better classes of society, became daily more and more manifest, it was the legislature, and not the exertions of individuals, however public-spirited and liberal, which alone could maintain the just balance between the demand for instruction amongst all classes, and the means of supplying it. In later times, wiser counsels have happily prevailed, and we have already begun to experience the advantages which result from a centralizing and controlling action of the Government sufficiently powerful to give definite direction and support to local enterprise, without interfering unduly with local administration."—Pp. 476, 477.

We come now to give some account of the optical discoveries of Dr. Young, as made during the second epoch of his history, and as recorded by Dr. Peacock in his twelfth chapter. His early discoveries, important though they were, had been almost forgotten; and during the many years which had elapsed since they were published, hardly a single allusion had been made to them during that period in any work, foreign or domestic.

"In the intermediate period," says Dr. Peacock, "Laplace had published his celebrated Memoir on the double refraction of Iceland spar: Malus had discovered the polarization of light by reflection, and was engaged in a brilliant series of researches connecting his discovery with the optical properties of crystalline bodies, when a premature death brought his labours to a close: Brewster was enriching every department of experimental optics with the most remarkable speculations and discoveries: Arago had found out the colours of crystalline plates produced by polarized light, and though less fertile than some of his contemporaries in the number of his contributions to the science, he was second to none of them in the critical sagacity with which he analysed their labours: Biot was combining theoretical and practical researches with a success and ingenuity which seemed to promise him the first place amongst optical discoverers, when it was his misfortune to waste his energies and compromise his reputation in the proposition and obstinate maintenance of his theory of moveable polarization: at a later period, the labours of Fresnel,—who, though treading generally in the footsteps of Young, required no foreign aid either to guide or support him,—was destined to give unity and system to the vast mass of facts and theories which his predecessors had accumulated and prepared. 'Of the splendid constellation of great names just enumerated,' writes Sir John Herschel shortly after the most important of this vast series of investigations had been brought to a conclusion, 'we admire the living and revere the dead\* far too warmly and too deeply to suffer us to sit in judgment on their respective claims to priority in this or that particular discovery; to balance the mathematical skill of one

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\* Malus and Fresnel were then dead.

against the experimental dexterity of another, or the philosophical acumen of a third: so long as "one star differeth from another in glory,"—so long as there shall exist varieties or even incompatibilities of excellence,—so long will the admiration of mankind be sufficient for all who merit it."\*—Pp. 369, 370.

In a space so limited as ours, we cannot attempt anything like an analysis of this admirable chapter of Dr. Peacock, in which he has given an account of the researches of several of the authors named in the preceding extract, in so far only as they are connected with those of Dr. Young. This limitation, which the nature of his work necessarily imposed upon him, not only renders it a very imperfect history of optical research, but has prevented him from even noticing many of the most important discoveries in Physical Optics. The chapter, indeed, is chiefly occupied with an account of the relative labours of Fresnel and Young, and of the dissensions which took place in the Institute in reference to the undulatory theory of light, which was supported by Arago and Fresnel, and opposed by Laplace, Poisson, and Biot. The notice which Dr. Peacock has been enabled to give of the discoveries of Fresnel, and of his feelings of disappointment at their reception both in France and England, is full of interest. If any individual is entitled to the honour of being regarded as the founder of the undulatory theory, it is undoubtedly Fresnel; and it is a singular fact in the history of science, that such discoveries as his should have been so little appreciated by his contemporaries. After noticing the discussions which arose in the Institute respecting Fresnel's Memoir on Diffraction, and the opposition it experienced from Laplace, Poisson, and Biot, Dr. Peacock observes,—

"The same two distinguished men, Arago and Biot, became severally the representatives of the supporters of the opposite theories. The battle was renewed in the hall of the Institute, whenever a new experiment was brought forward or a new Memoir read in favour of one or the other. In 1822, a remarkable Memoir by Fresnel, in which the theory of the colours of crystalline plates was freed from nearly all the difficulties which had hitherto embarrassed it, was referred by the Institute to Arago and Ampère, who reported upon it in terms of approbation so emphatic and unconditional, and showed so pointedly and decisively that the theory of moveable polarization was not reconcilable with the results of observations which this Memoir recorded, that Biot objected to its reception as irregular, in consequence of its appearing to compromise the opinions of the Institute as a body. The Report was subsequently modified, but not sufficiently so to meet the objections which he made to it; and in the debate which ensued, Arago attacked the *rival* theory of Biot, which

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\* Article *Light*, *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, § 780.

was really at issue on this question, with so much vehemence both of language and argument, that the friendship between them—which had been cemented by common dangers and sufferings in extending Mechain's meridian from Barcelona to Formentera, as well as by various and important common investigations and labours—was permanently dissolved. In the face of such opposing influences, the reception of the various Memoirs which Fresnel presented to the Institute in rapid succession was not generally encouraging, and some of the most considerable of them remained unpublished for many years, and only became known to men of science by imperfect abstracts of them in the *Annales de Chimie*, and other journals. In a letter to Dr. Young, written in 1823, seven years subsequently to his first appearance as an author, after referring to several other Memoirs, he adds:—

“ ‘All these Memoirs, which I have presented in rapid succession to the Academy of Sciences, have nevertheless failed to open to me its gates. It is M. Dulong who has been nominated to fill the vacant place. The members of the *Section de Physique* have not placed me on the same rank with him; they have put him the first and me the second. You see, sir, that the theory of undulations has brought me no good fortune; but this does not disgust me; and I console myself in my unhappiness by studying optics with a new ardour.’ ”—Pp. 387, 388.

Though thus excluded from the Institute by an opponent of no mean pretensions, his exclusion was but for a short period. His transcendent merits were speedily recognised, and before the year had closed he was admitted a member of that distinguished body.

If it has been found difficult to assign to Young and Champollion their respective merits as hieroglyphical discoverers, it is no less difficult to assign to Fresnel and Young their due share in the establishment of the undulatory theory after it had been blocked out by the experiments and views of Hooke and Huygens. Sir John Herschel, in the following passage quoted by Dr. Peacock, has done this so elegantly and in such general terms, that both parties ought to have been satisfied with his decision:—

“ ‘Such is the beautiful theory of Fresnel and Young; for we must not, in our regard for one great name, forget the justice which is due to the other; and to separate them and assign to each his share would be as impracticable as invidious, so intimately are they blended together throughout every part of this system—early, acute, and pregnant suggestion characterizing the one; and maturity of thought, fulness of systematic development, and decisive experimental illustration, equally distinguishing the other.’ ”—Pp. 397.

Dr. Young thought that the prize was thus very fairly divided, and that “Fresnel, if he had lived, would have preferred his share of the treasure as much as he did his.” With this conviction in his mind, Young seems to have insinuated in a letter

to Fresnel, *that he had planted the tree whilst Fresnel had gathered the fruit*—a simile which does but little justice to the merits of his friend. Fresnel felt the injustice of the comparison, and replied to it in the following manner :—

“ If I should succeed,” says he, “ in demonstrating to M. Herschel, Dr. Wollaston, and other English men of science who are attached to the system of Newton, that the undulatory theory merits the preference, they would not fail to say that it is entirely due to your labours that we owe the subversion of the system of emission and the progress of the theory of waves. If, disabusing your *savans* on the subject of moveable polarization, I made them adopt the explanation which I have given of the colours of crystalline plates, and those general methods by means of which one may calculate the tints in all crystals when one knows the double refraction of each species of ray, they would say that the explanation of these phenomena is due to you. They would equally attribute to you that of the complicated phenomena of diffraction.

“ It appears to me (if my self-love does not blind me,) that what you had left me to do in these different parts of optics was as difficult as what you had done. You have gathered the flowers; may I be allowed to say, with English modesty, I have dug down laboriously to discover the roots?

“ I am far from pretending to what belongs to you, as you may see in what I have written. I have publicly confessed, with sufficiently good grace, on several occasions, the anteriority of your discoveries, of your observations, and even of your hypotheses. Nevertheless, between ourselves, I am not persuaded of the justice of the ingenious expression (*mot spirituel*), in which you would compare yourself to the tree, and me to the apple which that tree has produced. I have the inward conviction that the apple would have (*pousse*) budded and put forth branches without the tree; for the first explanations which I gave to myself of the phenomena of diffraction and of coloured rings, of the laws of reflection and refraction, were drawn from my own resources, before I had seen your work or that of Huygens. I had myself remarked that the difference of the paths of the ordinary and extraordinary ray upon issuing from a crystalline plate was equal to that of the rays reflected from the first and second surface of the plate of air which gives the same tint in the coloured rings. It was when I had communicated this observation to M. Arago, that he told me for the first time of the note which you had published two years before on the same subject, but which he had not before that sufficiently understood. This, however, does not give me the right of sharing with you, sir, the merit of your discoveries, which belong to you exclusively by right of priority. Likewise, I have judged it useless to inform the public of all that I have found out by myself independently, though after you; and if I speak of them, it is merely to justify my paradoxical proposition, *that the apple would have come without the tree*. I have long wished, sir, to speak to you on these subjects with

open heart, and to show you cordially the whole extent of my pretensions."—Pp. 398-400.

Although Fresnel had been much "hurt at the little attention which had been paid to his labours in England," his great merits were at last fully recognised. In 1825 he was elected one of the fifty foreign members of the Royal Society; and in 1827, when the biennial gold and silver medals founded by Count Rumford for the most important discovery relative to light and heat came to be adjudged, they were unanimously voted to Fresnel. Sir John Herschel made the proposition for this purpose, and it would seem that Dr. Young felt as if his claims were overlooked. "I was obliged to be *silent*," says Young, "from being too much interested in the subject, but in fact there was no opposition." In conveying the medals to Fresnel, Young did not refrain from indicating his feelings, when he said, "I also should claim some right to participate in the compliment which is tacitly paid to myself in common with you by this adjudication; but considering that more than a quarter of a century is past since my principal experiments were made, I can only feel it a sort of anticipation of *posthumous* fame which I have never particularly coveted."

"Six weeks afterwards," says Dr. Peacock, "the same letter which gave him the intelligence of his own election as one of the eight foreign members of the Institute, announced also the death of the eminent man whom the Royal Society had so recently honoured:—

"'You have doubtless heard,' says Arago, 'of the cruel loss which the sciences have recently experienced. Poor Fresnel was already half dead when I gave him your medals. His death has plunged in the deepest grief all those who are worthy of appreciating the union of fine talents with a fine character.'

"He died in the fortieth year of his age.

"Almost exactly a quarter of a century before, the same medal, adjudicated on the same grounds, reached Malus on his deathbed. He was the precursor of the great series of discoveries which had reached their culminating point by the labours of Fresnel. Like Fresnel, also, he died in the flower of his age; like Fresnel, also, he was lamented by the lovers of science in all countries, who measured the magnitude of the loss they had sustained by the standard of what he had done."—P. 402.

It is impossible to read the chapter in Dr. Peacock's volume to which we have been referring, without being struck with the unwillingness, as it were, or the slowness, of the philosophers both of France and England, to receive and appreciate the new truths which were so rapidly forced upon their notice. Facts and laws which did not harmonize with their theories, were unwelcome intruders, while every experiment was viewed in the

most favourable light that found an explanation in the undulatory theory. Dr. Young was not less liable to this failing than others of his contemporaries, and a very striking example of it was shewn in 1818, when Sir David Brewster's paper on the "Laws of the Double Refraction and Polarization of Light" was submitted to the Royal Society of London. Dr. Young was appointed to report upon it. All his speculations had related to the phenomena of crystals with one axis of double refraction, and when he found in that paper the discovery of biaxal crystals,—the reference of all the phenomena to two or three rectangular axes,—the connexion between the number of axes and the primitive forms of crystalline bodies,—and the determination of the law according to which the deviation of the extraordinary ray, and the form of the complex system of biaxal rings could be accurately computed, he could not be made to understand the discovery, and declined to recommend the publication of the paper. Explanations and diagrams were sent to him in vain. He was unable to reconcile the phenomena with his theory, and it was not till the author refused to make any change in his paper, and threatened to publish it in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, that Dr. Young withdrew his objections. Even then he did not thoroughly understand and appreciate the results which it contained, and it will be seen from the tone of the letter which he requested the author to print at the end of it, that his own views are expressed in terms of hesitation and incredulity. Dr. Peacock has simply alluded to the correspondence which took place on this occasion, and to the letter of Dr. Young printed at the end of the paper; but we regret that he has neither given it to the public, nor any detailed account of it. When the history of optical discovery shall be written by some impartial party, or philosopher thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and who can, like Dr. Lloyd, of Trinity College, Dublin, appreciate experimental truths and physical laws, without weighing them in the balance of theory, it will be seen to what extent the contents of the Memoir referred to have been passed by without notice, or appropriated without acknowledgment.

In the thirteenth chapter of his volume, Dr. Peacock gives an account of Dr. Young's "Researches on the Value of Life and Life Assurance." In March 1814, the Palladium Assurance Company requested Dr. Young "to undertake the situation of Inspector of Calculations, at a salary of £500, and, at the same time, to hold the appointment of physician." In 1816, Dr. Young had published an empirical formula, expressing the value of life, and in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1826, he gave another for expressing the decrement of life, "with the view of exhibiting a law of mortality, which gave a mean of the results of the

best authorities." This formula, however, was so extremely complicated in its structure, that he was induced, in 1828, to compare the different tables of mortality, "with a view of testing the correctness, during certain periods of life, of some other hypotheses, of a simple nature, respecting the law of mortality, as well as their use in the calculation of annuities: one of these, to which he has given the name of the *quadratic hypothesis*, supposes that out of 86 persons born, the number of survivors at the end of any number of years will not be expressed, as in the arithmetical hypothesis, by the excess of 86 above the given age, but by dividing by 86 the excess of the square of 86 above the square of the age."

Among the miscellaneous memoirs referred to by Dr. Peacock in his fourteenth chapter, we may enumerate one on Hydraulics, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1808, and another in the same work for 1809, on the Functions of the Heart and Arteries. Upon certain assumed data, Dr. Young found that "the velocity of the transmission of the blood, in passing from the first to the last of the arterial series would diminish from about eight inches to one-ninetieth of an inch in a second." Among the other miscellaneous works of Dr. Young, Dr. Peacock has given interesting analyses of his articles Bridge, Carpentry, and Tides, in the *Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*,—of his Paper on the pressure sustained by the fixed supports of flexible substances,—and of his Elementary Illustrations of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace, which was published in 1821, and was the first part of a *Corpus Astronomicum*, or a series of treatises which he proposed to compile on the subject of practical, plane, and physical astronomy.

Dr. Peacock closes his work with a fifteenth chapter, giving an account of the Miscellaneous Events of Dr. Young's life, and of his death. Dr. Young resided in London from November to January, and the rest of the year at Worthing,—now exercising his profession at his hospital, and in private practice,—now writing biographical sketches, and literary and scientific articles of all kinds,—now discharging his duties in the Board of Longitude,—and now languishing for another inroad upon hieroglyphics. In October 1817, he established the Egyptian Society, an institution supported by some great names, and which published two Fasciculi.

In 1820, Dr. Young ceased to reside at Worthing, and leaving his literary and professional pursuits, he set out with Mrs. Young in 1821 on a continental tour, during which he visited Paris, Turin, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Genoa, returning to London in October. In 1821 he published "An account of some recent discoveries in Egyptian Literature and

Antiquities;" and in 1824 he made a short tour in Belgium and Holland, spending a couple of months at Spa, in the society of some of his distinguished friends.

In 1826, Dr. Young took up his residence in Park Square, in a house which he fitted up with great elegance and taste. "He had now attained (as he himself expressed it) all the objects of importance for which he had hoped or wished;" but though thus content with his lot, there was one honour awaiting him which he regarded as the greatest he had received, and which he owed solely to his own distinguished merits.

"On the sixth of August of the following year," says Dr. Peacock, "he was elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, in the place of Volta. The other competitors named were the great astronomers Bessel and Olbers, Robert Brown the botanist, Sæmmering the anatomist, Blumenbach the naturalist, Leopold Von Buch the geologist, Dalton the chemist, and Plana the mathematician. This is the greatest honour that can be conferred on a man of science. Davy and Wollaston were already members; their places, and that of Young, are now not less worthily filled by Brown, Faraday, and Brewster.

"The propriety of the selection which was made by the Institute of France, of Wollaston, Davy, and Young, as the most eminent representatives of English science in that age, was disputed by very few of their contemporaries who were capable of forming a correct opinion of their merits. . . .

"The lapse of a quarter of a century, since the grave—within the brief space of six months—closed upon the labours of these three eminent philosophers, has somewhat changed the order in which they were classed by their contemporaries. If Young held the lowest place in the order of precedence then, he unquestionably occupies the highest now. The most brilliant achievements of Davy, whether considered singly or collectively, are probably surpassed in importance by the discovery and demonstration of the interference of light; but whilst the first received the prompt and unhesitating acknowledgment of the scientific world, and at once secured for their author the honours and rewards which were due to his merits, the second, even after emerging from a long period of misrepresentation and neglect, had to make its way, step by step as it were, and with various and fluctuating fortunes, against the opposition of adverse and long-established theories, supported by the authority of the two greatest men known to the scientific history of the past and the present age; and it only received a tardy and reluctant recognition—and that rather by implication than avowedly—when, near the close of his life, the Rumford medal was awarded by the Royal Society to Fresnel, who completed the structure of which Dr. Young had laid the foundations."—Pp. 468-72.

In the summer of 1827, Dr. Young's health had, as we have seen, begun to decline. From February 1829 he suffered from



repeated attacks of asthma, and his physicians were of opinion that there was something wrong in the action of his heart, and that his lungs were seriously affected. His strength gradually diminished, and in the morning of the 10th of May 1829, he expired, in the 56th year of his age. His remains were interred in the vault of Mrs. Young's family in the church of Farnborough, in Kent, and an appropriate monument was erected by Mrs. Young to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

It would be difficult to delineate the mental and social character of Dr. Young. Dr. Peacock, though he has occasionally touched upon it with much taste and discrimination, has left the task principally to Mr. Hudson Gurney, who from many causes was peculiarly fitted to do justice to the memory of his friend. We can quote only the concluding paragraph.

“ ‘To sum up the whole with that which passes all acquirement, Dr. Young was a man, in all the relations of life, upright, kind-hearted, blameless. His domestic virtues were as exemplary as his talents were great. He was entirely free from either envy or jealousy, and the assistance which he gave to others engaged in the same lines of research with himself, was constant and unbounded. His morality through life had been pure, though unostentatious. His religious sentiments were by himself stated to be liberal, though orthodox. He had extensively studied the Scriptures, of which the precepts were deeply impressed upon his mind from his earliest years; and he evidenced the faith which he professed, in an unbending course of usefulness and rectitude.’”—P. 484.

In reviewing so important a work as the *Life of Dr. Young*, we could have wished for a larger space, for the purpose of giving the general reader a popular account of Dr. Young's optical and hieroglyphical discoveries, and of the valuable additions which he made to various branches of Natural Philosophy. This, however, has been so ably done by Dr. Peacock, that we can promise even the general reader a high degree of pleasure and instruction from a perusal of his work. Few individuals could have brought to his task such high capacity and such varied acquirements as Dr. Peacock. As a mathematician of the first rank, he has been able to analyse the most profound of Dr. Young's researches, and while he has placed his labours and discoveries in the most advantageous and prominent light, he has never forgotten to do justice to his rivals and contemporaries. The work is written with much power of thought and elegance of language, and cannot fail to be regarded as a model of scientific biography.

ART. VII.—*Report of Commissioners on Promotion in the Army.* With an Appendix. Parl. Blue Book. 1854.

SIR ROBERT PEEL used to say, that the British nation had its hot and its cold fits of economy—its intermittent fever of extravagant expenditure, its reactionary ague-chill of shuddering parsimony,—years when it was ready for the wildest outlay, years when it grudged the most moderate and necessary estimates. The habit is a bad one: on the average of a century, the balance is against the Exchequer;—for, if lavish expenditure provokes unreasonable niggardliness, on the other hand unwise retrenchment ultimately necessitates unwise extravagance; and the spendthrift wastes more than the miser saves. On this account we have never lent ourselves to the clamour of the Economic school;—esteeming those who desire cheapness at any cost, only one degree less short-sighted than those who desire peace at any price.

The British nation has also its hot and cold fits of Reform,—its trances of invincible languor, its moments of convulsive awakening,—its years for letting its house go to rack, its years for what it calls, “setting its house in order,”—periods during which it will meddle with nothing, periods during which it will let nothing alone,—times when the most scientific and deliberate Reformer can scarcely gain a hearing, times when every innovating quack is certain to be lifted into temporary notoriety on the shoulders of the multitude.

At present, the nation is in one of its reforming fits. We have been rudely startled from our lethargy, and compelled to “look into our affairs,” as the phrase is; and we are shocked and alarmed to find what a state those affairs are in. Abuses, anomalies, indefensible enormities, ludicrous and grotesque arrangements, and antiquated forms, stare us in the face on every side. We are determined to make a change, to sweep away some of the most obvious grievances, to introduce, at least, some elements of a better system. Accordingly, true to our national habits of seeing only one thing at a time, and doing everything bit by bit—we fix upon some one abuse, which appears too absurd to be defended and too monstrous to be borne, and demand its instant removal without regard to its context or connexion, without pausing to consider whether it may not be the key-stone of a whole fabric—whether its abolition, which we so earnestly insist upon, may not involve a whole ocean of consequences

which we did not foresee, which we do not desire, and which we are not prepared to face.

On this occasion, the lot has fallen upon the *SYSTEM OF PURCHASE* in the army. It seems the height of folly, that the right of leading and commanding those troops on whose skill, management, and valour, depend the safety and honour of the nation, should be sold for money, should be, as it were, the exclusive patrimony of the rich. And it seems about the most flagrant of all our unjust anomalies, that the long and meritorious services of the poor officer should be outweighed by the heavier purse of the inexperienced and incapable, and that the tried veteran should languish for a lifetime in subaltern grades, while the young upstart, who has seen no service but has inherited much cash, should be promoted to high command over his head. This *does* seem monstrous and indefensible; and assuredly we are not prepared to do battle on its behalf, or to defend the equity or wisdom of so singular a system. But we desire to lay before our readers a few facts and considerations which have been too generally overlooked, and which will suffice to shew that the system of Purchase in the Army has more complicated bearings than at first appears; that it is neither so inexplicable nor so monstrous as a hasty glance would lead us to suppose; that it has advantages which it would not be easy to attain in any other mode; and, especially, that its abolition is neither so simple nor so isolated a proceeding as its advocates seem to imagine.

In discussing this subject, we must separate strictly the system itself from irregular and arbitrary departures from that system. In recent debates, these two wholly distinct things have been too often confused and mixed up together. It may be that the Horse Guards have sometimes exercised their power of promotion in a way inconsistent with the usual and understood regulations. It may be that connexion has broken through routine. The cases brought forward by Mr. Layard of hardship and injustice arising from the system, and from unwarrantable departures from that system may, or may not, have been disproved. With all this we have nothing to do. The *SYSTEM* of Purchase, the operation of which we have to consider, is simply and broadly this:—(Minute details, exceptions, and peculiarities, understood fully nowhere but at the Horse Guards, we leave out of view, as irrelevant to the argument, and as certain to confuse our comprehension of it.) Officers, generally (in time of peace) purchase their original commission:—sometimes it is *given*, as a matter of favour, as a reward to old officers, for their sons, as a recompense for past services to non-commissioned officers. In time of war, as at present, many commissions are bestowed without purchase. Once in the army, the officer rises, by seniority,

to the head of his class. If a lieutenancy or captaincy is vacated by death, the senior ensign or lieutenant is appointed without purchase. If vacated by retirement, the appointment is *offered* to the senior ensign or lieutenant, if he can purchase it at the regulation price. If he cannot, or will not, the vacancy is offered to the one below him, and so on till some one does purchase it. The purchaser, then, is promoted over the heads of his non-purchasing seniors. The same plan is followed in appointing to majorities and lieutenant-colonelcies. Subsequent grades are not purchased. In time of peace, of course, promotions generally go by purchase. In time of war, deaths in battle, or by disease, allow many officers to gain their promotion without purchase.

Now, the first thing that strikes us in this singular system is, that the whole service is *gratuitous*, or nearly so. Not only are the officers of the army, some six or seven thousand in number, willing to serve her Majesty for the scantiest remuneration, far less than ordinary diligence and activity would command in any other calling, but they are actually willing to *pay for the privilege* of being thus allowed to serve her for this inadequate pittance. In a country where private enterprise is more lucrative than any other, where merchants give their clerks, and railway companies their inferior servants, salaries varying from £100 to £300 a-year; where the lowest Government copying-clerk receives £90 a-year to begin with, advancing at the rate of £15 a-year; and when even skilled artificers, carpenters, and smiths earn their 6s., 8s., or 10s. a day; and where even policemen and ticket-porters get their £60 a-year,—there is a most eager competition among young men of family and education for first commissions yielding only the pay of £90 a-year—and even this subject to deductions. An ensign in the line pays £480 for his commission, and receives 5s. 3d. a-day. A lieutenant pays £700, and receives 6s. 6d. a-day. A captain pays £1800 and receives 11s. 7d. a-day. A lieutenant-colonel pays £4500, and receives 17s. a-day. Nay, more, not only is every vacant commission eagerly purchased at the regulation price, but officers, in addition, pay large sums to others, to induce them to vacate. Thus not only is permission to serve her Majesty at the peril of life and limb, anxiously sought for, but as soon as it is attained, it has a saleable value—it is at a premium—sometimes at a premium of 50 or 100 per cent.—We give, in a note, the statement of Lord Arthur Paget, made, a few weeks ago, in the House of Commons, without vouching for its perfect accuracy;\* and we find it stated in the Blue Book at the head of

\* “He had made a calculation of the amount of annuities which might be purchased with the price of commissions, taking the ages of lieutenant-colonels at 45,

our article, that, in a great proportion of cases, "*Officers receive less than the annuities they might have purchased for the money paid for their commissions.*" It is notorious, that in the lower grades of the profession, no officer can live upon his pay—often, indeed, the pay amounts to not half the customary and inevitable, to not one-third the frequent, expenses of the regimental life. Those who choose the military life, therefore, do so from other temptations than emolument: they are attracted by the hope of distinction, by the empty honour, by the hope of ultimately reaching one of the few great and distant prizes of the profession. It is obvious that by this system the country is served much more *cheaply*—that the army is officered at a less expenditure than if it offered no facilities or special attractions to the rich. But it is objected—and the objection is a plausible and even a weighty one—"There is no true economy in such a plan. We cannot afford to be served gratuitously. Gratuitous service is almost always imperfect service, desultory service, indolent, unenlightened, perfunctory service. Can you look a gift-horse in the mouth? If you have made a man pay a large sum for the honour of serving you, and then require him to serve you for almost nominal remuneration, how can you be as strict to mark shortcomings, and as severe to punish incompetency, as if you had paid him handsomely, and knew that he was entirely dependent on his profession? Will men who have to live by a profession embrace a profession by which they cannot live? And will men who can live without it, and could not live by it, embrace it, save as a pastime, a snug berth, a

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and of captains at 30, and the outfit for cavalry officers at £400, including horses, and for infantry officers at £200. The net pay was reckoned, after deducting the items of forage, and mess and band expenses, to the cavalry, and mess and band expenses in the infantry, but not deducting income-tax, because annuities were subject to it. In the Life Guards a lieutenant-colonel's commission and outfit cost £7650, which would purchase an annuity of £495 for his life, at the Government rate; his pay was £463, 1s. 8d. net. A captain's commission and outfit cost £3900, which would purchase an annuity of £209; his pay was £227, 8s. 10d. In other cavalry regiments a lieutenant-colonel's commission and outfit cost £6573, which would purchase an annuity of £430; his pay was £345, 0s. 10d. And a captain's commission and outfit cost £3625, which would purchase an annuity of £195; his pay was £212, 15s. 8d. In the Foot Guards, a lieutenant-colonel's commission and outfit cost £9200, which would purchase an annuity of £606; his pay was £488, 3s. 9d. A captain's commission and outfit cost £5000, which would purchase an annuity of £269; his pay was £282, 17s. 6d. In the infantry of the line, a lieutenant-colonel's commission and outfit cost £4700, which would purchase an annuity of £308; his pay was £293, 5s. A captain's commission and outfit cost £2000, which would purchase an annuity of £108; his pay was £199, 16s. 3d. So that taking eight officers of different ranks and ages from the Household Brigade and the line, cavalry and infantry, it was apparent that the sum-total of the annuities which might be purchased with the amount which their commissions and outfit cost was £2620, the sum-total of their pay being only £2512, 9s. 6d. Each officer might have purchased, on the average, an annuity of £327; while the average pay was only £314."

*dolce far niente*? Can you expect that young men of fashion and independent means, will enter, at great cost, a line of life in which they have to buy their way up, in which they must surrender their individual wills and judgments, undergo considerable hardships, and go to any part of the world at the beck of their superiors, if, in addition to all this, you really compel them *to work at their profession*, to become thorough adepts in their duty, in a word, to display that capacity, diligence, and devotion which, in any other life, would have insured them ample success and high reward, without any original outlay whatever? Clearly not. Young men are willing enough now to go into the army, to pay for going into it, and to serve you for next to nothing,—because it is a pleasant life, an adventurous life, an idle life, and because they can get out of it when they wish ;—and *you take them on these terms*. They are terms on which they are willing enough to fight for you ; but they are not terms on which you will find them willing to toil for you, to study for you, to become competent and experienced generals for you. The truth is, you are served cheaply, because you are content to be served ill."

There is much force in this representation, but it is greatly overstated. No doubt, if you insisted upon thorough knowledge of the duties of an officer as an indispensable preliminary for promotion ; if you required some years of active service in one grade before the officer could step into the one above ; if you made advancement a thing to be *earned* ; if, in fact, in each rank, you insisted upon the occupant knowing his work well, and doing it with efficiency and zeal, you would disgust and rebut at the outset many young idlers who have little steadiness and less capacity, and you would soon weed out many of the indolent and worthless who entered the service without knowing its requirements ; but an ample number would still remain to fill up and create a competition for all vacancies. A great proportion of those who enter the army are quite able to become good officers, if you made it a condition of the service that they should become so. They are indolent and incapable now because you allow them to be so. Make competency necessary for promotion, and competency will rise up, with scarcely any change of *personnel*. Make proved fitness, knowledge, character, *qualification*—test it how you please, in the best mode that professional experience can point out—an *essential pre-requisite to obtaining a company, with or without purchase*, and in a wonderfully short time three-fourths of your lieutenants would be able to pass whatever ordeal you might decide upon. Nay more, they would thank you for the change. It is a mistake to suppose that a life of indolence is agreeable to any, save a small minority of men. It demands, no doubt, an effort to discard it ; but when that effort is insisted

upon and enforced, it brings with it its own reward. And the majority of our young military men, all who are fit for any thing, would be thankful, after a year or two, for whatever dispelled the "killing languor," the miserable tedium, the overpowering ennui, of a barrack or garrison life; they would bless those who compelled them to exert themselves; they would hail with joy the appearance of AN OBJECT sufficient to arouse them from their lethargy, and to stimulate their powers. And if they knew that, unless they could prove their competency for the duties of a captain's rank, they would as surely be passed over as if they had not deposited their purchase-money, and that the cost of their indolence would be continuance in a subaltern's position—we do not for a moment doubt, that barrack-rooms and country quarters would become scenes of diligent and sedulous preparation for the coming ordeal, in place of being scenes of disreputable pastimes or yawning wretchedness, and that observation, practice, and professional studies, would replace reckless profligacy or stagnant indifference.

If, then, by a strict enforcement of obligations, you can obtain good service gratuitously, or at a cheap rate, there is clearly no reason why you should not do so, and every reason why you should. Not only is a vast sum thus annually spared to the finances of the country, but the mere existence of large numbers of men who are willing to do their duty in a hard and hazardous profession, for honour and distinction instead of money, can scarcely fail to impart some degree of impetus and elevation to the moral spirit of the nation. But besides this, the gratuitous character of military service is economy in a double sense. It economises men as well as money. It procures you for nothing, or next to nothing, services for which you would otherwise have to pay largely, and it turns to profitable use those who would otherwise be unproductive, idle, and even worse. This last consideration is a most important one. The system of purchase, and even, to a certain extent, the possible operation of favouritism, attract into the army precisely those young men who, if they did not do that, would do nothing, and who are far too numerous, and too *remuant* a class to remain unemployed with impunity. The young nobleman, who can find no occupation to fill up the years which must elapse between leaving college and succeeding to the family honours and estate, and whose *désœuvré* condition now (if they are not in Parliament) makes them objects almost of compassion; the younger sons of the aristocracy, who shrink from the laborious professions, and have means sufficient to exempt them from the necessity of toil; who have not talent enough for the Bar, nor steadiness enough for the Church, nor capital enough for commerce, nor taste or vocation for any of these careers; and the children of wealthy citizens

and bankers, who have time to waste and money to spend, and who have no great objects to arouse them, and no *res augusta domi* to stimulate them to exertion,—all these, who would otherwise be mere “men about town,” mischievous dawdlers and loungers, a burden to themselves and a plague to all around them, now eagerly press into a profession in which wealth and connexion insure advancement.

But besides these, there is another class at least as numerous, and whose capacities, which would otherwise run to waste, are caught up and turned to account by the army, and whose “utilisation” (to use a Benthamite phrase) is greatly facilitated by the system of purchase. We refer to what may be termed the *illiterate gentry*, youths of good birth and connexion, averse to study, loathing a sedentary life, dull in acquisition but by no means stupid in action, into whom it has been found impossible to instil anything beyond the merest rudiments of polite learning, who can acquire nothing through the medium of books, who could acquire much through the medium of practice. These men will often make admirable officers, though they would make very bad lawyers, clergymen, doctors, or merchants. They can buy a commission, though it would be utterly impossible for them to obtain one, were anything like a rigid examination to meet them on the threshold. Yet they are excellent materials for the rough work of war. They have courage in overflowing abundance, bodily activity and strength, a fine spirit of adventure, presence of mind, sagacity, and tact; hardships are fun to them; danger and difficulty are temptations; they seem expressly made for the military profession. They feel no vocation for any other walk in life; they are conscious of no qualities which would secure them success elsewhere; they do see a prospect of rising, and distinguishing themselves in the army, and accordingly they are willing, not only to serve you for nothing, but to pay for serving you. Is it not well, both for themselves and for the country, to accept their gratuitous services, and to turn them to account?\*

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\* It is not difficult to trace the origin of the actual anomalies of our military system—its being recruited from the lowest classes, and officered from the highest, as well as the nearly gratuitous character of the service. In the feudal times gentlemen held their lands on the tenure of military service; they received them in fee-simple, or on lease, on condition of serving in the army, and bringing a certain number of followers into the field; they received no pay at all—their estates were pay given in advance. Their service *appeared* to be gratuitous, but in fact it was not so. It was highly paid, only it was paid in land, and not in cash. The military profession being thus confined to gentlemen, and being considered the only one fit for gentlemen, was sought by all who wished to become or to be thought gentlemen, and the privilege of bearing arms was one for which *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches* were glad to pay. Thus there seems to be a rude sort of historical justice, both in the monopoly of military rank by the upper classes, and in the



"But," it is alleged, "the system of purchase is a cruel injustice to the poor officer, who cannot buy his way up, and who therefore sees younger, less experienced, and less meritorious men, promoted over his head, who perhaps remains a subaltern till his strength is failing and his hair is grey; while boys, to whom he taught the rudiments of the profession, become field-officers, have the command of regiments, and retire as major-generals." It may be an unwise system; it may operate cruelly in individual instances; but it cannot fairly be termed unjust. On the whole, we are not sure that it does not answer nearly as well for the poor as for the rich; in time of war it certainly answers better.

There is no *injustice* in it, because every man, on entering the army, knows its regulations and its chances. The rich man enters it, knowing that he will in time be able to buy his way up. The poor man enters it, expecting that in time he will get his promotion without purchase. With him it is as much a pecuniary speculation as a struggle for distinction. It *may* enable him to make money as fast and as certainly as he could have done, without capital, in any other profession—faster, probably, in war, unless he be a man of unusual capacity and energy. As all vacancies by death, (*as a rule,*) whether from illness or in action, are filled up without purchase by the next in rank, poor officers thus frequently obtain promotion, as well as original commissions, at no expense. *They calculate on doing so.* A man who steadily devotes himself to his profession, and is moderately lucky, may expect to obtain at least one step, and in time of war two or three steps, without purchase. Promotion may come slowly, but it comes at length, and when it comes, is all clear gain. The commission, which he did not buy, he may yet sell. If he be senior lieutenant, the death of a captain is £2000 or £3000 put into his pocket. If he be major, the death of his colonel gives him £5000, or £6000, which he can realize at pleasure. If he be unusually fortunate, and live through a protracted war, it is *quite possible* that he may quit the service as lieutenant-colonel, and receive £10,000 for his commission, without having purchased a single step. The colonelcy which the poor officer receives for nothing, by the death of his superior, that superior, being a rich man, probably purchased for £6000 or £7000. Of course these are only chances, but they are chances on which he calculates when he chooses his profession. A poor officer, then, on entering the army, looks not merely to his pay, but to

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scanty remuneration they receive. The very hereditary wealth which enables them to dispense with good pay is in itself their pay. It was given to their ancestors as a *retaining fee*, on condition that they and their descendants should serve the Crown gratuitously when called into the field.

the contingent prospect of retiring with a capital of many thousand pounds, which he is to *inherit* by the death of richer colleagues. If he wants gratuitous promotion, he must be content to let it come slowly. If he wants rapid promotion, he must be content to pay for it.

Nor are the cases in which first commissions and subsequent steps are obtained without purchase, by any means so rare as we imagine. From a statement made in the House of Commons by Colonel Lindsay, it appears that in 1853, before the war broke out, of 30 lieutenant-colonels, 13 were promoted without purchase; of 51 majors, 22; of 266 captains, 120. In 1854—a remarkable year no doubt—of 795 first commissions granted, only 358 were purchased. Between 1836 and 1846, the number of non-commissioned officers promoted to commissions gratis was 245. And, finally, in the last 15 years, out of 357 officers who became lieutenant-colonels, only 169 purchased their commissions, and of these 93 had obtained their majorities, and 57 their companies without purchase; so that only 49 out of the whole number, or less than one-seventh, had purchased all their steps.

Indeed, the real hardship—we feel tempted to say the injustice—of the system, falls rather on the rich than on the poor—on those, that is, who by dying in harness lose the (often) large sums of money they have invested in the purchase of their commissions. Those very prizes (gratuitous commissions) of which we have just spoken as the attraction and remuneration and compensation of the poor officer, are in the majority of cases gained at the expense of the less fortunate though the more wealthy. The gratis commission, which gladdens the heart of the receiver, who has waited for it perhaps for years, is taken from another who has purchased it, and who perhaps had no other property in the world. The prizes which reward one set of men are the spoils torn from the dead bodies of another. Certainly this does seem a flagrant and cruel injustice. An officer, say, has purchased his original commission; he has bought himself up step by step in the service; he may have expended all he possesses by the time he attains his regiment; and he designs to sell out in a few years, in the conviction that the £10,000 which his lieutenant-colonelcy has cost him, will be a comfortable provision for his widow. If he lives to sell out, all goes well. But if he sickens and dies, or if, being brave and forward in action, and of devoted gallantry, he falls nobly on the field, he forfeits his commission, it goes to the next in rank *gratis*, and the money he paid for it is lost. If he sells out in January, he secures £500 a year for ever. If he remains killed in February, his widow has only a pension of £71

life. Thus we give him every motive to avoid danger. He goes into action feeling that any chance shot may bring his family to ruin. Surely this is neither wise nor righteous.\*

But mark how every portion of this system is linked together. If, moved by the previous hardship just described, and the other anomalies and inequities alleged against it, we abolish purchase in the army, we remove precisely that feature in our military arrangement which tempts the rich, which attracts the noble, which utilises the idle, *which rewards the poor, which compensates for the frequent neglect of the meritorious.* Nay, more, we should remove precisely that feature which is the chief and most effectual, if not the only possible corrective of what every one admits to be the most crying evil of our military hierarchy, and the pressure of which at the present moment we are feeling with peculiar severity,—namely, the slowness of promotion, and the consequently advanced age at which the higher grades in the service are reached. And the efficacy of this corrective is most closely dependent upon that especial anomaly which we have just pointed out as the most grievous hardship in the whole case,—namely, the loss of their commissions by those who die in harness or fall in battle. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this is the keystone of all that is beneficial in the system.

There are only three conceivable modes and rules of promotion,—promotion according to desert, promotion according to seniority, or promotion by purchase. Promotion according to desert—promotion by merit, as it is usually termed—the most apparently just and the most theoretically tempting of the three, is the most unworkable, and, as a few considerations will show,

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\* We may mention two recent instances of this anomalous hardship. In one, the scion of a noble family, who had worked or bought his way up to a high grade, married, and was about to sell out and settle the value of his commission on his wife, as he had no other property. But his father, an old general of high renown, was averse to his son's leaving the army, and to gratify him the son postponed his retirement. The father died last year, and the son was about to realize; but his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and his honour he thought required him to go with it. He is too brave an officer not to be foremost in danger, and if he dies, those dependent on him will be destitute.

Another gallant officer, Colonel Willoughby Moore, was ordered off with his regiment to the seat of war. He was then offered £15,000 for his commission, but refused it. The vessel in which he sailed was wrecked off the coast of Spain. He might easily have saved himself, but he refused to leave the ship till every private had been got away. The greater number were rescued, but the Colonel and a few others were too late, and perished nobly in their duty. Colonel Moore, too, was recently married, and his death left his family without provision;—and he knew it would do so as he went down. The £15,000 he might have received for his commission was sacrificed, and but for the generous intervention of her Majesty, (who allotted her £100 a year,) his widow would have had nothing but the usual miserable pension of £70.

is practically impossible. For how can merit, *i.e.*, *qualification*—be tested, and by whom shall it be judged? In time of peace—and three-fourths of our lives are now passed in peace: thank God for it! and long may it be so—but in peace what means have officers, especially in subaltern grades, of displaying their relative qualifications? They may all know their routine duties; they may all be tolerably steady; they may all, as far as can be known, be spirited and courageous; they may all be prompt and obedient. But how can it be ascertained which will be coolest in the hour of peril, most clear and decided in moments of perplexity, most fertile in resources in crises of difficulty or in circumstances of abandonment and isolation, and who will most command the devotion and obedience of his troop? Who will be able to discern or to divine those invaluable qualities which are never seen till the perilous conjuncture calls them forth,—to discover the genius which lies hid under apparent dulness and undemonstrative silence, the shallow incapacity which is veiled by flashing brilliancy, and the daring and desperate energy which in scenes of tedium and inaction shows itself only in mischief and insubordination. In ordinary garrison life, no one but the actual colonel or major in command could form any guess even as to what *would be* the respective merits of those beneath him,—and even his estimate, unless he be gifted with unusual insight into character, would be worth little. It is only the ordeal of actual warfare that calls forth and brings to light the real qualities of military men, and even then they are rarely known except to their own comrades and immediate superiors. Merit, therefore, in the case before us, could never mean more than *the opinion which the lieutenant-colonel of a regiment might form* of the merit of his inferior officers—an opinion which must always be formed on insufficient grounds, which will often be mere conjecture, which will sometimes be mere liking and partiality. Generals and commanders-in-chief, except in the rarest instances, could know nothing about the matter, and therefore could have no voice in it. Now, are we prepared to place the entire promotion, from the ensign to the major, in the hands of the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment? Is there the least reason to suppose that such an arrangement would give us any security that qualifications would always be recognised, and desert always rewarded? Is it at all certain that it would give us more capable or meritorious officers than we have now? And what would be the state of feeling in the regiment, the harmony at mess, the good fellowship among comrades, were such a system to be adopted? Is it not certain that corrupt partiality or incompetent judgment would dictate half the promotions,—and that whether it did or not, it would be supposed to do so—which

would be nearly as mischievous? Would not subalterns be always seeking not so much to do and learn their duty as to make themselves personally agreeable to their commanding officer? Is it not plain that "promotion by merit" would inevitably become in effect "promotion by favour," or fall back into "promotion by seniority,"—according as the colonel was unscrupulous and daring, or conscientious and timid—anxious to do justice and preserve peace? And, finally, is there any one who reflects on these things, or any single man of sense in the army, who believes that a system of promotion according to desert—in any but the higher grades at least—could by possibility be carried out?

Well! what would be the operation of "promotion according to seniority," if the existing power of buying up and selling out be abolished, as is proposed? It would be mischievous and fatal beyond conception. There are usually ten captains to each regiment, but only two majors and one lieutenant-colonel. Two lieutenant-colonels therefore must die or resign before both the majors can obtain their regiment, and five majors before all the captains get their majorities. Under such a plan it is obvious that promotion would be so slow that, except during a sanguinary war, no man could arrive to the command of a regiment, scarcely even could become a field-officer—till he was past the age for active and efficient service.\* The army list would be utterly choked up with grey-headed captains, decrepit majors, octogenarian colonels—the precise evil which (mitigated as it is by the system of purchase) is even now complained of as fatal to the efficiency of our army.

Now purchase goes a great way to correct this evil. It operates by a double process. Men are induced to retire in reasonable time by the power of realizing large sums by the sale of their commissions, and thereby securing a provision for their family or their old age, and thus vacancies are made to be filled up by younger men, and promotion becomes continuous and sometimes pretty rapid. As a general rule, an officer retires soon after he gets his lieutenant-colonelcy, unless he is excessively fond of his profession, or is in the full vigour of life, or sees a prospect of active service, or is possessed of interest which gives promise of further promotion. If he could not sell out, he would have no

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\* This is shown by the artillery and engineer corps, where promotion goes by seniority alone.

In the artillery in 1854, out of 222 captains 93 were above 35, and of 52 lieutenant-colonels, 45 were above 50, and 24 above 60 years old.

In the engineers, of 96 captains, 65 were above 35, and 23 above 45. Out of 25 lieutenant-colonels, 23 were above 50. In the brevet of 1841, no artillery colonel got promotion as major-general who was under 70 years of age.

motive to retire, since he would gain nothing in hand, he would avoid no risk of loss, and he would lose an honourable grade and a fair salary, and the chance of further advance. Again, purchase enables young men who have money, to step over the heads of older men who have not, and thus often to rise to posts of command while still in the prime of manhood and in the full vigour of their bodily and mental powers.\* We are even now clamouring (and with justice) for younger men as colonels and generals:—well! the system of purchase secures you at least *several* such—and is the only means you possess of securing *any*.

But what is the great inducement to men to spend large sums of money in thus purchasing that comparatively rapid promotion which is as desirable for the country as for themselves? The certainty that they can sell out and realize whenever they wish to retire—that, in fact, their money has not been *spent*, but *invested*. And what induces so large a number of field-officers and colonels to sell out and so make room for younger men? Not only, nor principally, the desire of exchanging regimental rank for hard cash, for the post of lieutenant-colonel is a pleasant one in time of peace, and an interesting and distinguished one in time of war, and they lose in immediate income by the change. No! it is the reflection that *if they die or are killed in action they will lose the value of their commission*—that they will in fact sacrifice their property—that they must realize in time if they wish to *make sure* of realizing at all—that, in a word, they had better sell *now*, or they may be able to sell *never*. Their strongest motive to retire by purchase in favour of their juniors, lies in *that very regulation of the service*, the hardship and cruelty of which we pointed out a few pages back, and which Mr. Headlam a few weeks since endeavoured to persuade the House of Commons to abolish. These facts and considerations surely suffice to show that the system of purchase—with all its anomalies, its theoretical indefensibility, its injustice to individuals, its frequent hardships, its occasional cruelty—is even more beneficial than injurious to the efficiency of the service; that all its parts hang together; that you cannot deal with it except as a whole; and that you cannot abolish it without compensation, nor without a substitute.

You cannot meddle with it bit by bit. You cannot, as Mr. Headlam proposed, give the value of their commissions to those

\* The average age of colonels on full pay in January 1854, was 52 years.

The average age of lieutenant-colonels on full pay in January 1854, was 45 years.

The average age of major-generals promoted by the brevet of 1841, 1846, and 1851, was 56, 53, and 59 years respectively.

In the last war, all the major-generals serving in the Peninsula, reached that rank between the ages of 30 and 40—under the combined influence of purchase, interest, and mortality.

**ART. VIII.—***Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill.* By the Hon. MRS. NORTON. London, 1855.

It is, doubtless, less known in our own, than in the great southern capital, that, in the course of last year, Mrs. Norton privately circulated among her friends, what may be called a thin volume, or a bulky pamphlet, entitled, "English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century." It is an illustration rather than a disquisition; a moving example rather than a chapter of formal argumentation—a painful episode of personal history more weighty and pregnant in its simple details of much wrong and mighty suffering, than sheafs of subtle controversy, or swelling declamation. And it is one of those "over-true tales," the pathos of which goes straight to the heart.

Into the minuter circumstances of the sad story it is not necessary to enter. It is enough that we should express our faith in Mrs. Norton's statements, and our sympathy with her sufferings. If we speak incidentally of her trials, in the course of this article, it will not be because we have been made acquainted with them through the medium of an unpublished pamphlet, but because they have become sufficiently matters of notoriety to render all reservation unnecessary and inexpedient. Our business is with the subject itself, not with the case which illustrates it. In the volume which the injured lady circulated last year, she declared that she would not write again, except upon this subject; and so far she has kept her word. Within the last few weeks she has presented to the outside public a Letter to the Queen on the Laws of Marriage and Divorce. There is the less necessity, therefore, that we should dwell upon the contents of the work which has not come formally before our literary tribunal.

And, in truth, the published pamphlet very closely resembles that written for private distribution. It is the same with a difference—the difference principally consisting in the omission of the extracts from Lord Melbourne's letters, which have, doubtless, been read with curiosity in the first instance, and admiration in the second. That the published work deals largely in private matters we do not complain. The redress of many great public wrongs has been brought about by the exposure of private grievances. But for such reference to individual cases it would be said, as, indeed, it often is said, "All you say may be very true in theory—but the system of which you complain works well. The evils are possible evils, but in fact they do not arise."

To shew that they have arisen, and that they do arise, is to shew that they may and will again arise : and to demonstrate that they are not possibilities but actualities is to enlist the sympathies of many who would turn aside with indifference from the theoretical question, and remain content with things as they are. To talk about the "bad taste" of obtruding matrimonial quarrels upon the public is simply to talk as a dolt or a *petit maître*. As if such questions as these could be settled by an appeal to taste. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Norton—a woman, with all the generous impulses and fine sensibilities of genius, has any personal gratification in telling the world how her domestic life has been one long scene of conflict and humiliation—how the sweetest of human faces has been clouded with sorrow, and the kindest of human hearts filled with bitterness, by a process too certain in its operation for humanity to resist. As well might you suppose that when "Scævola's right hand hissed in the Tuscan fire," there was personal gratification in the self-torture. For our own parts, knowing well what it must have cost her, we admire the courage, and applaud the martyrdom of the English lady who, sustained by her strong conviction of the justice of a great cause, can thus tread down all the delicate instincts of womanhood—ay, even those of much-bearing and much-forbearing motherhood—whilst she pleads the common cause of her sister-sufferers, the highest and the lowest alike.

There will, doubtless, be among Mrs. Norton's readers many women, prosperous in their love, or believing themselves to be thus prosperous, who will say that they deplore her revelations, and repudiate her doctrines. They are in health—or their disease is latent and unsuspected—and they need not the Physician. Happy are they in their security—or their delusion. That Mrs. Norton's case is an exceptional one in degree, we believe, but *only* in degree. Even in degree, though exceptional, it is not solitary ; and in kind we are afraid it is common. It so happens that in this unhappy instance all the evils of the existing laws, as they affect women, find apt illustration, meeting together and being massed into a strange congeries of multitudinous wrong. But any one of these evils, taken separately, is sufficient to call attention to the existing state of the law, and to clamour loudly for the most earnest consideration that can be given to the great question of human justice which it involves. It is no reason, because there are happy homes in England, and honoured and cherished wives, that those who are wronged and outraged, should not be protected by the law. And ought not the thank-offering of the prosperous to be boundless sympathy with those poor bankrupts in domestic love, whose cause Mrs. Norton is so eloquently pleading ?



As briefly as we can, and as much as possible in Mrs. Norton's own words, we propose to state at the outset what are the individual wrongs grouped together in her unhappy case:—

"I cannot," she writes in the published pamphlet, "divorce my husband either for adultery, desertion, or cruelty. I *must* remain married to his name. . . . I am, as regards my husband, in a worse position than if I had been divorced by him. In that case, Englishmen are so generous that some chivalrous-hearted man might perhaps have married and trusted me, in spite of the unjust cloud upon my name. I am not divorced, and I cannot divorce my husband; yet I can establish no legal claim upon him, nor upon any living human being."

"I do not receive," says Mrs. Norton, "and have not received for the last three years a single farthing from my husband. He retains, and always has retained, property that was left in my home—gifts made to me by my own family on my marriage, and to my mother—articles bought from my literary earnings, &c. He receives from my trustees the interest of the portion bequeathed me by my father, who died in the public service. . . . I have also (as Mr. Norton impressed upon me by sub-pœnaing my publishers) the power of earning by literature—which fund, though it be the grant of heaven, not the legacy of earth, is no more legally mine than my family property. . . . When we first separated, he offered me as sole provision, a small pension paid by Government to each of my father's children; reckoning that pension as *his*."

"In order to raise money on our marriage settlements," says Mrs. Norton, in another place, "my signature was necessary. To obtain my signature Mr. Norton drew up a contract. He dictated the terms himself, and I signed it. The effect of my signature was that Mr. Norton immediately raised the loan. The effect of his signature was absolutely *nil*. In 1851 my mother died. She left me (through my brother, to guard it from my husband) a small annuity, as an addition to my income. Mr. Norton first endeavoured to claim her legacy, and then balanced the first payment under her will, by arbitrarily stopping my allowance. I insisted that the allowance was secured by her own signature, and other signatures, to a formal deed. He defied me to prove it—as by law man and wife were one, and could not contract with each other; and the deed was therefore good for nothing."

"I wrote," says Mrs. Norton, "two pamphlets, one on 'The Separation of Mother and Child,' and the other, 'A Plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor, by Pierce Stevenson, Esquire.' The 'British and Foreign Quarterly Review' attributed to me a paper I did not write, and never saw, 'On the Grievances of Woman;' and boldly setting my name in the index as the author, proceeded, in language strange, rapid, and virulent, to abuse the writer, calling her a *she-devil* and a *she-beast*. No less than 142 pages were devoted to the nominal task of opposing the Infant Custody Bill, and in reality of abusing me.

Not being the author of the paper criticised, I requested my solicitor to prosecute the Review for libel. He informed me that, being a married woman, I could not prosecute of myself—that my husband must prosecute—my husband, who had assailed me with every libel in his power. There could be no prosecution; and I was left to study the grotesque anomaly in law, of having my defence made necessary, and made *impossible*, by the same person."

Culled from different parts of Mrs. Norton's "Letter to the Queen," these facts may be supposed to represent the sum and substance of the plaint against that state of the law which declares the "non-existence" of married women. A woman, except under very extraordinary circumstances, cannot divorce her husband. She cannot hold property; she cannot earn money for herself; she cannot enter into legal contracts; she cannot defend herself against libel. Is it right that her identity should be thus merged into her husband's—that legally she should be "non-existent"—a nominal appendage or "chattel" of one who has practically cast her off, and ceased to be her protector or provider?

We may admit, at the outset, that there is some difficulty in arguing such a question as this in a perfectly unprejudiced and dispassionate manner. The man *will* take the man's view of the question; the woman *will* take the woman's. Reviewers, however, are of no sex. They are collective and epicæne; of many-sided vision and catholic sympathies—judges, and not advocates. If our summing up, as we anticipate, is satisfactory to neither party, we shall rest assured that it is not much wanting in justice and truth.

As long as there are men and women in the world, there will be bad husbands and bad wives. As long as there are human laws, there will be defects and insufficiencies in them. Let us legislate as we may, there will still be cases which our laws will not reach—still cases of individual hardship very painful to contemplate. If the laws were made by mixed assemblies of men and women, there would still be cases in which they would bear hardly on one sex more than on the other. All that we can do is to approximate to a just striking of the balance in the aggregate, compounding for an occasional instance of individual injustice.

It need not be said that the practical equality of the sexes is contended for by very few, or that those few know not what they are asking. To demand equal privileges is at the same time to demand equal responsibilities. Every rational woman knows that, if she is to be exempted from certain responsibilities, she must forego certain privileges in return for the exemption. Every rational man acknowledges that, inasmuch as he enjoys

greater privileges, it is just that he should be subject to greater responsibilities. The question is, whether, in the present state of the law, and present temper of society, the woman does not purchase her exemption from certain responsibilities by too large a sacrifice of certain privileges or rights.

We incline to think that she does. We make the concession more sparingly than may perhaps be appreciated by the more vehement advocates of the Rights of Women; but we yield to none in our delicate regard for the dignity of the sex, or our earnest consideration for their happiness. The question is one not to be regarded with what Mrs. Norton calls the eye of the Cyclops. It may be true that men regard it in this one-eyed manner; but it is not less true that women take an equally contracted view of the subject. Not contented with moderate admissions and concessions, the latter frequently weaken their argument and injure their cause by contending for more than can be fairly granted to them either in theory or in practice. And in no instance is this more noticeable than in the manner in which the question of Divorce is argued. It is not sufficient in many cases to concede that the difficulties which lie in the way of the wife, who would obtain an absolute release from her conjugal obligations, ought to be mitigated by the law. It is contended by many a fair controversialist that a breach of conjugal fidelity, whether on the one side or the other, should be visited by the same consequences, as an offence with which the sex of the delinquent has nothing to do. "We are bound," it is said, "by the same divine laws. We have made the same vows to cling to each other, in loyalty and truth; and there are no conceivable grounds upon which one of the contracting parties can claim exemption more than the other from obligations clearly defined and voluntarily undertaken."

It must be understood that we are arguing the case, as between man and woman—not between the human creature and the Divine Lawgiver. It is not for us to say more in reply to an assertion of the eternal truth that God's commandments are issued to all mankind—to man and to woman alike—than that we humbly and hopefully believe that we are all judged according to our opportunities, and that where there has been much temptation there will be much mercy. The crime may be the same in the eyes of God, whether committed by man or by woman; but it does not therefore follow that by whichever sex it may be committed, the offence against the other is the same. In the conjugal contract, the antecedent chastity of the man is not pretended by one party or expected by the other. Unfortunately, in this Christian country, where early marriages are rare, and early depravity is not—where our youths in all ranks

of society are cast, with their strong passions and weak principles, into a vortex of temptation from which not one in a hundred struggles unpolluted—there must be a tacit understanding that, whatever may be the conditions imposed upon the future, the conditions with respect to the past required of the woman are not to be required of the man. Now one crime cannot justify or mitigate another. But, doubtless, the notorious fact of the general incontinence of men before marriage, diminishes the horror with which subsequent infidelities are regarded, and therefore the amount of injury inflicted upon the wife. The desecration in one case seems less than in the other. The offence of the wife changes purity into impurity; the offence of the husband makes impurity more impure. There may be exceptions on both sides; but this is the rule. In the woman's case there is the loss of a priceless jewel, which the man is not expected to carry with him to his new conjugal home.

That bravery is to Man what chastity is to Woman—that society expects all its men to be brave and all its women to be chaste—may not be, in theory or in practice, good Christian morality. But arguing the case as between Man and Woman, it would seem to be not otherwise than just to indicate that if there are qualities of which the world takes less account in men than in women, there are others of which less account is taken in women than in men. The want of courage, which disgraces a man, is no slur upon the reputation of a woman. That very contact with the world—that very exposure to its indurating and invigorating influences which make strong nerves, and steady pulses, and steadfast hearts, also brings its temptations and contaminations to pollute the minds and defile the bodies of men, making them strong to do and weak to resist. Woman may put forth the plea of circumstances; may not man also advance it? If the weakness and helplessness of the one sex may be asserted in extenuation of certain deficiencies of character and conduct, may not the temptations to which the other sex is exposed, be also pleaded in mitigation of their short-comings? It were clearly unreasonable to expect men to be both as though they were, and as though they were not, exposed to the indurating environments of the world.

When a woman argues it is hard that that which is expected from her sex is not also expected from the other, she should consider how much is expected from men which is not expected from women. Assuredly if she yields much she receives much in return. That chivalrous acknowledgment of her weakness, which in civilized states of society, induces a man to postpone his own safety to that of a woman—in small cases as in great

to sacrifice everything, from the ease of the moment to his very life, for the sake of one whom he may love with his whole soul, or may not know even by name—is in itself no small exchange for the requirements of which we have spoken. It is not a matter of complaint with men, that if a ship is going to pieces on a rock, or is on fire in the midst of the wide ocean, every woman on board will be seen safely over the side of the doomed vessel before a single man takes to the boats. This may be regarded as an extreme illustration: but in a lesser degree such sacrifices are being continually made, and there are few men who have not at some time or other risked their own safety to secure that of a woman. If she, in the hour of danger, be incapacitated by fear—if her heart stand still and her limbs fail her, and she betray every symptom of helpless terror, it is no disgrace to her to be thus affected. It is "natural"—"womanly"—we love and admire her all the same, and perhaps are the more tender and assiduous in our ministrations from the very knowledge of this infirmity. But one such failure on the part of a man, and he is disgraced for ever in the eyes of the world. Yet he does not complain of the unfairness of his destiny. He knows that being a man, he must suffer as a man. He does not claim the privilege of ranking with women.

From these considerations, it would appear that, viewing the question by the light of simple justice, as between the woman and the man, the latter may not unfairly lay claim to a larger amount of toleration, than he can accord to his wife, on the score of those particular offences which give the death-blow to the character of the latter. And in the very circumstance of this destructiveness there resides another and a weighty argument which ought not to be forgotten in any candid discussion of the subject. The reputation of a man receives a greater blow from the infidelity of his wife than the fair fame of the wife receives from the depravity of the husband. The woman thus sinned against may be pitied, if anything so common be regarded as fit subject of pity: but the man is commonly sneered at and despised. Society is less tolerant of the victim than of the victimiser. The man who goes about "cornutus" is, and has been for ages, an object of popular derision. It is, perhaps, and not unjustly supposed—to the honour of women be it spoken—that few good husbands and worthy honourable men are thus disgraced by the wickedness of their wives.

That we have left unnoticed one important element in the consideration of this question of conjugal fidelity, as between the man and woman, will suggest itself to the majority of our readers. The infidelity of the husband inflicts no spurious children upon

his wife.\* If a woman has no other privilege, she has that of knowing her own children. The weakness of Mrs. Norton's reply to this argument would seem to establish its validity. She says, that if the husband's infidelity does not inflict spurious children on his wife, it may inflict them on his neighbour. But that is a matter between man and man—not between man and woman. And it is as between man and woman, that Mrs. Norton discusses, and we now discuss, the subject. It is very true, that a man may squander what ought to be devoted to his wife and legitimate offspring, upon spurious children born out of his house; but if spurious children are born *in* his house, and regarded as his own, he lavishes both his money and his affections upon them, and what is more, the *law* gives them his property—perhaps his whole property—at his death. There is no confusion, as regards the woman's knowledge, of the true and the false. Whether her offspring be legitimate or illegitimate, she knows it to be her own. But a man, in this the tenderest relation which humanity recognises, may be the prey of a miserable delusion all his life. The victim of injustice himself, he may unconsciously be unjust to others, and hereditary honours and property, or wealth acquired by years of self-denying industry, may be transmitted to the offspring of a wanton and the living evidence of his own dishonour.

Now all or very much of this is practically admitted, even by women who in theory protest against it. The Johnsonian doctrine, that wise married women "will not trouble themselves" about the infidelity of their husbands, may not be admissible without some qualification. But truly says Mrs. Norton, that a wise woman will forgive much, and that chastity is not the only virtue:—

"A man," she writes, "may yield to the temptation of passion, who yet at heart loves and respects his wife, and feels, after his delusion is over, a real shame and repentance. Nor is want of chastity the only sin in the world. A woman who is a chaste wife may fill her husband's days with unendurable bitterness; and a man who has

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\* There is a passage in Boswell's Life of Johnson, wherein the "great moralist" delivers his opinion on this subject, which will recall itself to the recollection of some of our readers, "I (*Boswell loquitur*) mentioned to him a dispute between a friend of mine and his lady, concerning conjugal infidelity, which my friend had maintained was by no means so bad in the husband as in the wife. JOHNSON, 'Your friend was in the right, sir. Between a man and his Maker, it is a different question. But between a man and his wife, a husband's infidelity is nothing. They are connected by children, by fortune, by serious considerations of community. Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands.' BOSWELL. 'To be sure, there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife.' JOHNSON. 'The difference is boundless. The man imposes no bastards on his wife.'" We cannot add that we adopt, without reservation, Johnson's idea of a "wise married woman."

lapsed in the observance of the marriage vows may, nevertheless, be a kindly husband and father, with whom reconciliation would be a safe and blessed generosity. If we add to these admissions woman's natural lingering love for her companion—love undeniable, indisputable—love evidenced each day even among the poor creatures who come bruised and bleeding before the police courts, refusing to give evidence in a calmer hour against the man, such evidence would condemn to punishment; if we add the love of children, the dread of breaking the bond which shall perhaps help a step-mother into the mother's vacated place; if we add the obvious interest, in almost every instance, which the woman has to remain in her home; and the horror most women must feel at the public exposure and discussion of such wrongs, it is evident they would not be so very eager to avail themselves, in usual cases, of the extreme remedy."

"But," adds Mrs. Norton, in this eloquent letter to the Queen, "in unusual cases, in cases of the dreary, stormy, deserted life, when profligacy, personal violence, insult, and oppression, fill up the measure of that wrong which pardon cannot reach—why is there to be no rescue for the woman? why is such a man to be sheltered under the Lord Chancellor's term of 'only a little profligate,' and 'condonation' supposed to be the only proper notice of his conduct?" In other words, why are the laws of Divorce in England such as they are? Why is the dissolution of the *vinculum matrimonii* so much more difficult on the plea of the wife than on the plea of the husband? In Scotland we know that the distinction is not maintained. Why does justice assume such different guises on the opposite sides of the Tweed?

The English law assumes that the two cases are not equal,—that the infidelity of the wife is a greater offence than the infidelity of the husband, both against the other consort and against society at large. And we think we have shown that it is so. But as sentence of divorce can only be pronounced by a competent tribunal, and that tribunal, whatever the law may be, will consist of men, we do not see what evil, which cannot practically be held in check, can result from the legal equalization for which Mrs. Norton contends. And when we bear in mind what has been written above about the willingness of the wife to "condone"—the natural tendency that there is to forgive inconstancy, when not attended with brutal violence and insult—we need not be under much apprehension that women, under any state of the law, will endeavour to divorce their husbands, except in cases of unendurable wrong.

"If an English wife," says Mrs. Norton, "be guilty of infidelity, her husband can divorce her so as to marry again; but she cannot divorce the husband, a *vinculo*, however profligate he

may be." This, however, is not exactly the state of the case, as she presently shews. "No law-court," she continues, "can divorce in England. A special Act of Parliament annulling the marriage, is passed for each case. The House of Lords grants this almost as a matter of course to the husband, but not to the wife. In only four instances (two of which were cases of incest) has the wife obtained a divorce to marry again." "In Scotland," on the other hand, "the law *has* power to divorce a *vinculo*, so as to enable either party to marry again; and the right of the wife to apply for such divorce is equal to the right of the husband; that license for inconstancy, taken out under the English law by the English husband—as one of the masculine gender being utterly unknown to the Scottish Courts."

In England, the first step towards a divorce, is an action for damages, on the part of the husband, against the supposed paramour of the wife. As in these proceedings, the wife is "non-existent," and cannot appear by counsel to defend herself, the chances are that the whole case is prejudged against her, before she has the power of saying a word in her own defence. It is true that her paramour may defend her; but it is not his interest to do so, except by shewing that the husband has offended against his wife, and does not enter Court "with clean hands." But so long as a money-value is set upon the love and fidelity of the woman, it is rather the policy of the defendant's counsel to make it appear that she was a bad than that she was a good wife. The tariff of damages is of course regulated in accordance with the supposed value of the chattel of which the husband is deprived, and it is the professional duty of the defendant's counsel to make this chattel appear as valueless as he can. Now this, which is, we believe, peculiar to the English law, is an injustice at the very outset to the woman. Her character, her position, her very means of subsistence are at stake. She is virtually, though non-existent and unrecognised, on her trial; but she is not permitted to say a word in her own defence. The matter is settled between the two men, as though it were one with which she has nothing to do. It need not be said that if another woman steal *her* life-partner, the damage which she has sustained is not triable by judge, or assessable by jury. There is no pecuniary compensation by law established for her. That idea the world considers as simply too preposterous for a moment's consideration. Doing or suffering wrong, women are "non-existent." The law decrees that they cannot injure each other. There may be some compensation in this. But, unhappily, it is compensation the advantages of which are only experienced by the guilty. It is the perfection of the English law that the only person for whom there is no protection is a virtuous and injured woman.



Having thus had his sufferings appraised by a jury, the English gentleman carries his case to the House of Lords, where it is unctuously re-investigated by a knot of elderly Peers, revelling in the delicate disclosures of prying chamber-maids and suborned valets. If my Lords are satisfied with the evidence, the bill—for the decree of divorce takes the shape of an Act of Parliament—is passed through all the required stages, and the injured husband is as absolutely released a *vinculo matrimonii* as though his unhappy partner were silent in the grave. The process is, of course, an expensive one, and therefore only open to the rich man. To the poor man such a luxury is inaccessible; and it is doubly inaccessible to the poor woman. Only four cases, says Mrs. Norton, are on record, of Bills passed at the suit of the wife, and two of these were cases of incest.

Now all this is different in Scotland. The wife is not legally non-existent. She has the privilege of defending herself. She has the same right as the husband of suing for divorce, and the same facility of obtaining it. And what is the result? Is there less domestic happiness on this side of the Tweed—are women continually putting off their husbands like last year's fashions? Mark the sarcasm with which Mrs. Norton replies to the question:—

"It is with timid reluctance that I permit myself to allude to the social condition of that unhappy country (Scotland.) To all loyal minds it must be matter for grave and sorrowful reflection, that whilst your Majesty is surrounded with faithful wives and discreet ladies in London, Windsor, and Osborne, the less cautious portion of the realm in which Balmoral is situated, is plunged in the grossest immorality. England is virtuous, but Scotland is a 'hotbed of vice.' It is a land dedicated to Cupid. Statues of Venus are set up in all the principal squares of Edinburgh. The marriage-tie is a mere true lover's knot. The ladies who present themselves at Holyrood are triumphant Messalinas. And on the decks of the emigrant vessels which crowd the harbour of Leith, groups of melancholy cast-off husbands might be seen bidding reproachful farewell to that inhospitable country where they only exist to be repudiated."

And from this strain of sarcasm she turns to argument and deduction, saying—

"The Scotch ladies will deny their guilt. They will deny that the upper classes of their nation have proved themselves more immoral than the upper classes in England. But they are contradicted by the Lord Chancellor and the whole House of English Peers. That body of senators have pronounced that to permit women in England to have the privilege accorded to the women of Scotland would be productive of the grossest immorality, and of multitudinous divorce. Now, to support that position, one of three things must be capable of proof. Either, having witnessed the effect of the divorce laws of Scotland,

and perceiving its women to be a nation of lost creatures, English legislators refuse to copy these laws, lest English women become as profligate as Scotch women; or else (and this is a reason to be carefully considered) they fear to trust English women with a privilege which their colder Caledonian sisters are less likely to abuse; or lastly, the extreme and universal profligacy of English husbands leads them to dread that if English women could once obtain the same privilege of divorce which is accorded to Scotch women, two English women out of three would be immediately discarded by their help-mates."

The evil consequences of assimilating the English law to the Scotch, are mere creations of the brain. There is a perverseness in human nature which renders a privilege accorded of less value than a privilege desired. That which we know we can do, we often do not care to do. We clamour loudly for liberty which we do not care to use, and often "regain our freedom with a sigh." Great lawyers are not always profound students of humanity. If they were, we should have to weep over fewer legislative errors. Facility of divorce would not necessarily produce frequency of divorce. It has often been said, that if the marriage contract were made like the lease of a house, renewable or not at the end of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, there are very few who would avail themselves of the privilege of dissolving the bond. It is notorious, too, that among the lower classes, those connexions which neither the Church has hallowed nor the Law sanctioned, and which, therefore, may be severed any day by either party, are frequently maintained in spite of what would seem to be the strongest earthly inducements to dissolve them. They survive mutual love and mutual kindness. Habit has the force of a sacrament; and women cling, with wonderful tenacity, even to the hand that smites them, and kiss the feet that treads them in the dust. The drunken, ruffianly, cruel paramour is tolerated and forgiven. Let him do what he may in his bestial violence—let him, after every conceivable outrage, drive her, shivering with terror and cold, into the cruel streets, and how often does it happen that she returns to him again with all the ardour and trustingness of a first love. Are women, who will bear so much, who will forbear so much, who will forgive so much—who will do anything rather than forsake an unhallowed connexion, not to be trusted with the privilege of divorcing themselves from their lawful husbands and dissolving that solemn contract which is typical of the union of Christ and the Church? Is such a privilege one that would be lightly used? The poor lost creatures of whom we have spoken, who have a home only upon suffering, whose children are entitled only to *their* names, do

not monopolize the womanly constancy of the world. If they are slow to dissolve a connexion, which the law does not recognise, and which may be broken any hour of the day by a simple effort of the will, are we to believe that the lawful wedded wife, with a rightful home, and children bearing her husband's name, will eagerly seek for opportunities of discarding the companion of years and launching into a new and doubtful future? Is not such a supposition opposed to all our knowledge of woman's nature and our experience of woman's conduct? Is it not rather to be believed that whatever facilities of separation the law may afford, the influence of old associations, the tender love which she bears towards her children, her unwillingness to cloud their future by placing them before the world as the offspring of divorced parents, her natural abhorrence of notoriety, her doubts of greater happiness in her new lot, and, peradventure, even the hope of better times to come in her old home—is it not rather, we say, to be believed that these influences will be stronger than any liberty of divorce which the law can accord to her, and that she will hope on and suffer on to the end of her days? Truly, yes; save in extreme cases—and for such cases no one denies that there ought to be a ready remedy. The argument is, that if divorce were to be more readily obtained, the number of suits instituted would render the legal facility a crying evil, and that if use were not made of this facility it could not be wanted. To this we answer, that women, except in cases of grievous, long-continued, and complicated wrong, will not rush to the emancipating tribunal; but it does not follow on that account that such a tribunal ought not to exist. It would be no valid argument against the abolition of slavery, even if ill-treatment were much rarer than it is, that there are many good masters, and that thousands of slaves would not practically demand their freedom if it were to be legally declared. The legal remedy ought still to exist. The principle is the same whatever the practice may be. We all like to know that we *may* do things which we never do. The sense of liberty, general or particular, is pleasant in itself; and we do not know when we may not turn it to account. We cannot imagine any practical evil that would result from improving the condition of women, in as far as it is affected by the laws of divorce. The facilities of which we speak would only be grasped at in cases when it would be a grievous wrong to withhold them.

"Now with respect," writes Mrs. Norton, "to the condition and effect of the laws for women in Scotland, it came out incidentally in the debate on the Marriage Bill, that the total amount of all the divorces in that misguided country during the last five years, only averaged twenty in all classes; and this

was not stated in defence of Scotch morality, but as a means of calculating what might be expected in England under a new system. In Scotland, then, though the right of divorce be equal, and the process so easy, that even if the party accused left the kingdom, he or she could still be proceeded against by what was then termed 'edictal citation,' (or reading the citation aloud at the market-cross of Edinburgh, and the pier and shore of Leith,) an average of twenty couples only availed themselves of the law, the existence of which so alarms English legislators." But leaving all speculations on the subject—all reference to human nature and the laws of the affections—let us see what is the ascertained fact, what the result of actual experience in our own unhappy country. The fact which Mrs. Norton here intends to convey is not very clearly stated. We presume that she means to speak of the *annual* average of divorces *granted*. It appears from a Parliamentary return, issued in 1844, that in the four preceding years there had been a total of 169 suits instituted in Scotland, or rather more than forty a year. Is there anything so formidable in this? In England and Wales, during the same period, 162 suits were instituted. Given then the population on each side of the Tweed, a plain rule-of-three sums will show us the probable number of suits in England under the suggested assimilation of the law.

And let those who are fearful of extending these facilities to women, consider again and again, that let the law be what it may, it will still be administered by men. If a legal tribunal were vested in England with the power of dissolving marriages upon suits instituted either by the husband or the wife, it would still be left to the men composing that tribunal to decide whether the wrongs pleaded and proved by the woman were sufficient to entitle her to a divorce. A man's view of the case would still be taken. We are not prepared to say that it would be an unjust one. It would be unjust if it were to be based upon the supposition, that what is an unpardonable offence against the man is an unpardonable offence against the woman: and that what on the other hand constitutes a ground for divorce against the man is also a sufficient plea for a divorce against the woman. Each is entitled to plead certain exemptions and immunities on the score of sex; and a just tribunal not regarding man and woman as mere "parties" to a suit—legal abstractions, as it were, fleshless, bloodless, passionless—will make for each its proper allowances, and take care that there shall be due compensation. Nature and Society have alike ordained these compensations. Why should they not also be ordained by the Law?

It may be said that, practically, the Law does recognise them, but only in a very partial manner. It makes differences and

distinctions, rather than awards compensations; and the balance is assuredly against the woman. It may be just, for reasons which we have already stated, to regard infidelity in the husband as an offence less grave than infidelity in the wife; and we believe that, if the power of divorce were transferred to a competent legal tribunal, it would seldom or never dissolve the *vinculum matrimonii* on the simple ground of matrimonial infidelity on the part of the husband; but when that infidelity is of a gross and open character, when the wife is not merely the passive recipient of wrong, but is actively insulted and outraged; when the husband ceases not only to cherish, but to protect his wife; when his superior strength is put forth, not for but against her; when he fulfils in no sense the duties of a husband, but stands over her simply as a tyrant\*—we do assert that it is a disgrace to the English law, that such total and absolute release from conjugal bonds, as will render the injured wife, mistress not only of her property, but her actions, is not obtainable without the aid of an Act of Parliament.

And this brings us to Mrs. Norton's second plaint.—A married woman, though neither protected nor supported by her husband, is, according to English law, so absolutely non-existent, that neither what is given to her by others, nor what she earns for herself, is her own. Now there are two sides, even to this ques-

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\* Take, for example, such a case as the following, which has recently been made public. We give it in the words of an earnest-minded weekly Journalist, (the *Leader*):—"A gentleman of property is married to a lady of good connexions, and of some attractions, but his desire for an heir is not gratified. He appears to be an attached husband, and certainly the lady is an attached wife. She is attentive to the household, and watches over his interests as carefully as if he were not himself captious and niggardly. Suddenly, however, he brings forward a story that she is too familiar with one of the grooms; that she has proceeded to the last familiarities, and has even made herself notorious in the stable-yard! This statement, accompanied by very circumstantial details, is told to her father, and is believed! The lady indignantly denies the calumny. Other servants are set to watch or to persecute her; the butler taking advantage of her position to become a suitor on his own account. The husband, told this fact, does not appear to disbelieve it, but does not remove the butler. Perhaps if the butler had succeeded, it would have been as useful as if the story about the groom had been true. Let the reader picture to himself a lady living in a country-house in Ireland, and subjected to treatment of this kind—her husband calumniating her, her own friends believing him, her servants conspiring against her, the butler insolently and alarmingly invading her very bedroom at night. The lady actually goes mad; and being mad, confesses that her husband's story is true. The untruth of the tale is proved by the circumstantial statement of one servant, and by a number of facts collected elsewhere, which are incompatible with the story. A judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court, however, has pronounced a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*; and the husband's way to a bill in Parliament appears to be clear. Such is the story told in a pamphlet by Mr. John Paget, the barrister acting on behalf of the lady in the case of 'Talbot v. Talbot.' Now, if this poor lady should recover her reason, and the story here stated be proved, what will be the remedy for her?"

tion of property. There are "compensations" in the relative conditions of the husband and the wife, with respect to money, as to other less substantial blessings. The husband is emphatically the "bread-finder." He is commonly the stay of the house. Even the English law compels him to support his wife and children. In most cases his whole life is devoted to this one duty. It is right that it should be so. It is as clearly God's curse upon man, that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, as it is God's curse upon woman, that she should bring forth children in sorrow. But man being the bread-finder, it is just that he should be the purse-holder. The responsibility of maintenance is his. The odium of failure is his. The danger is his. The penalty is his. In these respects the law recognises the "non-existence" of the woman. A man may be sent to prison to expiate the extravagance of his wife. He is responsible for debts which he does not contract. He may be punished for excesses of expenditure against which he may have remonstrated. He may have a weak, self-indulgent, extravagant wife—one, perhaps, of dissolute, drunken habits, from whom, if he be not a rich man, he cannot extricate himself; but still he is compelled to support her, still he is responsible for her debts, still he must pay the penalty of her offences.

All this is clearly, to use the expressive phraseology of poor Stephen Blackpool, in Mr. Dickens' story,\* "a muddle." The laws of man-and-wife are a grievance not solely to the latter. Mrs. Norton is too reasonable, and too just a woman, to need to be told that there are bad wives. But perhaps she will say that this picture of the honest, hard-working operative, chained by the law to a woman utterly profligate and debased, who left his home, and returned to it when she pleased, to desecrate and pollute it, and who, instead of a help-met to him, was the evil spirit of his life, is a picture painted by a man. But it is painted by a man who has an eye to see, and a heart to love, all that is true and beautiful in womanhood; who has illustrated not only

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\* *Hard Times*. It seems to have been Mr. Dickens' original design, in this tale, to illustrate the evils of the existing laws of divorce, but the idea, we know not for what reason, was not worked out to its legitimate conclusion. In this respect, notwithstanding the many fine passages which the story contains, (and there are none finer than some which we could indicate in the whole range of the author's works,) the effect of the whole is disappointing. There are few, we suspect, of Mr. Dickens' more thoughtful readers, who did not imagine that he was working up towards an illustration of the inequality of the laws of divorce, as they affect rich and poor, by shewing how Mr. Bounderley was enabled, by dint of money, to shake off a wife, guilty only of an indiscretion, and that too on the evidence of an interested witness, while poor Stephen Blackpool could not rid himself of the degraded being who was the curse of his life, though her offences against him and against God and man were notorious all the country round.

this truth and beauty, but the wrongs and sufferings of women, as no man has ever done before, and who would not be the great writer that he is, if he were a whit less catholic in his sympathies. But there are "hard times," and hard lines, for man as for woman, in this great matter of conjugal alliance; and when we see how poor Stephen Blackpool never returned home after a hard day's work, without "a dread that ever haunted his desolate home," of finding that his wretched wife had returned again to disgrace and impoverish him,—when we read the touching words (and seldom was such a history told in so brief a sentence,) that "the only evidences of her last return were the scantier moveables in his room, and the greyer hair upon his head," we cannot but recognise the truth, that men have their wrongs as well as women, and that, to be the bread-finder of a bad wife, is to realize all the bitterness of the curse.

Man being then the worker and the bread-finder, the responsibility of providing sustenance for the household, and the penalty of not paying for it being solely his, it would hardly seem that the wife, so long as their common wants are to be provided for by a common purse, can justly claim any exclusive property in what either accident or exertion places in her hands. No reasonable woman ever seriously thinks that she can. It may seem, at the first glance, to a woman, that if she have a legacy left her by some relative or friend of her own, who perhaps knows little and cares less about her husband, it is a hard thing that the executor should pay it to him, and not to her—that she cannot invest it in trinkets, or buy a pony-phæton, or send it to her favourite son in the Guards. Or if she be in a lower condition of life, she may grumble that the half-guinea given her by her old mistress, or the young gentleman she has nursed, is taken away from her, just as she is thinking of a new bonnet, because the rent is in arrears. But such thoughts as these are for the most part transient. Woman's better nature, which is instinctively generous and unselfish, soon reminds her, that for years she has been supported by her husband, contributing slightly, if at all, to the common purse—and shall she now grudge him the little, which, through her, comes either to increase his comforts or diminish his cares? We can hardly forgive Mr. Thackeray for that one passage in the career of Becky Sharp, which shews us how she suffered her husband to go to prison, and mainly too for her extravagance, whilst a bank-note of a large amount lay hoarded up in the recesses of the little lady's writing-desk. That is not a womanly trait. Women, indeed, on the other hand, are continually turning their tresses into bow-strings, for the use of their lords, making great sacrifices of self to enable their husbands to carry on the war against the common enemy. Practically they

acknowledge, that whatsoever they possess is the bread-finder's, but they like to think that it passes into his hands as a gift, and not as a right.

In ordinary cases, this non-existence of the wife, in respect to the possession of property, suggests nothing more than some semi-jocular complaints, some charmingly illogical argumentation, or at the worst, a little transient soreness on the part of the wife. But there are cases in which it is a source of intolerable aggravation—when the legal non-existence of the wife is as revolting to the reason as to the feelings—when the head and the heart alike declare against it. If the wife has the power of earning money, whether by writing books or washing linen, there is no reason, we repeat, why her earnings should not find their way into the common purse, and contribute towards the payment of the rent, or the liquidation of the baker's bill. But, when there is *no* common purse; when the husband will not support the wife; when she is the victim of his neglect and his cruelty, and he is squandering his earnings, perhaps, upon drink, perhaps upon some profligate connexions, it is surely a case of inconceivable injustice, that he should have the power of laying his hands, at any time, upon the produce of his wife's labour, and declaring that it is legally his. As the English law now stands, a husband may claim from the employer of his discarded wife, all the money that she has earned; and the employer is bound to give it to him. Any contract entered into with *her* is mere waste paper. She may earn money for her husband, as his horse or his ox may earn it for him, but not for herself. If she has been permitted to receive her earnings, and has contrived by painful economy and self-denial, to save any portion of them, she cannot leave her savings, after her death, even to her own children. They are absolutely her husband's; and he may take them, and give them all to the children of a paramour, or squander them upon the paramour herself. If our creed were the creed of the Mahometan—

Which says, that woman is but dust,  
A soulless toy for tyrants' lust,

we could not, in this Christian country, and in this nineteenth century, maintain a law in its operation more flagrantly unjust.

It may not be sufficient, in the estimation of some readers, to declare that the husband possesses this absolute power over the earnings of his wife; it may be required also to be shewn that he exercises it. It is frequently exercised. In the upper ranks of society the injustice sustained by the wife is rather of a passive than of an active character. She is wronged by the



silent operation of the law, rather than by the active malevolence of her law-protected husband. But in the lower ranks, where there is little or no property to exemplify the silent operation of the law, and men are not restrained either by the same "grip" of honour or the same fear of reproach as hold men of social eminence in check, the injustice of which we speak, takes the active shape of violent spoliation. We suspect that there are few well-read in the simple annals of the poor who could not cite numerous instances of injustice of this kind. Since we commenced this very article, an example has presented itself, in the parish wherein we write, and scarce a stone's-throw from our study-door. A poor woman had for years been gathering up a little money, the slowly-growing produce of her own painful industry, by means of which she hoped, when a sufficiency had been acquired, to visit some distant but unforgotten members of her family. At last she had hoarded up three sovereigns—a little fortune to her—the object for which she had so long been striving, seemed to be within her reach—when, lo! the prize dazzled the eyes of her husband, and he pounced upon it like a hawk. The savings of years were carried off to be spent at the beer-shop. And the poor woman went stark mad.

Now, except in the suddenness and fearfulness of the catastrophe, this is not a very striking illustration of the injustice of which we write; for the woman was living with the man, and was presumed supported by him, at the time of the robbery. Had she lived apart, and supported herself, he might still have laid violent hands upon her earnings. Mrs. Norton has given one or two illustrations of this phase of the non-existence question, (her own case included,) and we have now before us another volume, which contains, among others, the following notable example:—

"She was a capable girl, and had been an irreproachable wife, but unfortunately, her husband became a drunkard, neglected his business, and expended all their means of living. At length, just before the birth of her youngest child, he pawned the clothing she had provided for it, and drove her into the streets, to seek the aid of charity in her hour of trial. After her recovery, she went to service, and managed to keep her children, but her husband pursued her from place to place, annoying her employers, and collecting her wages by process of law. Unable to protect herself against her *legal protector*, she fled with her children to New Hampshire, where she obtained employment in a factory, till a year's residence should enable her to procure a divorce."\*

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\* *The Englishwomen in America.* By Marianne Finch. London, 1853.

This last sentence will assure the reader, that the case did not occur in England. It happened in the United States, where divorce is comparatively of easy attainment. This facility greatly mitigates the injustice of such cases; but still the injustice was so patent that our American brethren manfully acknowledged it, and the Legislature of New York, since the above passage was written, have passed an act, conferring on women, under certain terms and conditions, the legal possession of their own property. We suspect that there are few women amongst us who would not barter for this right their present exemption from responsibility for debt.

The exemption, however, is not one to be held of light account. We have known Englishwomen to resist to the utmost a settlement with their families on the Continent, in the fear of incarceration for debt; and we have known others who have been thrown into prison in the absence, accidental or designed, of their husbands.\* Still, we repeat that there are few women who would not willingly undertake the responsibilities of property for the sake of its legal independent possession. It is true, that in ordinary cases neither will the right on the one hand, nor the liability on the other, practically affect the happiness of the married woman for a day. But laws are for the most part made to meet not ordinary, but extraordinary cases. To a vast majority of mankind it is personally a matter of extreme indifference that the law sends a murderer to the gallows. Not one man in a million is murdered in the course of a year. To a vast majority of English wives it is doubtless a pleasure to cast all that comes to them by inheritance, by gift, or by laborious acquisition, into the common purse. It is their delight to be "one flesh" with their husband; to have nothing apart from him. But no woman knows, however bright the dawn of her conjugal career, in what storms and convulsions it may close. And the knowledge that, under the existing law, grievous wrong for which there is no redress, may be and is committed, is sufficient to make every one interested in the application of a legal remedy. It is the boast of Englishmen that women are protected by the law—but every woman's legal protector may vio-

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\* When the revolution broke out in Belgium in 1830, there were very many English families settled in the Belgian towns, whom the apprehension of danger drove down in a crowd to Ostend, eager to embark immediately for England. Some husbands were accidentally, perhaps unavoidably absent from their families at the time, and their wives, unable to discharge all the debts of their household, were seized and thrown into prison. We are sorry to add, that there were one or two cases of wilful desertion in this conjuncture—the husband escaping to England, and leaving the wife to be incarcerated for debt.

lently despoil her of her earnings, and spend them in a drunken revel with the paramour who has taken her place.

It may be said, "But redress is open to the woman—she may sue for a divorce, and having obtained it, she may profit by her own industry." Ostensibly, the law promises divorce in such cases; but practically she denies it. Divorce is for the rich; not for the poor. For the man; not for the woman. If there were any tribunal to which an injured woman could betake herself and say,—“I come before you with an empty purse but a full heart. I have no money wherewith to propitiate the divinity of justice; for the law allows me to possess none. I have only my wrongs to lay at your feet. My husband has deserted me. He is wasting his substance on a strange woman. But he will not suffer me to eat in peace the bread which I have earned with my own hands. He comes to me in my loneliness—vaunts himself my husband—and takes from me the wages of my industry. I now ask to be permitted to eat in quietness the bread which I have earned. I ask that, having ceased to be protected by my husband, I may be protected against my husband. I ask to be dissolved of my allegiance to him—to cease to be a part of him—to bear my own name and to work for myself.” If there were any tribunal, we say, to which an Englishwoman could betake herself, needing only the utterance of such solemn words as these to call forth the prompt response, “Stand forth and prove it,” then might it be asserted that redress is open to the woman. But how unlike a tribunal of this kind is the Court of Arches or the House of Lords!

It will, perhaps, be objected that a Court for what may be lightly called the settlement of matrimonial disputes would need to have not twenty-four hours but twenty-four weeks in every day. We do not believe it. If a wretched, ignorant, neglected child steal a yard of tape or half-a-pound of pig-lead from a rich man, neither law nor justice ever pleads that there is no time to take the necessary evidence relating to the abstraction of the farthing's worth of material property. Why should the plea of no time be urged in support of an excuse for not hearing one particular class of appeals for justice? But the fact is, as we have already shewn, that these appeals against the ill-conduct and ill-treatment of a husband would not be frequent. They would only occur in cases of grievous and long-continued wrong, when it would be an absolute disgrace to English justice to refuse to take cognizance of them.\*

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\* It will be understood that although our remarks in this place relate more especially to the appeals of a wife against the ill-treatment of a husband, we plead generally in favour of the institution of cheaper and more accessible tribunals, for

For it is not to be supposed that we, or any writers of either sex, desire to see the establishment of Courts, to which either husband or wife could rush, in a moment of aggravation, and make a sudden appeal for justice. In cases of personal violence, where immediate protection is required, the common police-courts of England are accessible to all, and by a recent law ample protection for the time has been extended to injured and outraged women. But where the question of the dissolution of the matrimonial contract is to be mooted, it would be preposterous to give heed to anything but a cool, deliberate appeal, passing through certain formal stages, which only a fixed resolution and a good cause could successfully encounter. The rapid processes of police justice are too slow for the transient resentment of an injured woman. It often happens that a charge is brought to-day, which is reluctantly supported to-morrow, though wounds which man's brutality has inflicted still bleed and throb, the wretched victim crawls into court only to plead for his forgiveness.\* With this fact before us, need we apprehend that anything short of a fixed and rooted determination, the growth of a long-abiding sense of wrong, would carry a woman into Court to reveal the sad story of her life, and plead for the dissolution of her conjugal bonds? We may rest convinced that there would be no frivolous and vexatious complaints of marital injustice, and no inconvenient multitude of suitors.

The subject of Divorce, however, is not that which we proposed to ourselves to discuss in this article, any further than in its bearings upon the legal fiction of the "non-existence" of married women. It is obvious, that so long as the dissolution of the marriage contract is almost an impossibility, and the marriage

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the adjudication of cases of conjugal wrong. As the English law now stands, the dissolution of the matrimonial contract is practicable, but only under certain conditions. The first is, that the party seeking it shall be a man; the second, that he shall be a rich one. It is this reproach which we desire to see removed.

\* As we are correcting the proof of this sheet, the following remarkable illustration of the truth of this statement lies on our table in the paper of the day. The *Times* of the 16th July contains the following:—"CLERKENWELL.—James Mars, a powerful man, nearly six feet high, 56 years of age, was charged before Mr. CORRIE with committing a most unprovoked and murderous outrage on his wife.

"Ellen Mars, a weak and sickly-looking woman, who carried a fine healthy-looking baby in her arms, and whose forehead was closely bound across with a linen band, the congealed blood disfiguring the bridge of her nose, and both eyes blacked, on entering the box, at once attempted to extenuate her husband's offence, by saying he was always a good husband, &c.

"Mr. CORRIE.—You have committed a most brutal assault on your poor hard-working wife. I wonder she was not killed. I would have sent you for the full period but for your illness and the appeal of your wife; but I cannot look over it lightly, for if I did, the law which was made to curb such brutality might as well be repealed. You must go to hard labour for three months; and, in the meantime, your poor wife and children shall be looked to while you are in prison."

contract is what it is, the larger and more important section of the women of England must be legal nonentities. That the effect of this is to limit the aspirations, to paralyze the energies, and to demoralize the characters of women, is not to be denied. They are born and educated, as it were, for total absorption. Even if the compensation, of which we have spoken, were more complete than it is, it would still be profound injustice to woman, to depreciate their capabilities of independent action, and to hold them continually in restraint. We make women what they are—we make them weak, and complain that they are not strong—we reduce them to dependence, and then taunt them with being incapable of independent action. Partly by our system of education—partly by our wise laws—we reduce them to the lowest possible level, keep them there, and revile them for not mounting higher.

We know all that may be said about "woman's sphere" and "woman's duties." We have the whole formula of expression by rote; and we believe in it, as far as it goes. We believe that married women, in all conditions of society, best contribute to the well-being of the family, and therefore to the common purse, by preserving order and harmony at home. Nature has ordained that this should be their primary duty. Even from the poorest homes we are sorry to see the wife absent, though she be earning money in the factory or the field. But the better the education—the higher the faculties of women, the better they will perform these primary duties. And it is not because at some period of their lives they have husbands to tend and children to nurse, that we are to take no account of the relation they bear to all the rest of the world. There would be more good wives and good mothers, if women were better trained to take a part in the active business of life—if they were educated as though they might be neither wives nor mothers, but independent members of society, with work of their own to do seriously, earnestly, and with all their might.

This theory of the non-existence of women pursues its victims from the school-room to the grave. Trained from the first to be dependent upon men, they pass through different stages of dependence, and at the last find that they cannot bequeath to another man the ring on their finger, which they may have worn from their earliest girlhood, or the Bible in which they first learnt to spell. To attain and preserve a condition of independence, it is necessary that they should abide in a state of singleness, which is, more or less, a state of reproach. Single women are legally capable of independent action, but they are seldom or never educated for it. It cannot be said that they are educated for the proper discharge of the duties of wife and

mother; but they are educated for the non-existence which that condition involves. And it is often the perception of this which drives women into matrimony without any assurance, sometimes scarcely even with a hope, of domestic happiness. What else are they to do? If they continue in their singleness, having been educated for non-existence, they are incapable of acting for themselves. They are fit, indeed, only to be absorbed.

And thus it is that this legal fiction of the non-existence of married women sits as a curse upon married and single alike. It taints from first to last the stream of their life. And Heaven only knows what a crop of misery is the rank result. As society is at present constituted, women are educated not to do, but to suffer. In some classes self-support is a reproach, not only to the self-sustaining worker herself, but to all who belong to her. Society decrees that she shall be non-existent—that she shall depend, perhaps upon charity grudgingly bestowed—that she shall live in a state of penurious idleness, useless, querulous, unhappy,—

And from red morning to the dewy fall,  
Folding her listless hands, pursue no aim at all—

but outwardly be what the world is pleased to call a *lady*. In other classes the curse works more grievously. Our peasant girls are not trained for labour. Society does not encourage them to labour. They reach the dangerous age of incipient womanhood, ill-educated, unskilled, aimless, useless—fit, indeed, for nothing, and if fit, seeing nothing to employ their fitness. They are not trained to make good wives—they are not trained to make good servants. They are not trained for independent employment, and there is little independent employment for them, if they were. There is nothing sadder in human life than this. And there is no greater question than that of Woman's Work. It cannot be entered upon at the end of such an article as this—Please God, we shall ere long devote a paper to it. What we have now written is a fitting introduction to the larger theme.

A few words more, however, before we lay down the pen, addressed in all candour, but in all kindness, to the authoress of the work before us. We sympathize with her sorrows; we appreciate her genius; we believe in her sincerity and truth. We do not question, for a moment, the importance of the work to which she has set herself, or the energy and ability with which it will be executed. We do not underrate the value of one striking example of a crying evil, even though the individual sufferer herself be the exponent of the general wrong. We em-

phatically repeat what we said at the commencement of this article—that it is well that such a story should be told, and that it is more potent in its simple details than much argument and declamation. But we cannot disguise from Mrs. Norton the fact that the continual repetition of her grievances, however natural, however defensible, will weaken the common cause. She must be careful, that in the minds of men, with less faith in her than ourselves, this common cause, this good woman's-cause does not degenerate into "Mrs. Norton's case." From the latter we are afraid that some will turn away who would give good heed to the former. Closely as the two little words assimilate, there is a mighty difference between the things which they represent. The case should be auxiliary to the cause; it should not master and overwhelm it. Bitterly, indeed, does Mrs. Norton plead in anticipation of such objections as these, that her literary earnings are her husband's, and if he is to profit by them, he shall profit only by the exposition of his own wrong-doing, and let him grow rich on his own humiliation if he will:—

"My husband, (she writes,) by sub-pœnaing my publishers to account for my earnings—that my gift of writing was not meant for the purposes to which I have hitherto applied it. It was not intended that I should 'strive for peace and insure it,' through a life of much amusement, bitterness, and many unjust trials; that I should prove my literary ability by publishing melodies and songs, for young girls and women, to sing in happier homes than mine—or poetry and prose for them to read in leisure hours—or even please myself by better and more serious attempts to alleviate the rights of the people, or the education and interests of the poor. When Mr. Norton, I say, allowed me to be publicly sub-pœnaed in court to defend himself, by a quibble from a just debt, and sub-pœnaed my publishers to meet me there, he taught me what my gift of writing was worth. Since he would not leave even that source tranquil and free in my destiny, let him have the triumph of being able at once to embitter and to turn its former current. He has made me dream that it was meant for a higher and stronger purpose—that gift which came not from man but from God. It was meant to enable me to rouse the hearts of others to examine into all the gross injustice of these laws—to ask the 'nation of gallant gentlemen' whose countrywoman I am, for once, to hear a woman's pleading on the subject. Not because I deserve more at their hands than other women. Well, I know, on the contrary, how many infinitely better than I—more pious, more patient, and less rash under injury—have watered their couch with tears! My plea to attention is, that in pleading for myself, I am able to plead for all these others. Not that my sufferings or deserts are greater than theirs; but that I combine with the fact of having suffered wrong, the power to comment on and explain the

cause of that wrong; which few women are able to do. For this I believe God gave me the power of writing. To this I devote that power. I abjure all other writing till I see these laws altered. I care not what ridicule or abuse may be the result of that declaration. They who cannot bear ridicule and abuse are unfit and unable to advance *any* cause; it is the cause of all the women of England. If I could be justified and happy to-morrow, I would still strive and labour in it; and if I were to die to-morrow, it would still be a satisfaction to me that I had so striven. Meanwhile, my husband has a legal lien (as he has publicly proved) on the copyright of my works. Let him claim the copyright of *THIS*!"

Still harping on her husband!—Ridicule and abuse are not for one so gifted, so earnest, and so much to be pitied, as Mrs. Norton. But why invite them,—having once told her story, and done all possible good by the telling, why court by these continual references to it, the sneers of the unsympathizing many? She says that she pleads for universal womanhood. Her future pleadings will be more cogent, if they are less mixed up with utterances of self. "Cradled into eloquence by wrong," she *has* been; but is she never to emerge out of this infancy of complaint? Let her have done with this egotism of sorrow. All whose good opinion is worth anything to her, would have believed her story had she indulged her resentment and vented her indignation in a less overflowing measure. These reiterated assurances of her wrongs are not needed by her friends; and they will hardly mollify her enemies. Let her "strive and labour," as she promises, for others. Let her keep the cause steadily before her, and look forward hopeful of the future. Let her not look back into the darksome past. "That way madness lies." Let her eschew such retrospects; and go forth, with a pure heart, a steadfast will, and an unclouded reason, to do battle, with all her woman's strength, against a common evil, a common enemy.

Woman's strength does not lie in anger and bitterness—in indignation and scorn. It lies in gentleness and forgiveness; in loving words and compassionate utterances; in yearnings after the happiness of others; in measureless charity towards all. God did not give Caroline Norton, as she says, the power of writing, to waste so precious a gift in useless revilings. It is a talent of which she will have to give better account than this. And we feel assured that she will give it. We hope and we believe that, in the two works—the published and unpublished pamphlets—now before us, she has thoroughly purged out all the dross of self; and stands prepared henceforth to be the unstained champion of the sisterhood. The hand that wrote the *CHILD OF THE ISLANDS* was never meant to do baser work.



Let it still be guided by that spirit of love, which would have made beautiful a work of far less genius, and whether it shape good words of poetry or of prose, they will be acceptable to us—and to the world. On no better theme than the claims of womanhood can such a woman discourse. Let wisdom and gentleness go hand in hand, and they will walk straight through the mist of prejudice to the goal of truth, needing no better counsel than that uttered by one, the force and sincerity of whose pleadings no one can estimate so well as Mrs. Norton herself:—

Faint not, oh spirit, in dejected mood,

Thinking how much is planned, how little done;

Revolt not, heart, though still misunderstood,

For gratitude, of all things 'neath the sun,

Is easiest lost—and insecurest won:

Doubt not, clear mind, that workest out the right

For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,

And patience weave it, ere that sign of might;

Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flushing to the light.

ART. IX.—*Institutes of Metaphysic: The Theory of Knowing and Being*. By JAMES FERRIER, A.B., Oxon. Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrews. Edinburgh and London. 1854.

THIS Theory is a curiosity in speculative literature. No man, its author tells us, has for these two thousand years seen the true flesh and blood countenance of a single philosophical problem. Metaphysicians, and especially those of Scotland, have, it seems, been at cross purposes. They have been beating the air instead of cultivating their sublime region. They have been searching for they know not what. They have been worshipping they know not what. The real mysteries that surround us have become commonplace under their hands, and nonsensical words and maxims have been invested with mystery. Their very dialect is an abomination to others, and an unknown tongue even to themselves. The dark words of one generation have become darker in the comments of the next. Even the partial illumination in the old Greek schools—the hazy insight of the early sages—has disappeared amid modern pedantry and sectarianism. We have turned from things to words—from discoveries sustained by demonstrative proof to contradictory guesses. At the best, our library of modern speculation is a series of vain endeavours to decypher a long-lost hieroglyphic. The greatest minds of the race in each age have unaccountably surrendered themselves to the illusion, and Metaphysical Literature is the result of this extraordinary hallucination. But now at last, in this Theory, we are invited to contemplate the cosmos instead of the chaos of speculation.

The intellectual magician who boldly offers to remove the disorder that has been gathering for two thousand years, and to let in the light of the noonday sun on the darkest path of human research, of course invokes a special attention when he thus claims to be our guide. And seldom have we encountered a companion in whose society we could more agreeably pursue our journey. In travelling with Professor Ferrier over these pages we have beguiled weary hours—seduced by his ingenious paradoxes, his humorous illustrations, and his quaint yet graceful style. The hoary incrustations of philosophical terminology actually melt away beneath the sunshine of his genial enthusiasm. We are conducted over the arctic wastes of abstract thought as happily as if we were on a journey through the regions of poetry or romance. Then Mr. Ferrier is not more attractive as a companion than he is original and adventurous as a guide. He is ready to follow speculation wherever specu-

lation chooses to carry him, disregarding the precedents alike of his vulgar and his philosophical predecessors. The pure air of mental liberty is alone agreeable to him. From Pythagoras to Hegel his sympathies are all with those who have pursued truth, however far she might lead them from the prudent conventions of popular opinion. No Scottish, perhaps no modern metaphysician, has ever played with a more pleasant freedom over the sublime mysteries of existence. Indeed, the graver class may be apt to complain that in a neighbourhood so awful, their guide wantonly abandons himself to the amusements of the intellectual gymnasium, and seems sometimes more ready to exhibit dexterous escapades by the way, than to conduct them to the resting-place for which they are longing.

We were drawn to this volume with more sympathy and higher expectations, than to almost any philosophical book that has appeared in our critical career. We have found it a work of logical and literary art, abounding in passages of great beauty. But when we contemplate the one prominent conclusion which constitutes its professed discovery, apart from the suggestive and highly entertaining mental processes through which we have been made to pass on our way to it, we must frankly acknowledge our disappointment and surprise. Our guide boasts that he has broken into "the innermost secrecies of nature," and that he can now "lay open the universe from stem to stern." He offers to carry us over the obstacles which have foiled so many generations of philosophers, on a level railroad of demonstration, straight into the citadel of existence. But we do not see in all his elaborate structure the keystone of a scientific arch, on which we can cross the chasm where so many metaphysicians have perished. We travel so far on the old road, and when we are told that we have crossed the dark abyss, we find on examination that we are where we were before, with our guide endeavouring to persuade us that the darkness and the abyss are spectral illusions of our own. What is solid in this system has long been familiar, and its promised revelation appears to us a dogma not merely unproved, but assumed in the face of opposite proof. Instead of seeing in this new *Theory of the Universe* the great discovery that its author proclaims, we are compelled to regard it as tending to obscure the wisest lesson which philosophy has taught to mankind, and the one which of all her lessons mankind, we sometimes hope, are really beginning to learn.

But we must indicate some of our reasons, and not merely make assertions. We shall try to keep our remarks within narrow limits, and resist the temptation to follow Mr. Ferrier into many interesting digressions, that we may always have before us the

doctrine which forms the essence of his Theory. The acceptance or rejection of that doctrine turns upon the deepest question in speculation, and, through speculation, in human knowledge.

Seventy pages of an Introduction place us in front of the question to which all metaphysic worthy of the name, attempts to find either a positive or a negative answer. In these pages we have a view of the nature and proper mode of pursuing metaphysical truth; and also some ingenious reasons in explanation of the anarchy which is said to prevail among its students. The rest of the volume is a development of the Discovery to which the author asserts his claim. Let us pause for a little in the Introduction, to learn *what* Mr. Ferrier means by Metaphysics; and also *why* and *how* a science worthy of that venerable name ought to be produced.

It is well to fix the word to a meaning as definite as possible. While a small minority of thoughtful persons have for ages been pursuing a tolerably marked line of contemplative research, under this name, the majority of mankind, finding the research uncongenial to them, have disturbed those engaged in it, by carrying away their watchword, and employing it as a vague term of reproach. The metaphysicians themselves have at last become confused, in doing and describing their work, when the word that was invented to designate it is found labelled on the backs of men who are doing nothing at all—or perhaps mischief. We thank Mr. Ferrier for helping to rescue it from this predicament. He has nowhere offered a formal definition. But he has associated the name with a volume which expressly, and in a very exclusive manner, deals with the chief question, which, in some one of its many phases, has kept metaphysicians busy since men began to reflect, and which must continue to do so until reflection has died out in the human race. To find the relation of knowing and being—of our knowledge to absolute existence—of thought to the infinite—of intelligence to the unconditioned, are technical expressions for a task which, in one form or other, meets every man who tries to analyze his knowledge and to read its deeper meaning.

It is easy to caricature the metaphysical problem, and the formulas in language which have been invented to express the higher refinements of thought. We meet men who deny that philosophical words and phrases can have any meaning at all, because they have no meaning for *them*; or who translate them in a way that justifies the denial. What rational being cares to consider whether, in the *superficial meaning of the words*, the external senses are worthy of trust, or whether his

personal identity is preserved from day to day? Every sane man of course believes, *in some sense*, that he himself and other intelligent beings exist, and that matter exists, and that the course of nature may be depended on. Yet grave modern philosophers, it is said, have been wrangling only about these truisms—to the amusement if not the profit of their audience. And no doubt shallow pedants, with souls void of the reflective genius which alone transmits life beneath these “masks” of a deeper controversy, *have* mingled in the fray. But the life itself of modern thought lies under the forms in which it thus takes expression. The metaphysician does not seek to prove—what everybody grants in some sense—that he himself exists, or that matter exists, or that God exists. He does not give any extra evidence that what men see and touch and taste is real—that our feelings, thoughts, and volitions, are actually experienced by us—or that other intelligences than our own may reasonably be inferred to exist, through the marks of design made known to our observations. But he asks what EXISTENCE means, and must mean, when thus variously employed? May the word be applied to what is not and cannot be an object of knowledge and thought; or is every such application of it, whether in popular or in scientific discourse, the expression of an illusion and the parent of an error?

All the ultimate controversies of mankind converge in dependence on the formula which should be used to express the relation of Reason to Being—of what is *comprehended* by us to *what is*. Is our knowledge in any respect identical with existence; or, on the contrary, may we believe what cannot be known, what seems even to contradict the very essence of our knowledge? Must every set of propositions, whose collective meaning seems contradictory, while each separately is mysterious, be excluded from belief—on the ground that our knowledge, in its essence, must be absolute? In these questions lies the strength of dogmatic Ontology, with its dry bones of definition; and also of Philosophy, with its theories of perception and causation—of the absolute and unconditioned. They invite positive or negative solutions of the problem, Is an unknown possible? does existence depend on being positively known?

Whether they like the name metaphysician or not, all men more or less entertain this question. They are unconsciously solving it in the positive way, when they dogmatize, as some are wont to do, about the ultimate possibilities of things, and even pervert positive evidence, in interpreting it consistently with their dogmas. It has in fact been answered formally by metaphysicians, and practically by mankind at large, in *both* ways;—while a third party sceptically evade it altogether. Some

employ our intelligence as the measure of Being, and conclude, that what cannot be reduced by definition within *its* laws must be excluded from belief. Others interpret all their positive knowledge, through the Faith that *what is* may transcend intelligence. The sceptics of every order regard all beyond Sense or common experience as matters in which we have no concern. We have thus *ontological* metaphysicians, *philosophical* metaphysicians, and *sceptical* metaphysicians. But the ontological and sceptical extremes meet; and we may divide metaphysicians into Ontologists and Philosophers.\* The former profess to answer positively the question in our last paragraph. The latter confess that it cannot receive any definite reply, but deny that it is therefore insignificant. Ontology and Philosophy are the two metaphysical streams. They rise on the same intellectual summit, and flow ever after in opposite directions. It may be difficult to detect the difference at their source, but it becomes more obvious, when, in our progress through the various "climates of opinion" we find mankind virtually formed into two great sections, as they, consciously or unconsciously, incline to merge faith in knowledge, or knowledge in faith. Mr. Ferrier, with his definition of absolute existence, takes his place among the Ontologists. He cannot fairly claim a designation which substitutes Love for knowledge, Faith for intellectual comprehension.†

The "theory of knowing and being" is, we have said, the classic ideal of Metaphysics. We agree with Mr. Ferrier in accepting that theory as the proper object of the study. But great part of his book is occupied in illustrating the degraded position and indecent attitudes of professed metaphysicians,—especially of modern British psychologists. There is no doubt that, in the century and a half which has elapsed since Locke's Essay became popular, the vocabulary, and, on a superficial view, the objects of the study, have been changed in this country. This change, so far as it implies an abatement from the old ideal, has been partly occasioned by the disinclination for the rarefied atmosphere around the source of the two streams, so characteristic of middle-class Englishmen; and still more by the speculative apathy common with them to mankind, which fails to introduce their living meaning into technical words invented to express profound

\* We use Philosophy here in its etymological meaning, in which it is supposed to meet absolute Being with *love* and *longing*, rather than with intelligence. Ontology seems more akin to Sophistry, and philosophy was originally used to express antagonism to the sophists.

† METAPHYSICS and SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY are not properly quite synonymous. *Speculative Philosophy* is one mode—as it seems to us the only lawful mode—of disposing of the metaphysical problem; its organ is Psychology. *Ontology* is the other, and, as it seems to us, an unlawful adjustment of that problem; its organ is Formal Logic.

thought. The tension of mind which this department of intellectual service calls for is too great, too constant, and too unexciting to the vulgar taste, to permit more than a few in each age and country to engage in it with earnestness. But the British idea of the nature of metaphysics is not, after all, so far wide of his own as Mr. Ferrier seems to imagine.

It is true that metaphysic is the science or theory of Being. But the only knowledge of this kind that is possible to us may be—and we believe is—the theory of the ultimate or necessary relations of *our* Knowing to Being. Now this restricted view coincides well enough with that of our best British psychology, with its “faculties,” and “mental states.” What are these but the issue of faltering endeavours to define *existence as known by us*, i.e., to discover the theory of *human* knowledge? Many of our “mental philosophers,” since Locke, have perhaps discredited this ideal, and have treated the human understanding as they would any of the ordinary phenomena in nature,—forgetful that the theory of Knowledge is, by implication, a theory of Being, and that intellectual phenomena are related to *all* phenomena as their ideal side. Psychology has in consequence so far ceased to be Philosophy *de facto*, but not *de jure*. It still conducts to the loftiest of human sciences, even though its votaries may forget the dignity of their position. In short, the “science of the human mind,” with “its hopeless inquiry about *faculties*, and all that sort of rubbish,” is simply an attempt to define the ultimate relations of *our* Knowing to *Being*.

But *why* should we engage at all in this severe kind of intellectual labour? Why transcend the useful routine of common life on these speculative altitudes? Meditative exercises of that kind cannot be the staple of the mental experience of mankind, or the sole employment of any man. Why should they be the chief business even of a few?

We cannot now discuss this large question, nor review even the portion of these Institutes, in which the motives that have hitherto sustained reflection among men, and the ends secured by its continued activity, are analyzed. Their main defence of the study, so far as it differs from the common one, is suicidal. The author cuts the branch on which he has to stand. He employs the Reason which he condemns, to correct, *per saltum*, its own fundamental errors; and declaims against the philosophers for attempting, through inductions founded on our reflex experience, to make a *gradual* approach to the system of universal truth. His system is essentially polemical. His ideal metaphysician is an intellectual warrior;\*—but he is sent to the fight

\* We need hardly note, that *every* professed philosophical doctrine, from Socrates downwards, is virtually polemical, i. e., meant to correct human reason as it

with his weapons taken away from him, and his position lost. "The original dowry of universal man," says Mr. Ferrier, "is inadvertency and error." The principles now universally received as ultimate, under the name of common sense, have, he thinks, perplexed knowledge, rendering it incoherent and contradictory. The multitude have therein inadvertently worshipped illusions, and the psychologists—those sham metaphysicians, have pandered to the vulgar taste, and confirmed the people in their idolatry. They have "reconciled" Philosophy with the Faith of common sense, by making it the servant of absurd prejudices; instead of taking the manlier course of exploding, by the application of thorough-going reasoning, traditional beliefs that are really void of consistent meaning. Metaphysic, in its genuine aspect, is, he would say, a continual struggle with the common sense of mankind. Its aim is to take the place of common sense. But Faith, we reply, is the soul of work. We cannot carry on even this work of warring against the original beliefs of mankind, without retaining some of them to give us life and strength. The Theory, indeed, does not wholly overlook this. It tries to retain *a part* of the common sense, as the basis of its operations, in the war which it declares against *the whole*. But we must examine the position which Mr. Ferrier thus reserves for his metaphysician. Perhaps the principle which reserves it may either secure a broader basis, or else hinder any.

Through "the compulsory reason" alone, we are told, can we conquer for ourselves a deliverance from our "original dowry of inadvertency and error." The "ordinary opinions of mankind" are contradictory; and Psychology is their proclaimed guardian. Metaphysic, as polemical, must explode Psychology. But it is too modest to make the attempt, unless it can bring a stronger force than mere "probability" against it. It must, therefore, according to Mr. Ferrier, be an *a priori* science. We can address ourselves to the problem of Being, only in what may be called the *demonstrative*, as distinguished from the *observational*, state of mind. The necessary part or essence of Being, is what the speculative reformer must define and display scientifically. He wants to discover "what is" as it *must* be—leaving it to the students of the various physical sciences to observe and generalize the contingent phenomena of the universe. Existence is studied by him, not in any of its variable manifestations, material or mental, but

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is, and to bring it nearer to its ideal. Who more clearly illustrates this than our own John Locke, whose Essay is a polemic against prejudices? His ardour in this cause has produced a *bluntness* in his weapon, which has exposed him to the keen-edged speculation of less practical and earnest combatants. But the fact that the metaphysician is a polemic does not determine his *mode* of warfare; and it is here that we separate from Mr. Ferrier.



only in those which are essential, and apart from which it could not *be* existence, but absurdity and contradiction. We may, perhaps, be tempted to ask whether there is *any* atmosphere of "necessary truth," in which existence, as such, must be thus enveloped? The method of constructing knowledge anew, on the foundation of a single abstract proposition rescued as a "necessary truth" from the ruins created by philosophic doubt, has already been several times tried with indifferent success—as Des Cartes, Spinoza, and their recent successors can prove. But we need not perplex ourselves about this question at the outset. Let us wait the issue of this fresh attempt. If Mr. Ferrier, or any one else, *has* thus discovered the essence of Being, there is an end to the question.

The neglect of most metaphysicians to use this formal method is the author's explanation of their notorious aberrations. Mr. Ferrier everywhere inveighs against his predecessors and contemporaries, especially in Scotland, for abandoning the "necessary truths," or for confounding truths that are "necessary," with others void of that distinguished mark. In his hands, at all events, no truth can be admitted into Metaphysics that is not either an axiom or a deduction from axioms. All through the structure he promises to rear, we are to live in an uninterrupted blaze of demonstration, like that of Euclid. The work is to be a "mass of demonstrations," "a chain of clear demonstration carried through from the first word to the last," "one large demonstration from the beginning to the end." It is not a system of mathematics, and does not include that department; but it thus far resembles it, that when we relapse from a rigour of reasoning equal to that in pure mathematics, we may take this as a sign that we are wandering out of the metaphysical province. It is indeed true that all the vulgar, and the great majority of professed thinkers, *have* hitherto thus gone astray. But this is not to be wondered at. The real wonder would have been, had the case been different. The actual case only illustrates the necessary laws of human progress and of the history of opinion. The deepest truths *must* come last. Men must traverse the surface of knowledge, before they recognise those axioms which yield trains of demonstration about the essence of Being. Hence, in these years of "progress," they have created physical sciences, while they have hardly made a commencement in Metaphysics. But now, in this modern Theory of our ingenious countryman, speculation hopes to return to the point from which originally she set out, and to travel thence with a clearer vision and a firmer tread. We may now, at last, breathe, we are told, only the atmosphere of "necessary" truth, from the beginning to the end of our metaphysical enterprise.

But how are we to know *when* we are doing this? how distinguish that pure air from the denser atmosphere of probability and vulgar knowledge? What *kind* of necessity is referred to, when it is said, that the truths about Being we are to search for are only the necessary truths? An illustration may convey the reply. That I am writing at this table is *not* a necessary truth about Being. It is only one among many other possible forms or phenomena. I can fancy myself walking in my garden or travelling to the moon. I can, in short, know Being in innumerable other forms. I can conceive every object to be different from what it is. In all this experienced fluctuation or contingency, I have sufficient proof that, at least, phenomena which may thus be changed at will are not necessary. They may be conceived to be different from what they are. But that a thing is and is not at the same time—that A is not A—is a contradiction in terms. A *contradiction* cannot possibly be true. No volition, human or divine, can make it true. An invincible necessity forces us to reject a contradiction. Now, if we can find any propositions concerning “what is,” which cannot be rejected without a contradiction in terms, these surely are necessary. In *them* we may find the definition which limits Being. The logical axioms of Identity and Contradiction, as they are technically called, are the most general expressions of that necessity. The opposites of all metaphysical truths must contradict these axioms; they must affirm that Being at once is and is not. Now, can we thus develop Metaphysics from Formal Logic? Are there any truths about existence that are fenced in by this purely logical necessity? If so, in what quarter can we find them? Mr. Ferrier answers these questions by evolving his system,—and in an order which he says is, like all else in metaphysics, “necessitated not chosen.” What is that order?

The nature of the necessity explained in the last paragraph implies the answer. What *is*, is at least what *is known*. Knowledge thus far contains existence—even though the question of the possibility of *unknown* existence should remain undetermined. And the “necessity,” which is the organ of discovery in Metaphysics, appertains to knowledge. It is *felt* in the act of knowing. Reflection must, therefore, in the first place, be applied to Knowledge. We must try to find the essence of knowledge—some element whose presence creates knowledge, while its absence implies a contradiction; and which thus limits knowledge, as such, by the infallible logical law. The first part of every system of metaphysics must, therefore, be an EPISTEMOLOGY or theory of knowledge.—But is this theory co-extensive with Metaphysics? Knowing is, indeed, a manifestation of Being. But, perhaps, it is not the *only* one—and so the definition of Being

slips through our hands. Our theory of existence *as known* cannot perhaps be transferred to existence *absolutely*. Accordingly, we must try to direct our scientific resources against the vaunted region of Ignorance. We must have an AGNOIOLOGY or theory of ignorance, as well as an Epistemology. If we are successful in our assaults on knowledge and on ignorance, then at last we have the theory of Being,—for that theory must express the essence of Being either *as known* by us, or *as unknown* to us. No third aspect of Being is logically possible. It would imply a contradiction in terms.—The problem of ONTOLOGY is therefore solved, in a limitation of absolute Being by the definition yielded in the theories of knowledge and ignorance. Any surplus of scholastic formulas and “common sense” beliefs that violate that definition, and in which human reason has hitherto played the fool, must pass for ever away into what Mr. Ferrier calls the “limbo of contradiction.” If we can conquer a theory of Knowledge and a theory of Ignorance, we *must* have a positive Ontology within our power.

Can we then, in following this order, find anything we are obliged to affirm of Being, as such, on pain of contradicting ourselves, *i.e.*, implying that what is *said* to exist at once is and is not? (If we can, *that* is Metaphysics.) Let us try to condense Mr. Ferrier's very confident reply, diffused as it is through forty-one demonstrations, which, with their comments, are spread over more than four hundred pages of his Institutes.

ALL KNOWLEDGE must be a relation. It must be a something known. The “something,” defined in knowledge, is technically called its *object*; and the “known,” by which it is defined, represents the *subject*, *i.e.*, the element variously named “ego,” “self,” “intelligence,” &c. Both these elements are essential in knowledge; but one of them is variable or contingent in its forms, the other identical amid all the changes of its correlative. An indefinite variety of “objects” (*e.g.*, solid and extended objects, commonly called Matter; and states or feelings of Mind) may be contained in knowledge. The “subject,” or pure intelligence, must be the one feature which is identical, invariable, and essential, in all this variety. But these two elements—the former, in any one of its innumerable forms, the latter, in its invariable form—are *both* necessary to constitute *any* knowledge. If either be abstracted, the knowledge (*i.e.*, existence *as known*) relapses into a contradiction. Take away the “something,” *i.e.*, an *object*, and the “known” becomes nonsense; it cannot, without a contradiction in terms, be called knowledge. Or, withdraw the act of “knowing,” *i.e.*, the *subject*, and again the “object” is converted into nonsense, and only through a

contradiction can be styled knowledge at all. To maintain that knowledge can survive the abstraction of *either* element, is as absurd as to affirm that a circle can want its centre, or that A can be B.

This, surely, is a position any one may occupy without opposition. No man can deny *explicitly* that existence as known must be a relation which implies this synthesis; because no man can deny that knowledge implies both a consciousness of knowing, and also an object that is known. It may therefore be taken as the one fundamental axiom,—to be employed against those who deny it *implicitly*, *i.e.*, who contradict it in various ways inadvertently. The theory of knowledge is just a systematic employment of the axiom in this service. Trains of demonstration resting on it are applied in succession to explode contradictory propositions which, by implication, deny that all knowledge is an “object—known.” Modern metaphysics, under the name of Psychology, is crowded, it is said, with such propositions; and under its protection, they, with the brood of noxious errors which they nourish, have undisputed possession of the popular mind. Men habitually profess to include in knowledge, an “object” *separated from the act of knowing*; or a “knowing” that is *void of any object*. Thus they nonsensically distinguish subject from object, not merely in the act, as they *may* do, but also out of and independently of the act of knowledge, which they *cannot* do consistently. An *unknown* object (*i.e.*, an object separated from knowing) is a contradiction; and a self or subject *not engaged in knowing any object* is also a contradiction. The “ordinary” distinction of subject and object\* is therefore absurd. They can no more be separated than the centre can be separated from the circle. But they may be theoretically distinguished from one another, as the centre may be thus distinguished from the circumference of a circle.

The axiom may be now applied in detail to the various “objects” of knowledge. That Matter and Mind, for example, are known, and can be thought and reasoned about by us—each *per se*, *i.e.* in separation from the other, must be, by implication, a contradiction in terms. It implies that an object is known and yet not known at the same time. All that men can really know or conceive must be *knowledge of matter* and *knowledge of mind*. This must be, until we can get at the object apart from the act—in other words, know without knowing. We cannot, as it were, strip objects of the acts of knowing by which they are *made* objects, and then contemplate them apart. Hitherto, men have spoken about matter and mind—self and not-self—as if either could

\* *i.e.*, in which “subject” stands for *self*, and “object” means an independent *not-self*.

The germ of this curious Theory may be found in the works of an author of popular celebrity in British literature. The system of Bishop Berkeley at any rate resembles the new doctrine, and Berkeley alone, of all British metaphysicians, receives Mr. Ferrier's enthusiastic praise. Nor have we any desire to abate the praise. Only we may for a moment place the good Bishop's theory beside Mr. Ferrier's, developed as it is with less scholastic formality. We quote the following from among many other passages in Berkeley, relating to the nature of Being:—

"That neither our thoughts, nor passions, nor ideas, formed by the imagination, exist without the mind, is what everybody will allow. And it seems no less evident that the various sensations or ideas imprinted on the sense, however blended or combined together, (that is, whatever objects they compose,) cannot exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving them. I think an intuitive knowledge may be obtained of this, by any one that shall attend to *what is meant by the term EXIST, when applied to sensible things*. The table I write on, I say, exists, *i.e.*, I see and feel it; and if I were out of my study I should say it existed, meaning thereby, that if I was in my study I might perceive it, or that some other spirit actually does perceive it. There was an odour, *i.e.*, it was smelled; there was a sound, *i.e.*, it was heard; a colour or figure, *i.e.*, it was perceived by sight or touch. That is all that I can understand by these and the like expressions. For as to what is said of the absolute existence of unthinking things, without any relation to their being perceived, (known,) that seems perfectly unintelligible. Their *esse* is *percipi*, nor is it possible they should have any existence out of the minds of thinking beings which perceive them. It is, indeed, an opinion strangely prevailing amongst men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and, in a word, all sensible objects have an existence, natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding. But with how great an assurance and acquiescence soever this principle may be entertained in the world, yet whoever shall find in his heart to call it in question, may, if I mistake not, perceive it to involve a *manifest contradiction*. . . . Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind, that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, *viz.*, that all the choir of heaven, and furniture of the earth,—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind,—that their Being is to be perceived or known. To be convinced of which, the reader need only reflect, and try to separate in his own thoughts the *being* of a sensible thing, from its *being perceived*. From what has been said, it follows that there is not any other substance than spirit, or that which perceives."—*Principles of Human Knowledge*, iii.-vii.

Berkeley's theory differs from Mr. Ferrier's, in being, at least, more cautiously vague. He does not define known-existence as

Mr. Ferrier does—in distinguishing its necessary and invariable element from its contingent and variable one. He says that matter must be known. But he does not define the knowledge. His theory, accordingly, is only indefinitely, if at all, an ontological one. Berkeley absorbs the *material world* in knowledge. These Institutes absorb Absolute Being in a *definite kind* of knowledge,—thereby excluding from belief every proposition which cannot be reconciled with that definition. Berkeley, trained in an earlier school, evades a demonstrative Ontology. Mr. Ferrier, carried with a later generation on the strong tide of German speculation, has developed the Psychology of Berkeley into a kind of Scottish Hegelianism. The theory of Berkeley may be criticised as a theory of human reason in its relation to the material world; this Theory of Knowing and Being must be criticised with reference to its boasted definition of absolute existence. The Idealism of Berkeley, regarded only as a psychological sentence of extermination on unknown matter, is a very different thing from Mr. Ferrier's ontological sentence of extermination on whatever is not known as an *object* in relation to a *subject*.

Must mankind henceforward join Mr. Ferrier in this sentence, if they are to preserve the dignity of rational beings?

Only when they are ready to accept, *as an absolute or ontological truth*, the psychological necessity on which the Theory rests. If we may assume, without proof, and without explaining the facts which seem to forbid the assumption, that the essence of *our* knowledge is absolute—complete—perfect, then no extraordinary strength of reasoning is required to reach Mr. Ferrier's conclusion,—that there cannot be “an unknown,” *i.e.*, an object divorced from a subject, or a subject divorced from an object. But the Theory must presume that it is already on ontological ground in its very first proposition, if it is really on that hitherto inaccessible territory in its last. Now, what if we allege that the real difficulty it has to meet is the difficulty of defending the absolute meaning, which the first proposition in the Epistemology requires to have, in order that it may carry the conclusion contained in the tenth demonstration of the Ontology? The Theory rests on a single necessary truth. In this respect it resembles the systems of Des Cartes and Spinoza. These speculative systems are blind to all that is not expressed or implied in their favourite axioms; and they are thus enabled to boast of their “demonstrative” character. The method used by theorists of this class tempts them to turn the blind eye to all beyond the narrow foundation on which alone the demonstration can be made to stand. This Theory has taken no precau-



the phenomena of Space, Time, Number, and ground or Substance of the known universe, of the physical and moral government of the spectacle might be formed if we were here to and present as it were in a tabular view, these actual phenomena by which our Reason is limited on the metaphysical wheel for our edification, the antinomies of Kant. We might thus have of Reason in its demonstrated weakness—our experimentally proved finitude. When, with speculations of departed men of thought, we ultimate propositions in our knowledge, we find believing and acting upon truths which, taken partially intelligible, while, taken collectively, they are logical and apparently contradictory. Even the "facts" of human knowledge contradict one another and cannot be known; i.e., logically comprehended. The fact has been the occasion, as it has been the difficulty of previous Ontologies and high speculations. These "reasons" were illustrated by us in a recent article\* on the "soluble problem" which they suggest, and to which we point at some evidence for the assertion, that knowledge cannot be presumed to be *absolute* without an intellectual suicide. In the profoundest part of our mental life we have proof, as irresistible as demonstration, that knowledge is wrought into the very fibres and tissues of our knowledge. When we try to realize collectively, of relative knowledge,† the beliefs to which we are arrived, we find the nascent knowledge becoming solid in the experiment. Sceptics, like Hume, have reached this result that our knowledge is an illusion; in doing so, with Pascal, the wiser lesson that it is only through the apparent contradictions result from the assumption that it is essentially complete.‡ Mr. Locke looks both the inference and the lesson, and without exception inserts a primary law of finite knowledge into the metaphysical speculation. It is vulgarly called a system of universal scepticism.

*Critical Review*—No. xliii. p. 113.

the law of subject + object.

"With," says Cudworth, "though abused by the Sceptics, that there is something incomprehensible, in the essence even of the lowest of even Body itself, which the Atheists think themselves so well because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only knowledge they acknowledge either in themselves or the universe, hath such a simplicity and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never



cism—as if that were possible. It is rather an emphatic and unqualified exposure of the apparent contradictions which illustrate the finitude of human knowledge; with almost no reference to the Faith which these very contradictions may be made to nourish. The intellectual giant took this bold way of illustrating what human reason is worth when it would be as God. The lesson which the spectacle teaches must, however, depend upon the spectator. But Pascal is eminently the *philosopher*, as contrasted with the Dogmatist on the one hand, and the Sceptic on the other. How sublimely he shadows forth our human intelligence as poised between absolute knowledge and absolute ignorance “Voilà notre état véritable. C’est ce qui nous rend incapables de savoir certainement, et d’ignorer absolument. Nous voguons sur un milieu vaste, toujours incertains et flottants, poussés d’un bout vers l’autre. Quelque terme où nous pensions nous attacher et nous affermir, il branle et nous quitte; et si nous le suivons il échappe à nos prises, nous glisse, et fuit d’une fuite éternelle. Rien ne s’arrête pour nous.” (*Œuvres* ii. 70-1.) In sundry other passages of Pascal how impressive is the description of what we have called the *marginal phenomena* of our finite intelligence—those which give us the consciousness of intellectual finitude, and which convey into the word Infinite the only meaning it can, without a contradiction, contain. But to return.

We complain then, that these “Institutes” of Metaphysics disregard the very facts which most urgently invite metaphysical contemplation. They ignore the facts which forbid the conversion of psychological necessities into absolute truths, and which thus induce the Faith that—unable to follow the seeming contradictions of our actual knowledge either into absolute scepticism or absolute knowledge—sees in them only a sign that Being must transcend our finite comprehension. We are promised the play of Hamlet, and yet Hamlet makes no appearance. This is an oversight as unaccountable as any of those with which Mr. Ferrier can charge the popular mind. He has not a word to say about the “necessary truths” in our knowledge which seem to imply something that cannot be “an object” of knowledge at all—in the only comprehensible sense of the word object.

Even apart from these mysteries of Faith, we have no right to assume that our knowledge is the measure of absolute know-

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be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance also in some accidental things, as Time and Motion. *Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things.*”

ledge. If even it did not thus contain the signs of its own imperfection, which reclaim against the dogma, the assumption is at least gratuitous. Why must intelligence be realized essentially in the human way? Is the Divine knowledge one with ours in its fundamental principles? A query is here at least more becoming than an axiom. Yet that axiom, and its obvious applications, constitute this system, and contain its discovery. Surely all the beautiful elaboration of the structure is required to conceal the weakness of the foundation.

The schoolmen, we may remark, have exhausted speculative ingenuity on the unprofitable problem of the Divine knowledge. And they have at least supplied in their failure a course of profitable experiments on the limits of our Reason, when we go forth on the enterprise of defining any other knowledge than our own, or try to find consistent expressions for the mysteries of Faith, which would cease to be mysterious if they could be consistently expressed. The theologian, like every other deep thinker, must believe and act upon propositions that seem contradictory to intelligence because it is finite, and that can be proved to seem thus in consequence of its finitude. Faith in an unknown, in the various phases of that faith, seems the distinguishing mark of intellectual finitude. The words "infinite" and "absolute" are only abstract expressions of the conviction that the only knowledge (known-existence) in our experience is *essentially* imperfect and anomalous. This conviction, from the dawn of reflection to the present hour, has obtruded itself in forms against which the most subtle dialectic is of no avail,—and it may therefore well refuse to yield to a simple summons to surrender. Knowledge, as it *must* be experienced by us, is dogmatically affirmed by Mr. Ferrier to be the absolute measure of knowledge. What cannot be reconciled with the "necessities" of our mental experience must be swept away, as neither knowledge nor existence, but the implied contradiction of both. But the contradiction which this Theory professes to avoid in its axiom, is itself a direct result of the unphilosophical assumption, that *ours is the essence of knowledge human and Divine*. The contradiction disappears when the assumption is withdrawn, and is in fact a warning not to make the assumption. Contradictions which are found in the heart of our knowledge, when that knowledge is presumed to be absolute, seem to proclaim articulately that the Essence of Being cannot be revealed to us. The sages of every age have thus interpreted the proclamation. And men in general, if not on the *scientific* grounds suggested by Psychology, are at least *spontaneously* convinced that what *is* cannot be contained in what *is known*—from which it follows that no absolute definition and limi-

tation of Being can be deduced from any axiom in our knowledge.

Supported by this evidence, we may decline to allow that our intelligence is absolute; and in so doing we decline Mr. Ferrier's first proposition in the only meaning of that proposition from which his theory can be demonstrated. Far from applying to "Being," it becomes inapplicable to any "Knowing" except our own. The anomalous phenomena revealed when we reflect upon Reason as it is manifested in Faith, forbid us to assume that the "necessary truths" are *perfectly* known by us, and that in them our knowledge is absolute. Mr. Ferrier leaves out the rebellious elements, and then constitutes the equation. We, on the contrary, accept these elements, and are thus fortified in our spontaneous Faith that Being, whatever it may be, and whether definable or not, is at least not definable by man. We know a series of correlative "objects" revealed in sense or self-consciousness, and made the basis of inductive inferences; and we further know that what is thus relatively known, explodes in contradictions, when we assume an absolute perfection in the relative knowledge.

In a word, it is Mr. Ferrier's proposed solution of the ontological problem that is unphilosophical, if not contradictory. The theory that the problem is insoluble, *i.e.*, that all *our* knowledge rises out of what is mysterious, need involve no contradiction, while it saves the knowledge we actually have from many. In the boasted demonstration which forms this system, the conclusion is either founded on the assumption that a law of our knowledge is absolute; or else it implies the contradiction that we can know ontological truth through an intellectual experience that is only psychological and human. In this dilemma it must choose its horn.

And its author frankly makes his choice. It is, he says, "impious," "sinful," "irreligious," to deny that any knowledge can transcend the necessary law of ours. Mr. Ferrier, whose foremost claim is to have constructed "a purely reasoned system," offers in the sequel a body of reasoning which might be condensed within a paragraph, although it is diluted into a volume, and rests the weight of his theory on the dogma that that theory cannot be rejected without "sin." We quote a relevant passage:—

"It (the system) may seem to adopt a somewhat presumptuous line of exposition in undertaking to lay down the laws, not only of *our* thinking and knowing, but of *all* possible thinking and knowing. This charge is answered simply by the remark that it would be still more presumptuous to exclude any possible thinking, any possible knowing, any possible intelligence, from the operation of these laws—

for the laws here referred to are necessary truths—their opposites involve contradictions, and, therefore, the supposition that any intelligence can be exempt from them is simply nonsense; and, so far as senselessness is a sin, this supposition is sinful. It supposes that Reason can be Unreason, that wisdom can be madness, that cosmos can be chaos. This system escapes that sin. It is therefore less presumptuous, and more becoming in its moral spirit than those hypocritical inquiries, which, by way of exalting the highest of all reason, hold that this may in certain cases be emancipated from its own (?) necessary laws, and that these laws should be laid down as binding, not universally, but only on human intelligence. *This restriction is wicked as well as weak.*—P. 55.

"Weak" or "wicked" as it may be, we cannot fly in the face of facts. Till the seeming contradictions, whose ramifications traverse finite knowledge, are reconciled with a definition of existence, we must continue to regard what is known by us as incapable of limiting what absolutely is. Only then (if even then) can an "unknown" be eliminated. We cannot, to escape the charge of impiety, accept a theory of Being which fails to reconcile the counter-necessities of Reason that are involved in Faith.

But in truth Mr. Ferrier cannot afford to take a lower position than the one he vindicates in this strange fashion. He has to fulfil his promise to produce a system which cannot be rejected on pain of falling into a contradiction in terms; and the purely formal law of Logic, with which Mr. Ferrier marvelously identifies his axiom, does not help him as long as it is empty. It is worthless for the purpose of discovery, and avails only for preserving consistency in our thoughts. Formal Logic, as the *theory* of non-contradiction, develops forms of consistent thinking out of the two axioms,—"*A must be A,*" and "*A cannot be B.*" It thus yields negative, but not positive definitions of Being. We learn from it what existence *is not*, but we do not conversely learn what it *is*. In this sense, we hold with the old Greeks, that Logic, as a science and art founded on these principles of Identity and Contradiction, is the foundation of Metaphysics, and the proper introduction to philosophical studies. But in the new Theory of Knowing and Being, the law of contradiction is armed with weapons not its own,—though they are indispensable in the polemical service in which it is *there* employed. Significant terms are substituted for the A and B of Logic; and the formula, thus loaded, is employed as freely as if it were empty. As Kant would say, it is changed from an identical or analytic to a synthetic proposition. Mr. Ferrier substitutes "*knowledge must be knowledge,*" for "*A must be A.*" But he intends by "*knowledge*" what is essential to knowledge in *human* experience. And so the axiom means, by im-

plication, "*Human knowledge must contain absolute knowledge,*"—a proposition which, instead of being identical with "*A must be A,*" is removed from it by the whole diameter of philosophical controversy.

A resolution to follow this formal method from the beginning to the end of his metaphysical enterprise, seems, in short, to have blinded Mr. Ferrier to the numerous facts in our knowledge, which forbid his translation of a law of Logic into a law of existence. He despises psychology and experience. Yet he is obliged to rear his system on an observed fact in regard to finite knowledge—wantonly elevated, in the face of the opposite evidence already referred to, to the empty dignity of the identical proposition on which Logic rests. But Metaphysics, thus virtually resting on observation, while professing to rest on the law of non-contradiction, cannot be more than the loftiest department of experimental research,—appropriately named "speculation," in consideration of its comprehensiveness and grandeur. A "demonstrative" Ontology is at variance with the nature of a finite intelligence,—whose only possible knowledge of Being must be formed on a systematic observation of the various relations of existence which are gradually revealed in sense and self-consciousness.

These Institutes, then, while they declare war against observation and experiment in metaphysics, nevertheless rest unconsciously on a selected part of our rational experience. With them there is a favoured part and a neglected part. The favoured part is the fact that in finite knowledge an "object" can be known only in relation to the "subject." The neglected part contains the counter-necessities of reason, which seem to prove (obliquely) that a knowledge, thus limited, cannot be absolute. When we try to place these counter-necessities in harmony with Mr. Ferrier's selected "necessary truth," the foundations of our knowledge appear to teem with contradictions. To modify the Faith of mankind, weapons very different from the axiom directed against it in this Theory must therefore be employed. Common belief must be trusted till it is found, *by a more rigorous induction of our knowledge as an organic whole*, to be unworthy of trust. This lawful polemical weapon has already expelled many a prejudice which seemed to find protection in the uneducated Reason, and may be expected gradually to secure a still nearer approach to the philosophical formulas best fitted to express the *ultimate* relations of *our* knowledge to existence. The crotchets of "demonstrative ontologists,"—urged by metaphysicians, theologians, and in physical research, have hitherto been the great obstruction to a true interpretation of the Divine works and the Divine word.

Thus far we have confined our view to the *discovery* claimed in the new Theory. The author claims to be original, through his employment of an axiom overlooked and hence traversed by metaphysicians, but before which the vulgar prejudices of common sense concerning existence, hitherto protected under shelter of our ignorance, must now inevitably give way. We quote a passage in which the claim is announced,—

"It is scarcely credible that, at this time of day, any philosophical opinion should be absolutely original, or that any philosophical truth, of which no previous hint exists in any quarter, should now for the first time be brought to light. Nevertheless, the doctrine now under consideration is believed to be altogether new. If it is not, the present writer will be ready to surrender it to any prior claimant who may be pointed out, and to give due honour to whom honour is due. But, meanwhile, this system may be permitted to hold possession of it, as its own peculiar discovery—a circumstance which is mentioned, because those who may favour these Institutes with their attention may perhaps have some inclination to know wherein more particularly their originality may consist. *They claim, for the first time, to have announced the true law of ignorance, and to have deduced from it its consequences.*"—P. 425.

We hardly think that this claim to originality is likely to be seriously disputed. When Mr. Ferrier has convinced the thinking world that his "discovery" is a real one, it is time enough to examine its pedigree. Meantime, as far as Ontology is concerned, we have, in the forty-one demonstrations of these Institutes, a development of inferences so obviously contained in the dogma on which all the reasoning depends, that even the metaphysical ingenuity and literary accomplishment of the reasoner can hardly conceal their barrenness.

But have that ingenuity and learning accomplished nothing? They have failed to convince us, that the "discovery," which this book was written to announce, consists with a true and comprehensive interpretation of *all* that we experience in our knowledge. But is that experience altogether unproductive in the author's hands? If we cannot receive this theory as an Ontology, may we not receive it as an improvement of our Modern Psychology? It is quite possible that these Institutes may develop better the science of human understanding (*i.e.*, Being *as known by us*), while they leave the science of *absolute* Being in the darkness in which they found it.

We have already said, that the mode of research which Mr. Ferrier professes to follow in metaphysics, tends to withdraw his attention from the chief obstacles to the reception of his dogma, in the only sense in which it can serve his purpose. We now

add, that the principle on which he justifies speculative studies at all, is apt to give a darker colour to his picture of previous systems of speculation than the history of opinion warrants. With him metaphysic is a war of extermination. The theory must *make* antagonists if it cannot *find* them. If Ontology must be abandoned, it must at least wage war with the psychologists on some other ground. Accordingly, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Ferrier has unconsciously put the doctrines of the despised "mental philosophers" under a strain that has *made* them despicable—while he has at the same time served himself heir to their genuine opinions. When the illegitimate assumption which alone renders his system original has been withdrawn from it, and the application of his axiom has thus been confined to the only positive knowledge *we* have any experience of, his well-informed readers must feel that they are expatiating in a familiar territory, as they follow the evolutions of his system. They are contemplating only an old and still current psychological theory of human knowledge. The paradox of these Institutes is converted into the commonplace of modern philosophy; and their "counter propositions," which are said to represent the modern doctrine, exist hardly anywhere out of Mr. Ferrier's imagination.

The fundamental principle of this Theory,—when thus limited to *our* intelligence, is only the familiar maxim that *human knowledge is relative*; and that its highest relations are, first those it bears to the limits of our intellectual structure as finite beings, and then to that structure, as developed and modified through mental association or external circumstances. Among these relations, accordingly, studious men have been seeking, from age to age, for the roots by which the sciences are nourished, and for the rules which should regulate their cultivation. We need hardly refer to detailed evidence in defence of this statement. It is familiar to every tyro in philosophy, that the nearest approach a man can make to a philosophic abstraction from the particular objects of our knowledge, has been gained when he contemplates all objects on their ideal side, *i.e.*, as they illustrate our necessary and contingent modes of knowing. Here lies the difference between Ontology and Philosophy proper. The philosophers take for granted that this contemplation must be (to us) the culminating part of knowledge—the part which displays the elements *necessary* to *every* manifestation of *what is*—material or immaterial, human or Divine—that can come within *our* experience, either now or in the future life. The vain struggle for a logical Ontology receives from their hands finds the only satisfaction that is possible, in a theory of knowledge as experienced in human consciousness. But this

humbler investigation need not (as it has too often been) be divorced from the lofty aspiration which may have moved the transcendental speculation. On the contrary, as a perpetual memorial of our finitude, the enlightened study of human understanding lends strength to the Love and Faith, in which the noblest attributes of humanity find vent.

But how have these ultimate relations of our knowledge been actually developed in the despised modern Psychology? Take two modern philosophers notable, as the representatives respectively of the two opposite systems of mental science,—we mean Locke and Kant. Locke's theory contains, by implication, and Kant's in a developed form, the essence of Mr. Ferrier's theory—after its ontological "discovery" has been eliminated. Indeed, the principle is implied in the first aphorism of the *Novum Organum*. The phenomenal world is, with Bacon, the only known world. Being, as known by man, is, according to the whole spirit of his philosophy, the succession of "appearances" experienced in sense and self-consciousness; and of which we attain a growing knowledge through systematic analogy or induction. But in the last analysis this implies that Being, as comprehended by us, is only our own cognitive experience.

Locke would say our own "ideas;"—and accordingly, his Essay is an attempt to generalize known-existence, in the technical form of an inquiry into "the origin, limits, and certainty of human knowledge." Locke's account of the human understanding is Mr. Ferrier's theory of known-being—imperfectly worked out. It differs from these Institutes in two respects. In the *first* place, the English metaphysician, in his zeal against innate ideas, fails to indicate formally the elements common to our knowledge as such. The "ideas" of Locke are the "subject + object" of Mr. Ferrier. Even the "simple" ideas, so renowned in the Essay, are "complex" ideas in the doctrine of the Institutes. Every idea (cognition) must contain, according to Mr. Ferrier, both the one necessary element, and also one contingent element. In the *second* place, Locke carefully guards against the assumption which is the boast of the Institutes. He does not take for granted that our intellectual world—our world of ideas or cognitions—contains any perfect or absolute element at all. He says, indeed, that our knowledge is limited to our ideas; but he does not infer from this that Substance\* is nonsensical, and Matter a contradiction. Locke does not pretend to fathom the ocean of Being; he only endeavours to measure the length of our intellectual line.

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\* For Locke's somewhat vacillating theory of Being or Substance, the reader may refer to his *Letters* to the Bishop of Worcester, contained in his *Collected Works*, Vol. IV. See also the Bishop's *Answer*, (London, 1697.)



But if Mr. Ferrier is the first to draw the inference which Locke has not drawn, he neither is, nor professes to be, the first who has discovered the two elements essential to human knowledge. The *Essay* of Locke has long been modified, or rather supplemented, by the *Critick* of Kant; and the supplement develops the theory of knowledge which the earlier system had failed fully to unfold. Amid all his scholastic pedantry, which conceals from the unscientific reader the virtues of his system, Kant has ably interpreted certain hieroglyphics in our knowledge that had previously been imperfectly understood. No sound speculative system can now overlook the elements which he has compared and contrasted as "formal" and "material"—"necessary" and "contingent"—*a priori* and *a posteriori*, &c. They give a common basis and limit to the indefinite varieties in the experience of individuals. They help to amend that comprehensive formula, which describes human knowledge in its most comprehensive aspect, and the gradual amendment of which is the best scientific reward of metaphysical labour. But Kant does not profess to imply a definition of Absolute Being in his contribution to the definition of knowledge. He expressly excludes from his theory all knowledge except our own.

Thus while, with Locke and Kant, the chief modern systems of Psychology contain the new theory expressly or by implication, the Kantian system formally develops that analysis of knowledge, which Mr. Ferrier has been the first to apply also to absolute existence. This fact may abate the discouragement that is apt to rise, when the metaphysical labours of the past are contemplated in the lurid light which Mr. Ferrier is apt to throw upon them.

The Theory of these Institutes, when translated out of Ontology into Psychology, is a lucid and interesting exposition of *one* of the "necessary truths" of human intelligence. It is a general recognition and partial application of the essential relation in our knowledge—that in which, as Pascal says, "we strike a tincture of our own compound being on all the objects we contemplate"—a relation which seems inevitable in all finite knowledge. But there are other relations, not less implied in finite intelligence than the law of knowledge as objective, of which it takes no account;—and, therefore, even viewed as a system of Psychology, it is defective. The axiom of the Theory, which includes *more than enough* when it is represented as only a form of non-contradiction, includes *less than enough* when it is regarded as an expression of *all* the elements that are necessary in our finite knowledge. When interpreted as a logical system it errs by excess; when it is read as a theory of psychology it errs through defect.

Take a single illustration. We cannot, according to the Theory, strip existence of "knowing," and yet continue to know it. To us it must, as an object, be always *known* existence, i.e., *our* knowledge. But if it is true that we cannot divorce an object from the subject, it is equally true that we cannot divorce cognitions from one another, or, at least, that we are inevitably dissatisfied with any isolated cognition. A finite intelligence cannot know without converting Being into an object—his knowledge; but a finite intelligence can as little detach a *present* known-existence from the mystery of *Eternal* existence. It seems as impossible to deny that something has *always* been, if something now is, as it is to deny that an object must be *known* in order to be an object at all. We find the knowledge of an absolute "object"\* as impracticable as the knowledge of existence out of relation to a subject. At least, if Mr. Ferrier has represented the latter impossibility as a logical contradiction, other metaphysicians have done the same by the former. The basis of Dr. Clarke's "Demonstration," for example, involves the assumption,† that to separate a present "object" (i.e., subject + object) from Eternal existence is a contradiction in terms:—

"It is absolutely and undeniably certain," he says, "that something has existed from all eternity. This is so evident and undeniable a proposition, that no Atheist in any age has ever presumed to assert the contrary; and, therefore, there is little need of being particular in the proof of it. For, since something now is, 'tis manifest that something always was. Otherwise the things that now are, must have risen out of nothing, absolutely and without cause—which is a *flat contradiction in terms*. . . . Whatever exists has a cause of its existence, either in the necessity of its own nature, and then it must have been of itself eternal; or, in the will of some other Being, and then that other Being must at least in the order of nature and causality, have existed before it. That *something*, therefore, has really existed from eternity is one of the certainest and most evident truths in the world."—(*Demonstration*, pp. 14, 15.)

In a word, the "necessary truth" of *causality*, like the "necessary truth" of *objective* knowledge, becomes, in the last analysis of it, unintelligible. And besides these two, there are several *other* truths, equally necessary in finite knowledge, and equally mysterious, which these Institutes neither describe nor explain.‡ They thus virtually omit one of the two phases of human Reason.

\* We of course here use the term *object* according to the definition in the Theory, i.e., subject + object.

† An "assumption" open to objections partly similar to those already referred to, in connexion with Mr. Ferrier's identification of his fundamental "necessary truth" with the logical law of contradiction.

‡ An approach to some of the truths in question is perhaps made in the "Observations" on the last Proposition in the "Institutes."

They analyze Reason as Intelligence, while they overlook Reason in Faith—struggling as it there is with the imperfect and apparently contradictory beliefs which alone illustrate our Ignorance philosophically, and which have taught wise men from age to age that *what is* must transcend *what is known to be*—that, in short, no finite intelligence can escape from the cave of Plato.

But where, we must ask in conclusion, has Mr. Ferrier found the illogical theory of knowledge and existence, which he draws up alongside his own, in the "counter propositions" of these Institutes? His own theory is offered as a development of Logic; the system presented in psychological books is, it seems, a development of Anti-logic. It is replete with contradictions. But we are not conducted by any notes of reference to the concrete counterparts of this contradictory system. We have no clew to the works in our philosophical libraries which illustrate or vindicate the charges. They are, it is true, pointed especially at our Scottish philosophers, who are singled out as the chief culprits. We cannot, of course, in this brief review, compare each counter proposition with the literature of philosophy, nor even with the Scottish department of that literature, in order to test the representation. But let us take as a specimen that article in which Scottish psychologists are said to have sinned most grievously. They assert, it is said, that Matter, or, at least, some of its qualities, may be known *per se*, i.e., out of relation to any intelligence. "Natural thinking," says Mr. Ferrier, "advocates our knowledge of material things *per se*, and psychology, if it abandons this position, contends at any rate for our knowledge of certain material qualities *per se*."

Now let us turn to the expressed opinions of Dr. Reid and his associates :—

"What is body?" asks Dr. Reid. "It is, say philosophers, that which is extended, solid, and divisible. Says the querist, I do not ask what the properties of body are, but what is the thing itself; let me first know directly what body is, and then consider its properties. To this demand I am afraid the querist will meet with no satisfactory answer; *because our notion of body is not direct, but relative to its qualities*. We know that it is *something* extended, solid, and divisible, but we know no more. Again, if it should be asked, What is mind? It is that which thinks. I ask not what it does, or what its operations are, but what it is. To this I can find no answer; *our notion of mind being not direct, but relative to its operations, as our notion of body is relative to its qualities*."\*

In short, matter is known by us only through the relations which it bears in our knowledge, i.e., its qualities. And mind, too,

\* *Essays on the Active Powers of Man*, I. ch. 1.—See also *Essays on the Intellectual Powers*, II. ch. 17, 19, &c.

is only known to us through its relations in experience, *i.e.*, its operations or states. In other words, the "qualities" of matter, and the "operations" of mind are dependent on being known; and we cannot tell what either matter or mind are, except as thus contained in knowledge. Nevertheless, we believe in the mysterious independence, both of that which is known as extended, and of that which is known as operating—an independence of the *perception* in the former case, and of *self-consciousness* in the latter. We cannot accept the mere knowledge as also the absolute existence. It may, perhaps, be said that—as unknown—we cannot decide that the unknown extended substance, and the unknown substance which feels and wills are mutually independent, and that thus mind and matter may be *absolutely* the same. But, as Mr. Stewart remarks, this is "only an hypothesis, which amounts to nothing more than a mere possibility," and even if it were true, "it would no more be proper to say of mind, that it is material, than to say of body that it is spiritual."\*

It is true, that our Scottish psychologists lay stress upon the distinction between the Primary and the Secondary qualities of matter; and Dr. Reid even says, that we have a direct knowledge of the former, and only a relative knowledge of the latter. Hence a verbal ambiguity. When we examine the statement more closely, we find the meaning to be, that *some* qualities of matter, *i.e.*, the Primary, are known *as directly* as the operations or states of our own minds are known, whereas others, *i.e.*, the Secondary, are known *only through the medium of a species of mental states*, *viz.*, of our sensations. Reid seems to refer, in short, not to the original relation which constitutes knowledge as knowledge, but to the secondary relations through which knowledge is increased. We know the qualities of matter, partly through their relation to certain mental states, and partly immediately in the direct relation of consciousness. In this sense we may be said to be "conscious of objects" as extended, as we are "conscious" of mental feelings that are not extended. But, out of knowledge (*i.e.*, out of consciousness) both are alike unknown,—unless we apply the term knowledge to the Faith, that neither existence *known as extended*, nor existence *known as sensation, volition, &c.*, is absolute Being.

Here the philosophy of Scotland may seem to embrace the philosophy of Berkeley. We are alike conscious of the extended world of matter, and of our own feelings. We live in our perceptions of matter, as we live in our mental states. But, apart from the perceptions and the mental states, we are ignorant of

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\* *Elements*, Vol. I. p. 48, (Sir William Hamilton's Edition.)

the Existence revealed in these opposite forms. Being—as known in perception, is the antithesis of Being—as known in self-consciousness. But of their transcendent relations we can say nothing absolutely, and are ready to believe anything that is sufficiently attested in consciousness, and that is not *known* to be contradictory. This affinity between Scottish “Realism” and the Idealism which is commonly counted its opposite, has not escaped the notice of the philosopher who has modified and developed the principles of Reid with the most signal success. “The general approximation of thorough-going Realism, and thorough-going Idealism,” says Sir William Hamilton, “may at first sight be startling. On reflection, however, their radical affinity will prove well founded. Both build upon the same fundamental fact—that the extended object immediately perceived is identical with the extended object actually existing. For the truth of this fact both can appeal to the common sense of mankind; and to the common sense of mankind Berkeley did appeal not less confidently, and perhaps more logically, than Reid. Natural Realism and Absolute Idealism are the only systems worthy of a philosopher; for as they alone have any foundation in consciousness, so they alone have any consistency in themselves.”\* We unite with Idealism in regarding states of mind and qualities of matter as alike immediately known, in the fundamental relation which constitutes finite knowledge. But we recede from Idealism when, with Mr. Ferrier, it becomes ontological, and, in its oversight of the imperfect knowledge of Faith, fails to analyze the philosophic ignorance which is implied in a finite intelligence both of mind and matter. The attempt to confine the universe to the limits that are necessary in human knowledge, reacts on that knowledge itself, and, by involving them in contradiction, paralyzes the mysterious beliefs which are its life.

Self-consciousness and world-consciousness are two co-ordinate phases of our relative knowledge. They constitute its starting-points. But the knowledge to which they are the starting-points is not self-contained. The one phase seems to be ultimately lost in the mystery of personal identity, and the other in the mystery of parts infinitely divisible. Both phases, in these and other forms, sink beneath the horizon of our knowledge in clouds of mystery. The ultimate propositions regarding Mind and Matter are only imperfectly intelligible, and thus, though seemingly contradictory, cannot be *known* to contradict one another. Perception and self-consciousness are both, so to speak, charged with the Faith that *such* knowledge is not *absolute*

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\* *Hamilton's Collected Works of Reid*, p. 817.

Being, and cannot yield materials for an Ontology—that all our descriptions and definitions of the mental and material systems must be relative to our knowledge of these systems—that neither mind nor matter can be perfectly known until God is perfectly known. An exhaustive or absolute knowledge can alone either reconcile or else conclusively expel the beliefs, irreconcilable by us, which are lodged in the heart of every human cognition. The fundamental Faith that contains them, and to which all propositions not known to be contradictory are possible, is the only real antagonist Mr. Ferrier has to meet when he goes in quest of a definition of Being. He may therefore overlook the antagonists he has conjured up, in the counter-propositions and counter-demonstrations of the contradictory system which he has placed beside his own. Most of those adversaries, we do believe, depend for their existence on being conceived by him.

In this Faith—diffused as it is through all the manifestations of human intelligence, and even vindicated as it may be by the seeming contradictions for which it opens the possibility of a transcendent reconciliation—let us reverentially watch and wait for the Revelation of the Divine Ideas, that is offered to us in the works and in the word of God. Only in this condition of mind can God be known by man. Only thus, we may add, can one man be known by another. Nay, thus only can we know ourselves. We read ourselves in our own actions. We read others in their actions. We may read the will of God in all. Yet we must read the phenomena, both of the moral and material universe, in the Faith that there are transcendent distinctions too—distinctions which are the foundation of that system of moral government through which we are passing—which mysteriously reconcile personal responsibility with human dependence on Divine Power, and thus “vindicate the ways of God to man.” It is in theology especially that the separate rays of the light of finite knowledge seem to converge, and then to set in mystery. Every part of any knowledge must be limited until God is comprehended, for every part of knowledge seems ultimately to converge in the Divine. Man fails to exhaust the meaning of the propositions which express the Omnipotence of God, and also those which announce the conditions of Moral Responsibility in the creature. The only definite meaning that can be introduced by us into the one of these sets of propositions, may thus contradict the only definite meaning that we can introduce into the other. But what is not comprehended, nor reconciled with the objective law of knowledge, cannot be pronounced *absolutely* contradictory; and may be accepted as the only mode in which it is possible for human reason to approach a transcendent truth. We know enough about “potential existence” to regulate our course under

the Divine moral government; even though we cannot define speculatively, the absolute relations of man to God, or translate into logical formulas the theory of the universe. What the Divine Being absolutely is we cannot tell; but we can read diligently the language of His works and His word. Let us then interpret both, free from the artificial restraints of a demonstrative Ontology. In this mortal life, at least, every system of the kind *must* be an artificial restraint; for it cannot embody the absolute truth. And perhaps the *intellectual* barrier may be found as insurmountable hereafter and in a better world, as we find it amid the moral darkness which surrounds us here. But perhaps, too, when the moral darkness has there passed away, we may find ourselves in the enjoyment, not indeed of a logical theory of existence, but of an unbroken humility and love, in which we may serve the Revealed God while we are eternally ignorant of Being.

In parting from Mr. Ferrier, on a system so opposed to the one he has offered to the world, we cannot refrain from a renewed expression of our sympathy with his meditative ardour, and of our admiration for his speculative ability. We have confined this article almost exclusively to a review of the one fundamental principle of his Theory. But we have thus denied to ourselves the pleasure of accompanying him into the many bye-paths and resting-places, especially of historical criticism, with which he has so agreeably enlivened his course. In these, too, we might, had we followed him, have perhaps found ourselves involved not seldom in friendly controversy; but we should also have had the pleasure of recommending some valuable interpretations of systems ill understood, and opinions inadequately appreciated. And both among the details which command our assent, and in examining the leading principle from which we have so widely differed, we meet an independent devotion to speculations that we love, as rare as it is refreshing in these degenerate days. When we turn from these pages to the dull wilderness of commonplace which spreads over most of the literature that now calls itself philosophical, we remember the inclination of the philosophic Roman—*ERRARE malo cum Platone, quam cum istis VERA sentire*.

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1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to recognize that a problem exists. This is often done by comparing current performance with a desired state or goal. If there is a significant difference, a problem is identified.







